

1862

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THE SIXPENNY MAGAZINE

APRIL 1, 1862.

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THE STEAM NAVY OF ENGLAND.

OUR insular position, the extent and distance of our possessions, our great commerce, and the temptation which our enormous wealth cannot fail to afford, must always necessitate on our part the maintenance of a powerful naval force. The British Navy has ever been, even with the most unpatriotic and parsimonious among us, the favoured branch of the service. Those among us, in whose hearts the love of country and the memories of the glorious deeds of our ancestors have no place, yet recognise the wisdom of maintaining a fleet capable of protecting their property from the invader. For the glorious heritage bequeathed by our Nelsons, Howes, Collingwoods, and Duncans, they care nothing—for the safety of their property, they care much. To them the Cape St. Vincent, the Nile, Trafalgar, Copenhagen, are but names; but the rich freights of their merchantmen, the gigantic piles of glutted warehouses—that great material wealth so temptingly apparent wherever the British flag flies—these are facts, and even the peace-at-any-price party assents grudgingly to the sad necessity of a large naval expenditure for security.

It shall be our object in the following pages to present to our readers as concise and clear an account as possible of the steam navy of England. Every one who has thought at all on the subject must be well aware of the constant and persistent efforts we have been making within the last ten years to raise our fleet to such a pitch of perfection as to enable us still to command the supremacy of the ocean. The large naval armaments of a neighbouring and, at present, friendly power, have conduced more than anything to this end. But whatever the cause, there is the certain fact, that we have been straining every nerve in order still to lead the van as a naval power, should war arise. At enormous expense, a new and splendid steam fleet was created. On first perceiving the probability of sails being superseded by steam, we set to work building and equipping steamers. At first most of these were paddles: then it was found that for real efficiency in battle the screw propeller must be adopted—then, that the engines and machinery must be below the water-line—then, some were too short, and had to be cut in two and lengthened; a costly operation. These

and many other changes and improvements were effected at an immense outlay and waste of material. At last we could rest on our oars, and, surveying the work of British energy, British determination, and British wealth, could point to the fleet we had created and fearlessly assert, "Britannia rules the waves." Even then, however, we were not content. A new description of ordnance, of almost fabulous range and precision, was invented, and attracted great attention. Forthwith experiments are made which conclusively proved the superiority of the new over the old cannon. At once, without hesitation, when the fact is beyond doubt, we resolve that our field batteries, our fortresses, and our men-of-war must be provided with the new and terrible weapon of offence. Accordingly foundries are set to work, and under the supervision of the inventor and perfecter, the new guns are turned out as fast as the somewhat tedious nature of the process would admit. Even now, as fast as they can be manufactured, they are being supplied to our ships in place of the old cannon. But this was not all; no sooner have we succeeded in producing a new rifled cannon capable of throwing large masses of iron with terrible force and precision to a distance of which our forefathers never dreamed, than there is a talk among engineering and scientific men of iron-plates, which shall be sufficiently strong to resist even the terrible projectiles of the new gun. Experiments are made, and while men are wondering and doubting whether it be indeed possible to render ships as impregnable as Martello towers, the nation awakes one fine morning and finds that the French, already convinced of the efficacy of the new defensive armour, have for once got the start of us, and are busy building iron-clad vessels. But ere the Gallic cock has done crowing over *La Gloire*, Britannia, now awake and at work, retorts with the *Warrior*, an iron-clad vessel, bigger, better, faster, and a better sea-boat than the other. A horse-power of 1250 for a frigate of 40 guns, is, we believe, unprecedented in naval architecture; but when we consider the enormous additional weight of the iron plates, the great speed attained, and the undoubted and complete success of this our first essay, our wonder is merged in satisfac-

tion at the present, and confidence for the future.

In this last matter of iron-plated ships, England was slow to start, and allowed France to steal a march, but assuredly she will be as slow to stop till her naval supremacy and the absolute security of

herself and possessions shall have been put beyond all doubt by such an array of battle-ships as shall enable her, for purposes of defence at least, to bid defiance to all the navies in Europe.

The following is a list of the steam fleet at our immediate disposal:—

4 Screw steam line-of-battle ships, each carrying 131 guns.				
2	"	"	"	121 "
5	"	"	"	101 "
1	"	"	"	100 "
17	"	"	"	91 "
14	"	"	"	90 "
2	"	"	"	86 "
1	"	"	"	81 "
10	"	"	"	80 "
1	"	"	"	70 "

Total 57 Screw line-of-battle ships, carrying . . . 5281 guns.

Of this splendid array, about 20 are in commission. In case of necessity, however, three-fourths could be fitted and despatched for service almost at once; and the whole could be sent to sea before next winter.

Of screw steam-frigates we have 44; viz.:—

9	Mounting each	.	.	.	60 guns.
22	"	.	.	.	51 "
1	"	.	.	.	50 "
1	"	.	.	.	47 "
1	"	.	.	.	40 "
1	"	.	.	.	36 "
3	"	.	.	.	31 "
2	"	.	.	.	32 "
2	"	.	.	.	26 "
1	"	.	.	.	25 "
1	"	.	.	.	21 "

Total 44 Screw steam-frigates, carrying 2091 guns.

Then we have 9 paddle-frigates with various armaments, and 31 screw corvettes, mounting from 22 to 16 guns each, carrying in all over 600 guns; 60 screw sloops, mounting from 17 to 4 guns, carrying in all 551 guns; 27 paddle sloops, from 6 to 5 guns, carrying an aggregate of 154 guns. The total armament of our steam corvettes and sloops amounts, then, to 1405 guns. In addition to the steam sloops and corvettes, there are over 200 screw and paddle-wheel steamers, most of them carrying a few guns. Nearly all of these could be armed, fitted out, and made useful in some of the many services which so vast a fleet, such extensive commerce, and so many and distant possessions would render necessary in time of war.

Finally, we have 185 screw gun-boats, fitted in nearly every case with Armstrong guns. It was the want of this latter most useful description of vessel which we felt more bitterly than anything else in the Crimean war. In vain our Levia-

thans of the deep cruised up and down the Baltic searching for an enemy. The Russian fleet kept under the protection of their batteries, and the great draught of water of the majority of our fleet prevented any effective operations. It appears, however, that we have learned wisdom from our former sins of omission, and have constructed a fleet of these hornets, each carrying one or two guns of heavy calibre. We have already enumerated above 600 steam ships of war, carrying a total of about 10,000 guns. As a comparison we may here state that in May last the whole steam navy of the United States carried less than 500 guns. They had no steam line-of-battle ships, and only six steam-frigates.

And now, having run through the list of our steam-fleet, from the mighty floating castle—the line-of-battle ship, with her thousand or twelve hundred men—to the small and apparently insignificant gun-boat, with her one or two Armstrongs,

and crew of ten or fifteen men, we will devote a short space to the new iron-plated vessels, such as the *Warrior*, *Black Prince*, *Minotaur*, &c. Although we have, built and building, only about sixteen at the present time, the importance, in a naval war, of this new element, must not be overlooked. Although nominally only frigates, these tremendous engines of warfare, impregnable by reason of their armour, will prove, from their great size and heavy armament, actually

superior in offensive powers to the ordinary unplated line-of-battle ships. At the present moment we have only four ready for service, the *Warrior*, *Black Prince*—each 40 guns, and 1250-horse power—and the *Defence* and *Resistance*—each 18 guns, and 600-horse power.

The following is a list of the iron-plated ships built and building. We present them in the tabular form, as better calculated to give the reader a rough idea of the subject:—

			Guns.		Tons.		Horse Power.
Warrior	40	...	6100	...	1250
Black Prince	40	...	6100	...	1250
Defence	18	...	3668	...	600
Resistance	18	...	3668	...	600
Minotaur (building)	50	...	6621	...	1250
Agincourt (building)	50	...	6621	...	1250
Achilles (building)	50	...	6077	...	1250
Caledonia (building)	50	...	4045	...	800
Ocean (building)	50	...	4045	...	800
Royal Alfred (building)	50	...	3716	...	800
Triumph (building)	50	...	3716	...	800
Royal Oak (building)	50	...	3716	...	800
Hector (building)	32	...	4063	...	800
Salient (building)	32	...	4063	...	800
Orestes (building)	3	...	2812	...	500
Tamar (building)	3	...	2812	...	500
Valiant (building)	32	...	4063	...	800

Thus we have four iron-plated ships already afloat mounting 108 guns; and when those on the stocks are completed, we shall have a fleet of 17 almost impregnable vessels, of great tonnage and steam-power, and carrying an armament of the heaviest guns, to the aggregate number of 610. The vessels we have given above as building are in an advanced stage, and most of them could be launched within a year. Other vessels of this class have been determined on, and in some cases commenced; but adhering to our rule of rather under than over-stating our resources, we have not included them. The *Minotaur*, *Agincourt*, and *Achilles* have each 1000 tons greater displacement than the *Warrior*. Instead of being, as the latter vessel, only partially plated, they are completely protected from stem to stern; hence the extra weight of iron-plates causes the greater displacement.

The *Warrior*, *Black Prince*, and vessels

partially plated as they are, though carrying 40 guns, will only have a broadside of 13 protected by the iron-plates; while the *Minotaur*, *Achilles*, and *Agincourt* will have all their guns perfectly sheltered by the armour.

It appears from the above sketch of our steam navy that, as far as ships and material are concerned, we were never in so good a position. Our steam-ships of the line are iron built, as also are many of our steam-frigates; we have created a fleet of steam-gunboats, and are arming our whole navy with the new ordnance. Then we have already launched four of the new iron-plated frigates, and in the course of another year shall have a very respectable fleet of these new and formidable vessels alone.

In addition to the iron-plated vessels in course of construction, the following steam-ships of war are on the stocks:—

		Guns.		Tons.		Horse Power.
Bulwark	...	91	...	—	...	800
Defiance	...	91	...	—	...	800
Robust	...	89	...	3716	...	800
Zealous	...	89	...	3716	...	800
Dartmouth	...	36	...	2478	...	500
Alligator	...	22	...	1857	...	400

		Guns.		Tons.		Horse Power
Belvidere	...	51	...	—	...	400
Bristol	...	51	...	—	...	600
Dryad	...	51	...	—	...	600
Tweed	...	51	...	—	...	600
Endymion	...	36	...	—	...	500
Ister	...	36	...	—	...	500
Favourite	...	22	...	1623	...	400
Menai	...	22	...	1857	...	400
North Star	...	22	...	1623	...	400
Wolverine	...	22	...	1623	...	400
Rattler	...	17	...	951	...	200
Reindeer	...	17	...	951	...	200

Eighteen smaller steam-vessels, with various armaments down to four guns, are also building.

It will be seen from the above that we have four steam line-of-battle ships and eighteen steam-frigates building, eleven of which are iron-plated, and, although nominally frigates, are in reality equal in power to ships of the line. In fact, it is almost certain that their heavy Armstrong guns and impregnable plates render them more than a match for the largest line-of-battle ships. Then there are 12 corvettes, three of which are iron-plated; and lastly, there are the 18 smaller vessels, and some 20 steam gunboats, each armed with two heavy Armstrong guns—a total of 61 vessels, of which four are ships of the line, and 11 others at least equal to ships of the line in power.

In building our new frigates, the object has been not to cram as many guns as possible on board, which would unduly crowd the men at quarters and cause frightful carnage in action, but rather to make them of great strength and tonnage, to give great steam power and speed, and to arm them with such a number only of the heaviest guns as shall leave plenty of room for working, and shall not so deeply immerse the vessels as to render the lower tier useless in a sea way. It is for this reason that we have no hesitation in saying that our new 50, 51, and 60-gun vessels, though nominally frigates, are in reality ships of the line.

It is not our intention here to go at length into the question of manning our navy—but we will, before concluding, make a few remarks on the subject.

We may very fairly assume that nine, or at most ten men to each gun is a sufficient complement both for working the guns and for performing all the other necessary duties. Now assuming the number of guns in all our vessels of war (exclusive of sailing ships, which, for the future, cannot be considered in estimating

our naval strength) to be 10,000, it would require at least 100,000 men to man this fleet completely. But it is not probable we should ever have more than three-fourths in commission at one time; the other fourth would be always in reserve, refitting, or repairing.

Then as to the naval reserve. At present it numbers above 10,000 men; but we must remember that these are the very best class of men—men at all times most difficult to obtain—able seamen. No man-of-war absolutely requires more than a third of her crew able seamen, the rest are ordinary seamen, first and second-class boys, and marines. In proportion as the able seamen are difficult to obtain, ordinary seamen—young fellows who have been one or two voyages, and who are untrained and know nothing about working great guns, &c.—are abundant. A vessel manned with these alone would be in a very inefficient state without a long course of training, but with a third of old man-of-war tars or trained reserve men, it would be a very different matter. The 10,000 men of the naval reserve, then, may fairly be considered to represent 30,000.

We will now proceed to review the total number of seamen, marines, and boys at our immediate disposal in the event of a sudden outbreak.

We have of officers, seamen, marines, and boys, including the coastguard afloat on the home station, 15,200; in the Mediterranean, 9800; in North America and Mexico, 12,200; making a total of 37,200 men, all within call of home: so that for all practical purposes of defence, in these days of steam, we may consider both men and ships on these stations immediately available for home defence. Besides, we have in our colonies and distant stations 17,000 men, making a grand total of 54,200 seamen and marines afloat.

That is the total number we propose to maintain afloat in time of peace. Let

us now turn to our reserves immediately available in case of war. We have of men and boys in the home ports ready to go to sea at a day's notice, 4,400; marines on shore, 9800; coastguard on shore, 4000; riggers in the dockyards ready to go to sea, all first-rate seamen, 700; able-bodied naval pensioners, 2700; marines, 1700; so that we have a force of 23,300 men immediately available. Be it observed that these 23,000 are as much and as immediately at the disposal of the Admiralty as if actually afloat, and are irrespective of our reserve proper. Next comes our new naval reserve men, of whom we may justly be proud. These men are the very first of our mercantile marine, all able seamen—men of good character, and able and willing to do their duty whenever called upon. No more convincing proof of this fact need be sought than in the spontaneous patriotic demonstration made by those men, especially in our northern ports, on receipt of the intelligence that our flag had been insulted and outraged by the Americans in the *San Jacinto* and *Trent* affair. This force numbers over 10,000 men. Then we have the coastguard volunteers, amounting to 8000 men. Making a deduction of 1000 men of the naval reserve for such as may be away on voyages, and who could not be immediately counted on, we find a total of naval reserve and coastguard men of 17,000. This force constitutes our reserve proper, and there can be little doubt that in the event of war it could be at least doubled. We find, then, that we have at present afloat, at home and abroad, 54,200 men. Then we have of marines, coastguard, riggers, and able-bodied pensioners on shore, and as immediately available as if afloat, 23,300 men. Lastly, we come to our naval reserve and coastguard volunteers, numbering 17,000 men, making up a grand total of 95,000 seamen, marines, and boys immediately and completely at our service at a day's notice. Surely no one can doubt that should circumstances unfortunately arise to render it necessary we might easily increase this to 120,000 or 130,000.

The present complement of men allowed for in the Admiralty estimates is, for the large ships of the line 800, for large frigates 510, and for smaller frigates 310. To man, then, the whole of our fifty-seven line-of-battle ships, we should

require 45,600; for our large frigates we should require 15,840; for our small frigates 4000. Assuming that our thirteen large iron-clad vessels when completed would require the same complement as ships-of-the-line, the thirteen ranging from thirty-two to fifty guns, would, when all completed and afloat, require 10,400. Thus we find that the total number of men required to man all our line-of-battle ships, all our frigates, and all our iron-plated vessels, would be in round numbers 75,800 or 76,000.

As will be seen from our previous statistics, we have immediately available 95,000 men. Thus there would be a margin for corvettes, sloops, and gun-boats of 19,000 men. This, if insufficient, could be considerably augmented; so that as far as regards the question of manning the navy we need be in no alarm, especially as it is not probable that we should ever have more than three-fourths of our ships in commission at the same time, the other fourth being in reserve, refitting, or repairing.

Briefly, then, the steam navy of England consists of 57 screw line-of-battle ships afloat, and 4 on the stocks, making in all 61; 44 screw frigates, and 7 building, making 51; 9 paddle frigates, and 17 iron-clad vessels—4 completed and 13 building—in all 138 line-of-battle ships, frigates, and iron-plated vessels. Corvettes, sloops, gun-boats, and over 200 smaller screw and paddle steamers, bring up the total to over 600 vessels carrying more than 10,000 guns.

The substitution of steam for sails has wrought a great revolution in the naval service. What may be the practical effects of that change we cannot say from actual experience, as we believe there has been no naval engagement of importance since the introduction of steam. Whether the contest will be rendered longer or shorter, more sanguinary from the increased means of offence, or less so from increased powers of defence, we cannot say; but this we can say—that when the war trumpet shall sound—when England shall be called on to gird on the sword—to don the coat of mail, she will be found as of yore ready. We can fearlessly assert that in numbers, and class of vessels, England still leads the van, as she does in the moral and physical superiority of her hearts of oak, and that in ships and guns, men and material, England is still the sovereign of the seas.

THE KING'S PAGE.

CHAPTER V.

(continued.)

DURING this time, Louis, still escorting the sedan-chair, had reached the Place Royale, and stopped in front of that house to which the Chevalier du Vernais had been carried a few hours previously. The latter gentleman had been removed before the return of the marchioness. The mob withdrew after bowing respectfully, and Louis remained by the old lady's side, not knowing exactly whether he ought not to withdraw in his turn, although he felt such a desire to enter the house and see the canoness once again.

"Ah, sir," the marchioness said, as she emerged from the chair, and took his hands tenderly; "I shall never forget the service you have rendered me. I should have been lost without you."

"My conduct is very simple, madam," Louis replied, modestly; "and as to the gratitude to which you refer, you owe me none, for I am myself under obligations to the Viscount de Mailly."

"My nephew!" the marchioness exclaimed; "do you know him?"

At this moment the canoness came out, and greeted the page with a smile.

"Was it not you, sir," she said, "to whom my brother acted as second this morning, and who wounded the Chevalier du Vernais?"

"Yes, madam," Louis answered with a blush.

"What!" the marchioness exclaimed again, "do you know this gentleman?"

"I saw him this morning for five minutes by the side of the wounded man's bed;" and the canoness, in her turn, blushed slightly at this falsehood.

Suddenly, however, she uttered a shriek, and turned pale. She had noticed a few spots of blood on the shoulder of Louis' doublet.

"Heavens!" she murmured, "you are wounded!"

"Oh, it is a trifle—a mere nothing—a scratch!" the youth said, whom the lady's sudden pallor had rendered the happiest of mortals.

The marchioness hurriedly gave orders for a surgeon to be fetched, and the canoness led Louis to her own oratory, where she assisted him in removing his doublet, and tore away his shirt with a trembling hand, in order to judge the

gravity of the wound. Louis was mad with delight, and he forgot his own pain, only to see the exquisite fairy, who thus lavished her attentions upon him.

The surgeon—the same who had bandaged the Chevalier du Vernais—declared the wound to be a mere scratch, which would not in any way prevent the page using his arm.

"Still," the marchioness said, with pressing kindness, "rest will do the chevalier no harm: we will have a room prepared for him."

"Impossible, madam," Louis said, with a smile.

And he recounted, in a few words, the history of the day; that is to say, his interview with the dying Mazarin, the manner in which he had been received by the king, and the meeting appointed for ten o'clock that evening at the palace. Lastly, he alluded to his quarrel with the Chevalier du Vernais, his duel, and the almost spontaneous friendship he had formed with the viscount.

"So, then," the canoness said, concealing her confusion beneath a smile, "you are already almost one of the family. My brother is your friend, my aunt and I owe our lives to you —"

"Stay," Louis interrupted her, through a feeling of hidden jealousy; "if I possess any claim to your kindly consideration, I fancy I have caused you to be angry with me too."

"How so, good Heaven?" the canoness exclaimed.

"Have I not wounded the chevalier?"

"Pugh!" Madame de Mailly said, with an adorable little pout, full of disdain; "why did he pick a quarrel with you?"

"Still—he is your—friend," Louis went on, his jealousy not yet assuaged; "or, rather, he is a friend of the viscount."

Louis did not dare, in the presence of the marchioness, to make any allusion to the occurrence at the road-side inn.

A sarcastic smile played round the young lady's lips.

"That is true," she said; "and I really do not understand the motive of that friendship. For," she added, "the chevalier is a coxcomb—he is quarrelsome and vindictive; and I do not know any man whose glance is so false and hypocritical as his."

The canoness accompanied these words by a look that seemed to say to Louis:

"Are you satisfied now, or are you still jealous?"

Louis understood the glance, and quivered with joy. The canoness then turned to her aunt.

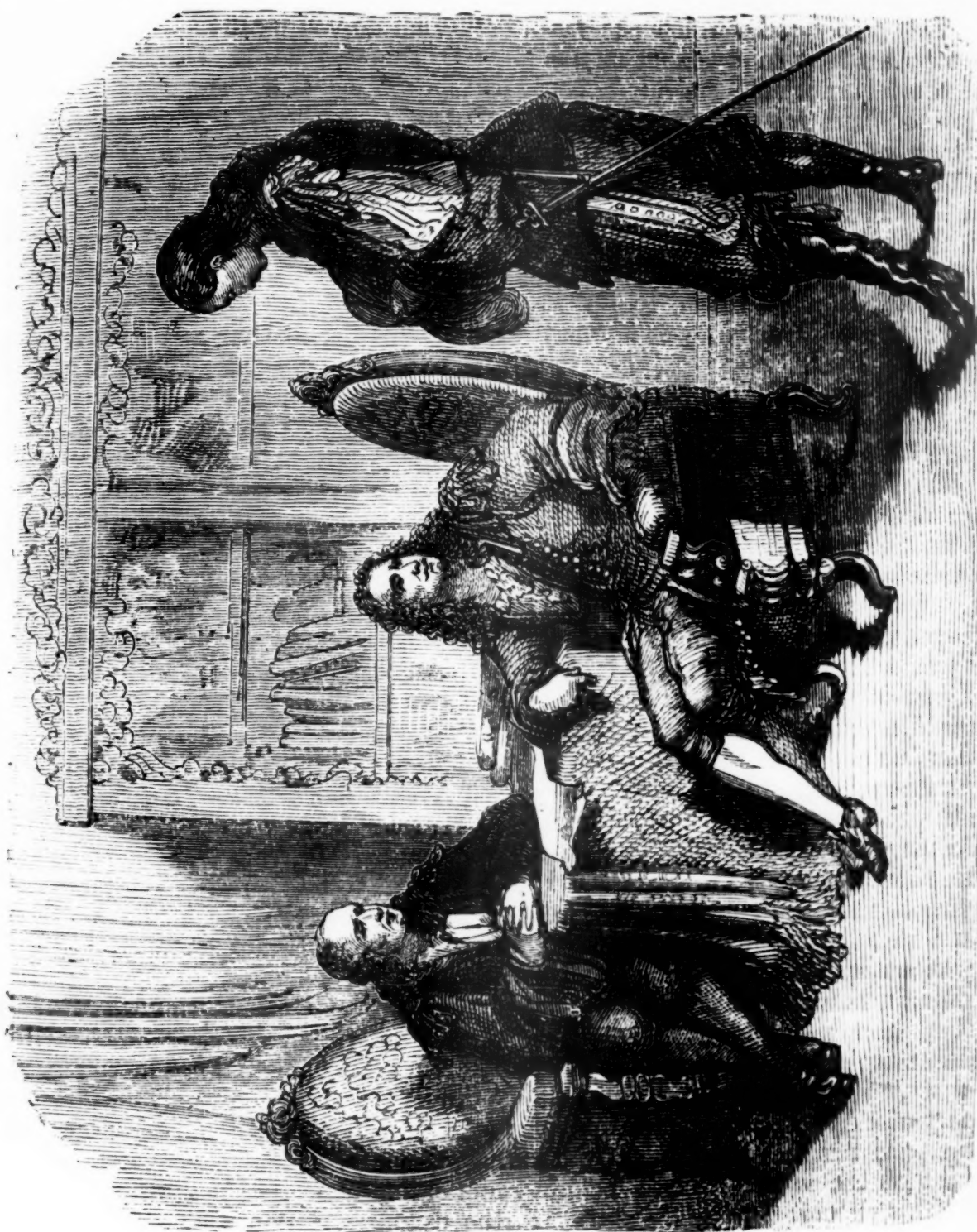
"It is certain," she continued, "that my brother, who has done many strange things during his life, never did a more eccentric and extraordinary one than forming a friendship with the chevalier."

"Perhaps," Louis ventured to say,

timidly, "they were friends in childhood?"

"Not at all; their intimacy only dates back for a few years. My brother first met the chevalier in Italy; they came together again in Paris, and as my brother states, the chevalier has rendered him some eminent service."

Louis was charmed by the slightly impertinent tone the canoness employed in speaking of the chevalier. Unfortunately,



THE STATE SECRET.

time was slipping away, and the hour for proceeding to the palace had arrived.

Louis put on his doublet, and took his leave, not without blushingly asking permission to pay the marchioness a visit of thanks in the course of a few days. At the moment when he left the oratory the canoness said to him in some confusion:

"Perhaps you are unaware, sir, of a custom at the court of France?"

Louis gave her a questioning look.

"When a gentleman joins the pages or a regiment, it is customary for his mother, sister, or, in their absence, a lady friend, to present him with a ribbon for his sword-knot."

Louis started, and the canoness continued :

"You have arrived alone at Paris, and I am quite sure you are ignorant of this custom. My aunt will, therefore, permit me to make up for your forgetfulness, and offer you a sword-knot which only yesterday I intended for my brother, but which fairly belongs to you, after the services you have rendered us."

And the canoness took from the drawer of a cheffonier a handsome silk and gold ribbon with two tassels, which she fastened with her own dainty hands on the hilt of the delighted lad's sword.

If love at times renders the boldest of men silent, on the other hand it often unties the tongue of the most timid; and Louis, far from stammering his embarrassed thanks, said most distinctly, and with a meaning smile :

"You compel me, madam, to lay at your feet the first trophy my sword may gain."

"You have done so," she answered with a smile; and she showed him a fine muslin handkerchief, all covered with small spots of blood. With this handkerchief the canoness had stanch'd drop by drop the blood that issued from Louis' wound, while the first dressing was being prepared.

The young man felt as if he should faint, and while the canoness carefully locked up this remembrance he fled. But the couple had exchanged a parting glance, and with that glance they had at the same time exchanged hearts.

Louis went along the streets leading to the Golden Cross, at first staggering and stunned, like a man whom his reason is deserting. Then he gradually recovered, and assumed the conquering attitude of men who succeed in everything.

Within an hour, the timid and simple page had been metamorphosed; he had become once again the daring chevalier, the witty, impudent page, and the visionary of eighteen, who really doubts nothing, and marches resolutely to the conquest of the world, assured beforehand of his victory.

"By our Lady!" he swore to himself, with the arrogance of a captain of lansquenets, "I will see her again, even if I have to escalate her balcony; and she shall love me, even if I have to take a town by storm all by myself!"

It was in this happy temperament that he rejoined Poppy. The worthy squire was seated in a melancholy mood in the

gateway of the hostelry, smoking a long Flemish pipe, after the fashion of the soldiery who had contracted the habit during the campaigns in the Netherlands. On seeing Louis he ran up to him, and squeezed his hand demonstratively.

"Ah, my dear master!" he ejaculated; "permit me, now that we are quite alone, to congratulate you on that splendid thrust."

"Which one?" the page asked with delicious impudence.

"What do you mean?"

"Of course, there are two."

"Two!" Poppy exclaimed.

"And even three," Louis concluded, as he showed him, with superb coolness, the few blood-spots that stained his doublet.

"You have fought, and I was not by!"

"On my word," the page continued, "my late father, who had been a captain and understood matters of the sort, used to say that a man remained a pure novice until he had killed somebody in a duel."

"Well?" Poppy asked anxiously.

"I had wounded the chevalier, but that was not enough, and I was still a three-quarter novice. I wished to be a man."

"Pray, pray tell me—what have you done?"

"I have killed, with a very neat thrust in carte, an ex-corporal of reitres, who barred my passage and dared to be insolent to a king's page."

"His name?"

"Wait a minute.—Oh! he called himself Aventurino."

"Good. I knew him."

"Oh, good heavens!—perhaps he was a friend of yours?"

"Pooh! I haven't seen him for these ten years; and besides, he was a thorough scamp. But tell me,"—Poppy urged his master, probably considering this funeral oration more than sufficient for the reitre Aventurino—"how did it happen?"

Louis told him succinctly all that had occurred to him, and then, as every lover has need of a confidant, he described to him enthusiastically his growing love for the canoness. Poppy listened to him seriously: when he had ended, the old soldier inhaled two enormous puffs of smoke, and then said, with his sad smile—

"Let us reckon matters up:—At ten o'clock this morning, in spite of wind and tide, you force your way to the presence of the cardinal; at midday, you deal your first thrust; at two o'clock you admire a lady; at four you have a friend; at eight

you kill a man, and at nine o'clock you are distractedly in love. Had the demon had the management of affairs, he could not have made more use of your day."

"Well?" Louis asked.

"Well, sir," Poppy concluded, "I consider that you have made a glorious beginning, and if things go on so, within two years you will be dead or a marshal of France: a jealous husband will have had you assassinated, or all the duchesses of the palace will be dying of love for you."

"The prophecy pleases me!" the page said, delightedly.

"But, in the meanwhile," Poppy continued, "you must not forget, Sir Page to the King, that his majesty expects you at the palace at ten o'clock, and now it wants but a quarter. Now, as you are aware, a king must not be kept waiting."

"That is true," said Louis; "so we will be off to the palace."

He arranged his cloak, pulled his beaver impudently over his left ear, and started for the palace, which was but a short distance off. The noble gentleman at that period had a special wicket for the gentlemen on duty, which opened on to the street afterwards called Valois. It was at this wicket that Louis, guided by Poppy's old experience, presented himself.

"Where are you going?" a guardsman asked him.

"To the king," Louis answered, coolly.

"The king receives nobody at this hour."

"Excepting his pages."

"Are you one of them?"

"Yes, comrade."

"Your name?"

"The Chevalier de Chastenay."

"I do not know any page of that name."

"That is very possible, for I have only come on duty to-night."

And Louis passed the stupified sentry, ran up the stairs followed by Poppy, and reached the first-floor, when, finding himself in the royal anterooms, he asked to see M. Laporte, the king's head valet. That gentleman arrived at once.

"Sir!" Louis said to him, for he had already acquired all the impudence peculiar to his office, "his majesty has been kind enough to admit me this day among his pages: I am the Chevalier de Chastenay."

"Very good, sir," M. Laporte answered.

"His majesty ordered me to lead you to his study so soon as you made your appearance. Follow me."

Louis made Poppy a sign to wait for

him, and followed M. Laporte. The latter led him through a hidden passage, opened a door in front of him, and bending down, whispered—

"Wait till his majesty notices your presence."

M. Laporte went away, closed the door again, and Louis looked around him in amazement. He was in an immense room, feebly illumined by a single lamp standing in the centre of a table covered with bundles of papers. Near this table two gentlemen, seated opposite each other, were minutely inspecting the papers, and exchanging a few words in a low voice every now and then.

One of these gentlemen was young, and though his back was turned to Louis, the youth recognised him at the first glance. It was the king.

The other might be about forty years of age; he was nearly bald, and the expression of his face was commonplace and stern; a large wrinkle crossed his forehead, and imparted an appearance of harshness to his heavy countenance. Still, honesty gleamed in his grey round eyes, and at times a crafty and pleasant smile played round his lips, which seemed to please his majesty greatly. This person was Monsieur Colbert, head clerk of finance to Cardinal Mazarin, who at that moment lay on his death-bed.

"Monsieur Colbert," the king said, "you are certainly the most skilful financier in my kingdom, and I thank the cardinal for having recommended you to me; but you are at the same time a very honest man, for, owing to the disorder prevailing in the state finances and the office you hold, it only depended on yourself to make a very considerable fortune."

"Like the friends of M. Fouquet, your majesty's superintendent of finance," Colbert replied, with sparkling eyes.

"Precisely. But have patience, sir, and justice will be done."

"It is certain, sire," Colbert continued; "and your majesty can satisfy yourself of it by the notes I have made—it is certain, I say, that in the way he is going on, M. Fouquet, who is already the richest man in the kingdom——"

Colbert stopped purposely. The king raised his head, and a flame flashed forth from his eyes which revealed the future greatness in this king of two-and-twenty years of age.

"Have patience! Monsieur Colbert—have patience!"

"M. Lyodot and M. d'Eymeri," Colbert continued, "have each made a scandalous fortune in ten years."

"They will be hanged within three days," the king said, coldly.

"M. Fouquet," the inexorable Colbert added, "is fortifying Belleisle and converting it into a very powerful place."

"I will shut him up in the Bastile."

"In the Bastile, sire?"

"Why not?"

"He is superintendent."

"Sir," the king remarked, calmly, "the cardinal gave me just now an excellent piece of advice."

"Indeed!" said Colbert.

"Sire," he said to me, "when I am dead, never have a prime minister."

"Well?" the financier asked.

"Well—I mean to follow the cardinal's advice."

"Who will govern the kingdom in that case?"

"Myself!" the king said, simply.

Colbert started, for he guessed the king's meaning at once.

"This leads me to believe," the monarch continued, "that if there is no prime minister, a superintendent will not be needed."

Colbert looked at the king.

"A comptroller-general of finances will be sufficient, Monsieur Colbert."

The king purposely laid a stress on the last words, and Colbert, though apparently cool and unmoved, felt his heart swell with ambition.

"I mean to make a clean house of it," the king added, coldly. "So soon as the cardinal is dead, I shall choose my people myself."

There was a moment of silence: the page was in torture. The king made a movement, and he hoped that he should be noticed; but his majesty was absorbed in his thoughts.

"We must have a plan of Belleisle," he suddenly said.

Colbert's eyes sparkled.

"Monsieur Colbert," the king continued, "we will send a master of requests into Brittany."

"The king is the master," the future comptroller of finances replied; "but in order to obtain the *proofs* of which your majesty stands in need, it will be necessary to have one of those clever and sure messengers who attract no attention. M. Fouquet has friends, spies, creatures on all the roads. A master of requests, an exempt of the Guards, or any man known

to be attached to the court, would not go twenty leagues from Paris ere he was assassinated."

The king's eyes sparkled with passion.

"Within a year, sir," he said, "I intend that every road in my kingdom shall be as safe for my subjects as the public square of great cities, and the only persons stopped shall be assassins and highwaymen."

Then, after reflecting, the king continued:—

"M. Fouquet, I have been informed, has infinite ramifications in Brittany: if he believed his liberty menaced, he would revolutionize that province with four lines in his handwriting addressed to the nobility."

"That is true, sire," said Colbert; "and the most active and popular agent whom M. Fouquet has sent several times into Brittany is his brother, the Abbé Fouquet."

"Ah!" said the king; "and where may this abbé be?"

"According to reports I received this very day, he is still in Paris, but is preparing to set out."

"For Brittany?"

"That is incontestable, although his preparations for departure have an air of mystery. He is doubtless proceeding to Ancenis, where M. Fouquet keeps three hundred huntsmen."

"Three hundred huntsmen! Why, that is more than a King of France has."

"The reason is, because the King of France only employs them for hunting."

The king frowned.

"And M. Fouquet," Colbert wound up, "will some day make them his guards."

The king started on his chair.

"This is too impudent," he exclaimed.

"The abbé," Colbert continued, "is doubtless going to carry instructions and promises to the Breton nobles. Who knows whether the superintendent may not dream of succeeding the cardinal?"

"That man must be arrested," the king said, "and the papers of which he will doubtless be the bearer, must not reach Brittany."

Colbert seemed to reflect.

"The most simple plan," he said, "would be to set up a mouse-trap on the road to Ancenis. But for that purpose, I repeat to your majesty, we require a person stranger to the court and the king's household, an unknown emissary, and he is difficult to find."

"I will find him, Monsieur Colbert, be assured."

At this moment the king turned and saw Louis de Chastenay standing motionless with his hat in his hand. His majesty frowned.

"What, sir," he said; "you here!"

"Yes, sire," the page answered; "and I have involuntarily overheard a state secret. M. Laporte, on introducing me, recommended me to wait till your majesty addressed me."

Louis XIV. fixed his bright and piercing eye on the young man.

"You are a gentleman, sir, I believe?" he asked him.

"Yes, sire."

"In that case, the word of a gentleman will be sufficient for me; give me yours that you have already forgotten what you have just heard."

"On my honour and my escutcheon, I swear it," the chevalier said, solemnly.

Louis XIV. continued to look at him attentively.

"Your are brave, sir?" he added.

"I believe so, sire."

"I know it," the king remarked. "You



A PHILOSOPHER AT COURT.

fought a duel at twelve o'clock this morning on the Place Royale with a certain Chevalier du Vernais, a creature of M. Fouquet's, I believe."

And the king looked at Colbert.

The financier turned over a few notes, and said—

"Du Vernais, a disbanded officer, possessing no fortune, a gambler and bad fellow, devoted to the superintendent,

who pays his debts for him, and intrusts dirty jobs to him."

"Very good," said Louis XIV. "You wounded him in the thigh. It is no great harm, sir, as this Du Vernais is a scurvy fellow; but I warn you that I am about rigorously to carry out the edicts of the late king, my father, against duelling. The blood of my gentry belongs to France, and they must only shed it on the battlefield. Were you wounded?"

"No, sire."

"In that case, whence come the blood marks I notice on your doublet?"

The page blushed slightly.

"It is a second sword-thrust, sire, I received at eight o'clock this evening."

"What?" the king said, with an impatient start, through which a slight satisfaction, however, was visible. "Two duels in one day, sir, and at your age."

"Ah, sire," the page answered, boldly; "insults were being offered the cardinal, and a lady's safety was endangered."

And the chevalier told the king of the affair near the Pont Neuf.

Louis XIV. was silent for a moment, and then looked at the page.

"As you are so prodigal of your blood, sir," he said, "I suppose you would shed a little on my behalf?"

"To the very last drop, sire."

"You heard me speaking just now of a messenger I wished to send into Brittany?"

"Yes, sire."

"Will you be this messenger?"

"Why not?" the chevalier answered, with a boldness that pleased the king, and brought an approving smile upon Colbert's stern face.

"Do you know many persons in Paris?" the king continued.

"No one, sire, except the Viscount de Mailly."

"That is too much already," Colbert muttered. "The viscount is a friend of the superintendent, and is on intimate terms with the Chevalier du Vernais."

"Ah!" said the king.

"Certainly, sire," the financier continued, explaining his idea; "and that is why M. Fouquet's spies are so numerous. This gentleman arrived in Paris yesterday, and leaves again to-morrow. The persons who know him—the viscount, for instance—grow anxious about this sudden departure, and the alarm is given."

"That is very true," said the king; "but what is to be done?"

"On my word, sire," the financier con-

tinued, "great diseases require great remedies. The wisest thing would be to send the viscount to spend a week in the Bastile."

"No, sir; that would be unjust."

"In that case," Colbert said, tenaciously, "what must be must."

Louis XIV. remained thoughtful for a moment.

"It would be better to ask his promise of silence."

"As for that, sire, it would be better still to employ him."

This idea greatly pleased the chevalier.

"Sire," he said, "the Viscount de Mailly, Poppy, and myself will arrest the Abbé Fouquet, if it be necessary, without any help from the Governor of Brittany."

Then seeing that the king was listening to him, he added:

"When three men hold a secret, it runs a risk of oozing out, like a bottle of old wine when it has been tapped; at any rate, that was the opinion of my late father, who was a man of experience."

Colbert looked at the page with a corner of his eye.

"Now," the chevalier continued, who felt in his element so soon as there was any danger to receive, "if your Majesty will permit me to tell M. de Mailly and my squire that I am setting out on his majesty's service, and that I run a risk of my life, they will follow me without asking whither I am going. They are both men who love the king, and are ready to serve him. I answer for them, and offer the king their swords and their hearts."

Louis XIV. was still reflecting, and while reflecting he observed the young page's frank and bold face, as if wishing to read his entire future upon it. The king, who was personally able to judge a man at the first glance, was beginning to reveal himself. Colbert and the page respected his Majesty's reverie; at length the king said:—

"Monsieur Colbert, write a couple of lines to my governor of Anjou, and tell him that the messenger who delivers them to him possesses my entire confidence, and that whatever he orders to be done will be done on my authority."

Colbert wrote, and the king signed.

"Now," he added, turning to the chevalier, "when a young man is eighteen years of age, he cannot remain a page for long, and a lieutenancy in one of my regiments will be worth a thousand-fold more."

A flash of pride started from the lad's

eyes. He made a movement to withdraw, but the king checked him.

"Monsieur Colbert," he said, "be good enough to open the coffer on that side-board. It is my private strong box. Take out of it two hundred pistoles, and give them to M. de Chastenay. It would be an unheard-of thing for a gentleman to start at his own charges on the business of the King of France."

Colbert carried out the king's orders, who gave the young page his hand to kiss, and then dismissed him.

"Sire," Colbert then said, "that lad will get on. He is intelligent and brave, and your majesty will do well to retain him in your service."

"I intend to do so," the king answered, with a smile.

CHAPTER VI.

IN WHICH THE KING'S PAGE HIRES A LADDER.

LOUIS, on quitting the king's presence, found Poppy alone and philosophizing in the anteroom where he had left him. The honest squire was mournfully seated on a bench, with his back against the wall, and his eyes half closed, like a man dreaming of a very different world from the one he resides in.

"Come, my good fellow," Louis said to him, "let us make haste and be off."

"Where are we going at this hour, sir?" Poppy asked, amazed at his master's busy air.

"Hang it! we are going."

"Yes; but where?"

"Why, to bed, probably."

"Look you, sir," Poppy remarked simply, "you will excuse me, but I fancied that the king gave his pages and their squires house-room, consequently——"

"My quarters are not ready."

And with this hurried answer, Louis went out, and was followed by Poppy, to the backstairs, which he leaped down, four at a time. When they reached the street, the page broke the silence, and whispered in his squire's ear:

"I suppose our horses are rather tired?"

"I beg your pardon!" Poppy said.

"Can they go another ten leagues?"

"What! are we off again?"

"To-morrow at daybreak."

"Where to?"

"That's my secret."

Poppy fell back a pace. He was stupefied by his master's coolness.

"That is to say," the latter added, "it is the king's secret; hence it does not belong to me."

Poppy nodded his head in sign of his approval.

"The horses are tired," he said, "but they are good. Have we far to go?"

"That is also my secret."

"Very good," Poppy muttered, in a grand aside. "I see that my young master has become in one hour an important personage, since the king, who never saw him before this morning, intrusts him with a secret mission."

"And now," Louis continued "we will go and knock up the Viscount de Mailly."

"The viscount is in bed, sir; it is eleven o'clock."

"He will get up."

Louis had an answer for everything.

"Good!" Poppy muttered philosophically; "though a man may be fifty years of age, he has always something to learn. Yesterday, my master was uncommonly like a pretty, timid girl; to-day he is smart and quick in speech—he has become a somebody. It is true that between yesterday and to-day the chevalier has fallen in love. After that, who can say that love makes asses of men? on the contrary, I consider that it makes them uncommonly clever."

Eleven o'clock struck this moment at St. Germain l'Auxerrois, as they hurried along. Poppy was holding a soliloquy on love, and the strange accident which had suddenly converted a little provincial gentleman into a messenger of the King of France. Louis fancied he must be dreaming, and recapitulated the numerous events of the day.

Now, as love has a place in all dreams, and ambition encourages, in lieu of injuring it, our hero, while building a magnificent future on the success of his adventurous enterprise, and calling himself already lieutenant, began naturally dreaming of the lovely lady of the Place Royale, and repeatedly raised to his lips the sword-knot her own white hands had tied.

Now while thinking of her, Louis confessed to himself sadly that he was about to leave Paris, and start without seeing her again; but Louis was in a bold humour.

"I will see her!" he said to himself.

If honest Poppy had overheard his master, he would most certainly have shrugged his shoulders, for it was now eleven o'clock, and at five in the morning Louis must have his foot in the stirrup.

Unless the demon himself interposed it was impossible to discover an honourable

and plausible pretext for presenting himself at the Place Royale at such an unusual hour. We will not venture to assume that Louis, who was a pious lad, had reckoned on any assistance of that nature; but he was a page, and does a page ever despair of anything?

Louis was, therefore, still seeking the excuse when he reached M. de Mailly's

door. The porter had not gone to bed yet, and at the first stroke of the knocker opened.

"Is your master still up?"

The porter became confused and stammered.

"Speak!" Louis said, sharply. "I am most anxious to see him."

"Sir," the porter said, timidly, "the



A FRIEND IN NEED.

viscount, my master, is to-night, as on most nights, in the little summer-house, where he must not be disturbed."

"Hang it all!" Louis thought, as he remembered all he had seen through the shutters; "the viscount is certainly the most mysterious man of my acquaintance,

and I should be curious to know what he does in the summer-house."

Then he added—

"No matter. Go and tell him I am here, and come from the king."

On hearing the king's name the porter no longer hesitated, but went to fetch his

master, while Louis and Poppy waited in the gloomy room the viscount occupied during the day. The viscount came in; he was extremely pale, and evidenced a great surprise on seeing Louis.

"I have disturbed you," the latter said; "forgive me."

"Oh!" said De Mailly, in a tone which he strove to render careless and indif-

ferent, "it is a lovely night, and I was enjoying the fresh air in my garden. But, my dear chevalier, I offered you a room in my house, and you accepted it. I did not expect you till to-morrow; but you are welcome all the same. A friend can rap at my door either by night or day."

"My dear viscount," Louis answered, with the same familiarity, "during the



THROUGH THE WINDOW.

three hours of my absence I have entered on my duties."

"As page?"

"Yes, travelling page."

The viscount opened his eyes widely.

"The king probably has an intention of taking a tour in Anjou, for he has sent to get quarters ready for him."

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"When do you start?"

"At daybreak."

"Thank you, then, for coming to bid me good-bye."

"Wait a minute," Louis added, "that is not all."

"Good gracious—you alarm me!"

"I believe that you have served?"

H H

"Yes, in the Musqueteers."

"Was his majesty's service disagreeable to you?"

"Certainly not; but domestic sorrow made me doff my uniform."

"And I am about to put it on. The king must have wished to try me. He gives me at once a secret to keep, a thousand powerful enemies to overcome, and the risk of a stab with a dagger: he treats me as a favourite from the very first day."

"What do you say, chevalier? a secret, and you only eighteen years of age?"

"A secret that will be well kept, on my honour as a gentleman."

"And dagger stab?"

"Oh, as for that, I cannot guarantee it. Dagger, pistol, or arquebuse, I know not which awaits me, and I do not care at all. What do you say to that, viscount? I entered the king's service this morning, and take the field to-night. The king is a good judge of men, it must be conceded."

"Of men!" the viscount said, with a gentle smile. "Poor boy, I will not allow you to go alone, I will go with you, chevalier; you will keep the king's secret, but I will follow you like your shadow, and if any danger offer there will be two of us to face it."

"Thanks," said the chevalier; "I accept on behalf of the king and for myself."

"After all, what matter?" the viscount said, speaking to himself; "is it not better to fall protecting this boy, than to die here of my sorrow?" He passed his hand over his forehead, as if to dismiss a painful thought. "When are you going, my noble page," he said, "or rather, noble captain?"

"My dear fellow," Louis said with a perfect calmness, "I will confess to you that the whole affair is like the world turned upside down. You are five-and-thirty, Poppy fifty, and I eighteen; it would, consequently, be more correct for me to be ignorant of our destination, and follow the advice of my masters in experience. Well, it is not so at all. I command and direct this expedition, for such is the king's good pleasure: and, as you are aware, viscount, his good pleasure must be ours. Everything for the king, and may St. Denis protect us!"

The viscount looked at the page, and seriously asked himself whether he must not have lost his head. But Louis drew from his bosom Colbert's note.

"Do you know that handwriting?" he asked.

The viscount was forced to allow that the page was not mad, and bowed.

"And now," the page continued, "I must have your word that no one in Paris learns from your lips where you are going."

"I give it you."

"Next, you will mount your horse to-morrow morning at daybreak, and wait for me at the gate of St. James."

"Very good. But why not start from here?"

"Why?" said Louis, though he had in reality another idea; "because three horsemen riding through the streets at four A.M. attract the attention of the citizens; and I repeat to you that ours is a secret mission. And now, good-bye, viscount. At four o'clock at the gate of St. James."

"I will be there," the viscount replied, thoughtfully.

And Louis left De Mailly under the pretext of sleeping for a couple of hours, and making ready for the start. But, in reality, our hero had something else to do; for, when he reached the other end of St. Michael's bridge with Poppy, he said to the latter:

"Now, my good fellow, you will go to the Golden Cross, have the horses cleaned, pack our valises, and settle the score. After which you can sleep, if you think proper, while waiting for me."

"Waiting for you?"

"Of course."

"Why, where are you going now?"

"Need I tell you," Louis said, with great self-sufficiency, "that a gentleman who has due respect for himself cannot refrain from appearing beneath his mistress's window? I am going to the Place Royale, of course."

"I really believe, sir," Poppy said, thoroughly abashed, "that you have grown ten years older in a few hours. If things go on thus, I shall be mad in a week, for you change so visibly."

Louis responded by a laugh, and leaving Poppy completely stupified, he ran off in the direction of the Place Royale.

In those days the Place was not what it is now; that is to say, a peaceful quarter inhabited by worthy citizens, who retire to bed at ten o'clock, and listen with satisfaction to the cadenced footfall of the policemen who watch over their repose.

At that period it was nobly inhabited: the great lords had their hotels there, and some unchaste beauties their small houses;

lovers sighed beneath the windows, and the Spanish gentry who arrived in the train of Queen Anne had successfully introduced there a taste for serenades.

It was also the spot invariably selected for the numerous duels that took place, and the watch never ventured into it, carrying out the adage that "lovers and persons who are fighting must not be disturbed."

When Louis arrived there, the square was deserted. Extraordinary to say, no gentleman was playing the guitar, or awaiting a rival sword in hand. Hence, Louis was master of the situation.

The page had come to the Place Royale not knowing how or under what pretext he could enter the presence of the canoness, but obeying a hope which was as vague as it was insensate.

At the moment when he passed through the gate, which remained open all night, his eye noticed a light. This light shone softly through silken curtains on the first floor of a house.

Oh, joy! the house was that of the lovely canoness; and happiness more unexpected still, Louis, on thinking over the internal topography of the house, remembered that he had noticed a large tree in front of the windows of the oratory, whither the young lady led him to have his wound dressed. Now, the lighted window was exactly opposite the tree; hence the light came from the oratory, and who could be in there at this hour save the canoness?

Louis' mind had expanded so wonderfully during the last few hours, that he made all these reflections in a twinkling, and straightway drew up a plan of attack.

The plan was a bold one; it aimed at nothing less than entering by night Madame de Mailly's house. Louis, therefore, approached the tree, measured with his eye its knotted trunk and the length of its branches, and noticed to his delight that one of them, which grew longitudinally, approached within two yards of the window.

The leap was a dangerous one, and if the page made a slip it was evident that he would break his back. Then, again, there was another nuisance: if he could manage at a push to leap from the branch on to the entablature of the window, it was impossible to reverse the process. How then, even admitting that he entered the oratory, and was not greeted as a thief, could he return by the same road? The chevalier thought of all this, and was

scratching his ear like a man in considerable embarrassment, when he heard some one walking behind him.

He turned suddenly, and found himself face to face with a middle-aged man, dressed like a citizen, with a smiling, jolly face, and who saluted him with respectful familiarity as he said:

"Good evening, my gentleman."

"Good evening, my friend," Louis answered, greatly annoyed at being disturbed.

"The branch is a long way from the window," the stranger continued, thus answering aloud Louis' reflections.

"What's that you say?" the latter remarked, with a start.

"I say that the branch is a long way from —"

"Come, what's all this about, my good fellow?" the page asked, slightly troubled at seeing his object divined.

The stranger began smiling.

"Pardon me, young gentleman," he said, "but I see that your excellency does not know me."

"That is true."

"I am known as Father Matthias," the stranger went on.

"Well, Mr. Matthias, I am delighted at having made your acquaintance."

The stranger smiled again.

"Your excellency must live in the provinces," he said, "for were it not so——"

"Well, what then?"

"You would know that I could be of use to you."

"What is your profession, then, Master Matthias?"

"I let out ladders and guitars."

"I do not quite understand you."

"I live close by, under the arches opposite. I keep a guitar shop for timid lovers who amuse themselves and are satisfied with sentimental love-making, and I let out a ladder, eight feet high, to bolder lovers, who consider it better to escalate their mistress's balcony than sing sonnets to her eyebrows."

"By Cupid," Louis exclaimed, enthusiastically, "you are a valuable man."

"Your excellency overpowers me. Moreover," the Jew added, "you may be sure that I am discretion itself. On the next morning I no more remember the gentleman who hired a ladder of me than I do the window against which I rested it. At times I have even lent out the same ladder two or three times on the same night, for the same number of gentlemen to reach the same window, and

none of them have ever heard of it again."

"Hang it," said Louis, whom this did not please nearly so well. "Does the Chevalier du Vernais also hire ladders, I wonder?"

"Now," Matthias continued, "I have two sorts of ladders. Those eight feet high I let out at two pistoles, those at sixteen can be had for a crown."

"Well," said Louis, "that is strange. It seems to me, on the contrary, that the longer ladders ought to be the dearer."

"Your excellency is mistaken. The eight feet ladders only reach the first floor, while those of sixteen reach the second."

"Well?"

"The first floor is generally inhabited by women of rank, while the second is allotted to their maids; it is, therefore, reasonable that the former should be the more expensive."

This reasoning appeared to the page so profound that he had no objection to offer, and he said to Matthias—

"Well, I require an eight-foot ladder."

"I guessed it, my noble gentleman, for I have been following you for the last ten minutes, and there is the ladder."

And the old scamp stretched out his hand to the arches, at the base of which the ladder was lying in a horizontal position. He raised it, placed it noiselessly against the wall, bowed to Louis, and said—

"Good luck, sir. You will whistle before coming down. I shall keep watch."

And Matthias retired.

Louis had gone too far to recoil. He secured the ladder, set his foot firmly on it, and dashed up to the assault of the window as if it had been a fortress, with a warm heart and daring brow.

Our hero was not mistaken. It was really the window of Madame de Mailly's oratory that was lit up, and the latter, as if she had foreseen what was to happen, was sitting in it in spite of the late hour.

The canoness was seated in a large easy chair, with her head thrown back, and her eyes half closed. She was dreaming, in the manner of a maiden of twenty, who already knows the life into which she has as yet scarce entered, and has a prevision of love without having felt the flame before.

At this somewhat gallant period, the girl to whom temporary and light vows gave the title of canoness, was through that very fact more independent than other maidens of her age. The religious

title served as a *chaperon*, and gave her a claim to the qualification of "Madame."

A canoness, without any injury to her reputation, could receive visitors, go out alone in a sedan chair or coach, be present at court balls and royal receptions, and receive the respectful homage of a man who aspired to her hand. In the latter event, if the homage were accepted, the canoness applied to the Archbishop of Paris, who relieved her from her vows, and she married.

Madame de Mailly, at this period about nineteen or twenty years of age, was one of the loveliest women, and the one most ardently pursued by all the fashionable court gentlemen.

Had Matthias not been the essence of discretion, he might have enumerated to Louis the number of guitars he had let out for her sake: as for ourselves, we will say openly that he had never, up to the present, let out a ladder to scale her windows.

Mme. de Mailly was used to compliments, and took but little heed of them. In spite of the efforts of her adorers, she remained a canoness, and declared that ere long she intended to take the irrevocable vows.

She had two reasons for this. The first was, that her heart remained dumb and had not yet beaten for anybody, however gallant and handsome her adorers might be. The second reason was more serious, her brother, the viscount, was unmarried, but he was only four-and-thirty, and would inevitably marry sooner or later, in order not to let his family die out, and in that case the dowry of the canoness, subjected to the harsh laws of majority, would be excessively small.

And yet, during the last few hours, all these fine resolutions had been somewhat shaken: the lady's heart, which she asserted to be made of marble, had been affected, her calm forehead had flushed, her lips, which coquetry armed with a cruel smile, had suddenly become serious.

During the last few hours Madame de Mailly was no longer the same woman: she was pensive, she dreamed.

She dreamed deliciously of all the events of the day, and a strange feeling took possession of her. Hitherto, the Chevalier du Vernais had only inspired her with a mocking and slightly haughty indifference, but now she was indignant at the audacity he had displayed on the previous evening, and felt a sort of hatred for him. Perhaps she thought that he might have killed Louis.

Thus the night advanced. The marchioness had retired to her apartments long before, where she soon fell asleep while reading a romance by Mademoiselle de Seuderi, and the canoness was still in her oratory, with her head thrown back, her beautiful hands resting on the arms of her easy chair, and her dreamy eye turned toward the half-open window that looked out on the Place Royale.

All at once a slight noise made her start: she quickly raised her eyes, and suppressed a cry of terror. A man was standing outside her window, with his finger laid on his lips, as if recommending silence. Terror had prevented the canoness from shrieking. Her first movement was to rise and fly, but she had not the time to do so, for the man pushed the window open, and resolutely leapt into the room.

And Madame de Mailly remained motionless with stupor, and, as it were, paralysed, for she had recognised the king's page.

We know with what rashness our hero had executed his plan. So long as he was merely engaged with external obstacles his boldness had grown greater, but these obstacles surmounted, and when he found himself in the presence of the lady he loved, at close upon midnight, he felt his boldness die away, and he became once more trembling and timid, and ashamed of his mad conduct at the sight of the pallid and stupified woman who gazed at him with a species of terror.

For a few seconds the two young people regarded each other without daring to exchange a syllable—Louis fearing lest he had eternally compromised the cause of his love by his audacity, the canoness asking herself whether this young man who entered her house like a robber by means of a ladder, could be the same person as the young gentleman to whom she had owed her life a few hours previously.

At last Louis overcame his emotion; he walked toward her, and putting one knee on the ground, he murmured hurriedly, "Forgive me, madam."

When a man implores, a woman at once becomes strong again. Louis was on his knees, and Madame de Mailly at once became mistress of herself, and as a woman's most terrible weapon is dissimulation, she began smiling, in order to conceal her confusion. But her smile had nothing haughty about it; it was hardly sarcastic, and Louis understood that he was already forgiven.

"Well, M. de Chastenay," the canoness hurriedly said, determined to have the first word, "will you explain to me the adventure which causes you to seek a refuge in my house? Have you killed some one else, and are the Maréchaussée at your heels? If that be the case, I will conceal you—look, in that closet."

And the canoness continued to smile. Fortunately Louis had regained all his coolness.

"Reassure yourself, madam," he said, "no one is pursuing me; and I have merely come to pay you a visit."

"A visit, sir?"

"Yes, madam."

"What, after midnight?"

"Really, madam," the page said carelessly, having recovered his impudence, "I did not think that it was so late."

"Very good!" said Madame de Mailly, bursting into a loud laugh; "and did you mistake the window for the door? In that case, sir, instead of concealing you from the police sergeants, I will send for a surgeon to bleed you, as your head must certainly be turned."

The lady's burst of laughter would have infallibly disconcerted any ordinary lover, and produced on him the effect of a cold douche; but our hero was no ordinary lover, and he answered with the utmost calmness—

"Pardon me, madam, but I am going away at daybreak to-morrow. The king has entrusted me with a secret mission; and I could not leave Paris without bidding you farewell."

"Eh, sir ambassador," the canoness said, "what has become of your diplomatic dignity? An envoy of the king escalade my humble window! What will his most Christian majesty say?"

"Ah," Louis replied with a sigh, "I had important matters to tell you."

"Oh, oh!—can it be a state secret?"

"Unfortunately no."

"What, worse than that?"

"Perhaps so—for me at any rate."

The canoness was still smiling. "Come, sir," she said, "explain yourself—what is the matter?"

"It refers to the state of my heart," Louis murmured very seriously.

And he fell on his knees again, took Madame de Mailly's little hand in his, which she had not the courage to withdraw, and looked up at her suppliantly.

"Are you aware that I love you?" he asked.

(To be continued.)

FABLES, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

FABLE IX.—THE FARMER AND FOX.

A FOX, the foe of vineyards, and the bane
 Of gardens, once a farmer wished to pain
 By some unseemly treatment. Hence he bound,
 When caught was Reynard, tow her tail around,
 Steep'd first in oil; and then, with savage mind,
 He fired the hemp that dangled from behind,
 And let her go again. The god, whose eye
 Beheld the deed, directed fox to fly
 Straightway to fields the farmer own'd; and there
 The dry wheat, fit for reaping, sent a glare
 That quickly told of mischief done; while round
 Was heard of farmer, coming near, the sound;
 Who, for lost work and profit, pour'd the moan,
 And found he nought would reap but tears alone.
 Mild must thou be, nor boundless anger show;
 For an act idle Nemesis a blow
 Will send; which thou must guard against, nor fill,
 By deeds, through passion done, the cup of ill.

FABLE X.—THE WOMAN AND WOLF.

A HUNGRY wolf, in search of food, once came
 Where to a crying child a nursing dame
 Thus spoke—"Give o'er, or to the wolf so wild,
 For food this night I'll throw thee, naughty child."
 This the wolf heard, and deeming what he heard
 Was true, from doorway distant never stirred
 A foot, his supper hoping thus to catch,
 Until he heard the bolt make fast the latch.
 When, knowing that the child was put to sleep,
 He did, with rueful face, begin to creep
 Homewards; where soon of mother wolf he found,
 Ill-tempered as of old, the snarling sound:
 "What! thus return and bring no needful feast
 For wife and hungry bairns, you stupid beast?"
 "How must I not," said he, "lost labour rue?"
 Since, deeming that a woman could speak true,
 For food I waited to daybreak, and till
 I saw no supper would our stomachs fill."

FABLE XI.—THE SUN AND BOREAS.

PHŒBUS, they say, and Boreas once in fight
 Agreed to meet, and show of which the might
 Was greatest, and who first of dress the load
 Could force a Greek to doff, when on the road.
 With a keen wind first Boreas 'gan to blow
 Deeming he could the bearer force to throw
 His cloak away, which, snatching as a prize,
 He could, like victor, show to Phœbus' eyes.
 But when the cloak, as Boreas quickly found,
 The Greek would not yield up, but closer bound

Its folds about his limbs, and to the nook
 Of a projecting rock for shelter took,
 His head wrapped up, yet still exposed behind.
 Boreas failed not his labour lost to find,
 And gave it up. When Phœbus, with a ray,
 Gentle at first, outpeeping, chased away
 Sleet-bearing clouds, that traveller's blood had chilled;
 Next with his beams of greater power he filled
 The air, and caused the blood, now thawed, to beat
 With quicker pulse, and feel e'en fever heat,
 Then off the bearer threw his cloak, and showed, }
 At every pore perspiring, in the road, }
 His naked limbs; and as a river flowed }
 Hard by, leaped in. With shame then turned away
 Boreas his face, confessing that the day
 Phœbus had fairly won. From hence 'tis plain,
 More by persuasion than by force thou'lt gain.

FABLE XII.—THE FOX AND GRAPES.

A BUNCH of rich black grapes was hanging high;
 And caught of reynard, as she passed, the eye,
 Fill'd with the lovely juice. This much she tried
 With many a leap to reach, the purple pride
 Of the whole vine, and to be pluck'd quite fit.
 But when with all her leaping not a bit
 Nearer she came, where still untouched the fruit
 Dangling was seen to mock her vain pursuit,
 With eyes upturn'd she said, to soothe her pain,
 "The grapes are sour; when ripe, I'll come again."

FABLE XIII.—THE CARMAN AND HERCULES.

A CARMAN once had driven his team
 Of oxen where, through clay, a stream
 A hollow road and soft had made;
 And as the car stuck fast, he stay'd
 Idly, and supplication long
 Sent up to Hercules, the strong—
 The god, whose altars most he graced
 With salted barley-cakes there placed:
 Who, standing near, said, "To the wheel
 Straightway thy shoulder-put, and steel
 Of goad to oxen give. To man
 No help from heaven is sent, who can,
 But will not, work himself; for aid
 Vain are all prayers by th' idle made."

FABLE XIV.—THE MAN WITH TWO WIVES.

A MAN of middle age was wont his hair,
 Black, white, and mix'd, to dress. For care
 None other had he, but to pass away,
 In love and revelry, life's idle day.
 Nor young nor old, he chose two wives to share
 His house and fortune. One was young and fair;
 The other more in years, and somewhat sour.
 The former wish'd her lord to be a flower

Of youth and beauty, like herself; in age
 Her match the latter, with white locks and sage.
 Hence all the hairs the young one found were grey
 She pluck'd out quick, and scornful threw away;
 So too the elder, wheresoe'er she saw
 A stray black hair, ne'er fail'd it out to draw.
 Each lugging at his locks, the man became
 Bald, and a baby seem'd in all but name;
 With head, devoid alike of hair and brain,
 He found too late that pleasure leads to pain.
 Learn hence, "Who into female hands shall fall,
 Will, what he values most, perchance lose all."

FABLE XV.—THE HERDSMAN WHO HAD LOST A BULL.

A CARELESS herdsman once, who, to his cost,
 A valued bull with handsome horns had lost,
 To a wood's skirt to find it bent his way;
 But, failing in his search, began to pray:
 "Ye mountain nymphs, and Mercury, and Pan,
 The god of pastures, aid me, as ye can,
 To find my treasure lost; so lamb shall fall,
 And yield of blood the sacrifice to all,
 If I the thief can catch." When from a hill,
 He cross'd, he saw a lion take his fill,
 As quivering limbs of bull he hungry tore;
 When, to escape the thief, he frighten'd swore
 To give a steer. Hence learn a lesson plain:
 Pour thou to Heaven no vaunting pray'r and vain,
 That springs from grief, which sudden turns the brain. }

FABLE XVI.—THE CRANES AND FARMER.

CRANES once were feeding on a farmer's land,
 But lately sown with wheat; when in his hand
 Holding an empty sling, he whirled it round,
 And Cranes to fly away in fear were found.
 But as no wound they suffered, when was sent
 No fatal stone, they nothing cared; but bent
 Their flight to the same spot again, until
 The farmer, stones well hurling, some did kill
 And others wound. The rest then left the ground,
 Screeching—"To pygmies let us fly; we've found
 One here, who will not fright us with the show
 Of death, but sends from sling a fatal blow."

FABLE XVII.—THE MAN AND CAT.

A MAN in a trap had caught a cat,
 And held it o'er a water-vat
 To drown it. When puss, in a fright,
 Said—"Why with ill good thus requite?
 For thee, man, rats and mice I've caught."
 "To this I witness bear; but naught
 Are all thy other deeds," replied
 The man; "through thee my fowls have died;
 And my whole house been emptied quite, }
 Since meat from many a jar from sight, }
 Through thee, has vanished in the night. }
 Hence, author of more ill than good,
 Die! and for mischief pay with blood."

FABLE XVIII.—THE OLD RACE-HORSE AND MILLER.

A HORSE at races oft had gain'd the prize;
 But, when grown old, 'twas, in its owner's eyes,
 Deem'd valueless; and, by a miller bought,
 Was at his mill to dullest labour brought;
 Where, late and early, it went round and round:
 And meal for cakes ingloriously ground;
 When thus its fate gave rise to sorrow's sound:
 "At th' Athenian games I parsley gain'd, and proud
 Was of the garlands given me by the crowd,
 But now I am to drudgery bound fast."
 This heard the miller, and—"Of praises past
 Babble no more," said he, "and glories gone,
 Limbs aged oft are worn down to the bone,
 And e'en to men such change by Fate is shown."

FABLE XIX.—THE OX AND HEIFER.

THUS to an ox, who at the yoke
 Laboured, an idle heifer spoke—



"Poor beast! how toilsome is thy lot."
 The ox ploughed on, and answer'd not.
 But when the country folks a feast
 Prepared, they let the loosen'd beast
 'Midst flowery fields in riot feed;
 But led the heifer thence to bleed,
 And yield a cutlet at the stake.
 This the ox saw, and sternly spake—
 "Preserved for this, thou didst not toil;
 The knife, not yoke, thy neck shall spoil,
 Thy life has been one holiday,
 The fatted calf for fun must pay."

FABLE XX.—THE FROG AND OX.

AN ox, while drinking, placed its heavy heel
 On a young frog, and caused it death to feel.
 Its mother, absent then, when it came back,
 Ask'd of its brothers, where it was? "Alack,
 Mother," said one, "before its time 'tis dead;
 There came a huge beast here, whose heavy tread
 Poor brother crushed." "Was it so big," she cried,
 Swelling herself, "as this?" "Its size defies
 All your attempts to match it—body first,"
 He said, "ere thou canst equal it, thou'lt burst."

FABLE XXI.—THE MICE AND CATS.

THE mice and cats in truceless war engaged;
 And long with contests, full of blood, it raged.
 The mice, with greater numbers in the field,
 Were forced to cats of greater strength to yield.
 Of such defeats the vanquish'd thought the cause
 Was this; that no conspicuous leader laws
 Of war laid down. The noblest then they chose, }
 In counsel wisest—bravest against foes, }
 Their troops in battle-order to dispose
 In squadrons, columns, and in serried might,
 Which men are wont to form for deadly fight.
 When all were drawn up, and in line well placed,
 The chiefs with bits of tapering straw were graced,
 Pluck'd from mud-walls; with these, as head-gear, bound,
 They led to battle, seen by all around.
 One mouse, in valour bold, a cat defied;
 But dying, paid the forfeit of its pride.
 The troops, who first beheld their champion fall,
 Fled; when a panic seized upon them all.
 Within their holes the privates safely crept;
 Their nodding crests the chiefs from shelter kept,
 And were the only captives, led about
 Each by a cat, as trophy from the rout.
 The story says, a life from danger free
 Is better far than splendid misery.

FABLE XXII.—THE FIR AND POPLAR.

A FIR, the glory of a grove, had riven
 By woodmen been, through wedges in it driven;
 When to a poplar, who had seen the death
 Of neighbouring tree, the fir, with sighing breath,
 Said—"How can I the hatchets justly blame?
 Who never from the root that I did came,
 As I the wedges can; of whom the mother
 I am; who'll on me fall one after t'other,
 And burst me through." The fable shows to boys,
 Who have good sense, that no wrong so annoys
 The heart as that, which not from strangers comes,
 But owes its source to kindred blood and homes.

ROLAND THE PAINTER.

CHAPTER IX.

WHERE THERE IS MYSTERY THERE MAY
BE MISERY.

IN spite of Mr. Locke's calmness, there was evidently something under the surface which caused him considerable anxiety. He had been more cheerful than usual during Roland's absence in London; but why he should have been so it was hard to say, because the most affectionate feeling had always subsisted between Roland and his uncle, and nothing in his conduct was likely to give him uneasiness. Yet it was remarked, even by Alice and Maude, that he glanced sometimes sadly at Roland, even in his happiest moments.

Mrs. Whymper appeared to be cognizant of the secret, if secret it was; but that lady was one of the best depositaries in the world of anything that was not to be revealed, for she rarely held communication with anybody.

Roland, who was quicker in feeling and more sensitive than is usual at his age, never imagined anything in the way of mystery or concealment as connected with himself. Roland had left his uncle after dinner for a ramble in the country, which, after his late confinement in London, seemed more than usually delightful. There was no service in the afternoon at Ivy Bridge, and the curate wandered again into the churchyard, and sat down upon a tombstone, looking very sad. Neither the soothing influence of the place, nor the calm beauty of the summer day cheered him. Once or twice, while slowly pacing up and down the churchyard, he took a letter from his pocket, but as he attempted to read it, evidently not for the first time, his eyes filled with tears, and he replaced it in his pocket as though the effort had been more than he could bear.

Roland also, like his uncle, was restless and uneasy, though from a different cause. It was remarkable how his character had strengthened in the course of a few months. He had met with his first failure in life. He had lifted the veil from the illusions of youth, and there only stood before him now the hard, cold, bare image of fact. For a time it seemed to Roland that his artistic career had entirely terminated, so suddenly, so unexpectedly had he been disenchanted.

He could hardly fancy that he would ever take up a brush again. His mind had been suffused with youth's rainbow-tinted illusions. Filled with eager desires, he had, like so many of his age and temperament, laughed at the dull cold rules which experience lays down for their guidance. He had gained his experience, as it is often gained, by hard blows and bitter disappointment.

Our lessons of actual life usually come to us through this mode of training. We find that our ideal of perfection exists only in theory. We are apt then to imagine as Roland did, that the world is worse than it is, and that all men are cheats and impostors but ourselves. As we get older we take things more as a matter of course. Accept the world as it is. Think more of our neighbours and less of ourselves, and by this means the world harmonizes better with our ideas.

At first Roland was disposed to quarrel with the professor for having, as he thought, deceived him; but in answer to this his own conscience told him, that he had placed too much dependence on his natural talent than upon that more invincible quality, hard work, without which, as Mr. Gaffyr had so often told him, genius is like a vessel at sea without a rudder or steersman. He was annoyed also with his fellow-students, because they, with the exception perhaps of Jack Edie, would not see his merit, and run down the blindness of the whole critical world. Now the fact was, the students, poor fellows, were too much occupied with their own chances of success or failure to pay much attention to him. Before, they laughed at his raptures. Now they sneered at his despair, heedless that beneath the folly of his repinings a nobler feeling was at work than they imagined. They ridiculed him, because they believed that his grief arose—as it generally does in such cases—from disappointed vanity; but, to do Roland justice, his sorrow lay deeper than that. He had looked forward to the pleasure he would have in doing justice to the high opinion Mr. Gaffyr had formed of him. He was ambitious also of providing for himself, and had already conceived a strong dislike to his uncle's home. A new feeling entered his mind, which his lately acquired knowledge of the world had taught him. Alice and Maude were

growing up to womanhood, would they not ere long regard him as an intruder, unless he were able to provide for himself? Even Solomon Locke himself, with all his kindness, might, for aught he knew, have the same opinion at times.

Another cause of despondency also afflicted Roland. All his fellow-students in London had parents living, and each was eager to hear what his father, mother, or sister would say of his achievement. Sometimes, too, questions had been asked of Roland as to his parentage, and surprise expressed that he was so ignorant upon that point. Roland, indeed, until going to London had not given this subject a thought. His uncle's kindness, and the companionship of Alice and Maude, had seemed quite sufficient for him; but these vague suggestions of his companions, in reality having no meaning beyond youthful curiosity, had been sufficient to make Roland fretful and suspicious. He determined upon the first opportunity to question his uncle as to his birth. If there should be anything dubious in his antecedents, as in his sensitive nature he now feared, he would hide his regret in a foreign country, and give up his artistic career and his friends at Ivy Bridge for ever.

These fits of despondency had become more frequent with him. He had yet to learn that lesson which can only be acquired by constant experience in actual life, that men are both better and worse than they seem. They are frequently the most charitable towards the failings of others, who have seen and felt the most themselves, as the poor man often gives most freely to the poor, knowing as he does so well the fierce conflict with poverty from actual experience. Roland could only satisfy himself by ascribing his failure to circumstances. He was not known. The picture had not been fairly seen. No great man had introduced him to the public. He had gone beyond the public in his conception. This last idea is a frequent and amusing stage of the "disappointed genius" mania.

Now the fact was, the picture had both been seen and noticed, and that by the most eminent and comprehensive critics; but it was at once perceived, that whatever merit there might be in the idea, it had been spoiled in the elaboration by over-confidence, by want of still more careful study, and by lack of judgment and experience; and hence, as is often

the case, the critic was silent that he might not give pain.

Determining, as we have said, to have some conversation with his uncle respecting his parentage, and also as to his future career, Roland walked slowly up the garden path as it was nearly dusk. He had been rambling for some hours. Alice and Maude he knew would not be at home, and so much the better, upon this occasion, for there would be all the better chance of a quiet hour with his uncle. He went round to the back of the house, knowing the door was frequently unfastened. It was so in this instance, and Roland went into the house unperceived.

He was passing into one of the rooms, when he heard his uncle calling Mrs. Whymp. There was probably something unusual in Mr. Locke's tone which arrested Roland's attention, and which sounded strange to him. A quick throbbing, tumultuous feeling seized him as he heard it. He had no desire to play the eavesdropper, nor indeed was he conscious of doing so. Such an accusation would have made him blush with shame, but now the few words that followed his uncle's call for Mrs. Whymp so enchaind him, that his blood ran chill, and he stood like a statue fixed to the spot. The fragments of a dialogue, indistinctly heard between his uncle and Mrs. Whymp, moved him thus.

"I have been sorely tried since yesterday, ma'am," said his uncle.

"I am grieved to hear it, sir."

"You can probably guess the cause."

"I think I can, sir—you heard from Australia yesterday."

"I did."

"No bad news I hope, sir?"

"Bad I should not perhaps call it, though extremely perplexing just now. Roland's father is coming back to England."

"Dear me. But I thought you always wished it, sir."

"So I have, ma'am; but the light in which he puts many things contingent upon my proposition, I must confess startles and confuses me. But take a seat, ma'am; I have been wishing since yesterday to read his letter to you."

Poor Roland could hardly be expected to do less than listen now. He was so astounded, that he seemed rather in a dream than listening with actual ears to this intelligence.

The curate took from his pocket the

letter we have before referred to, and began to read it slowly, being frequently interrupted by exclamations from Mrs. Whymper.

Roland was as silent as a stone. He hardly drew breath or moved a muscle.

"After many weary months of anxiety," the writer began, "I have at length yielded to your solicitation that I should come back to England. Your account of Roland makes me still more anxious to get back again. The sight of his fresh and youthful face, animated by the fire of genius, will, perhaps, console me in some degree for the sufferings I have endured. I have been pretty successful in this country, and though not by any means wealthy, shall not be a burden to you. If I remained here, doubtless I might have acquired a large fortune. No inquiries are made as to character here. Men are taken rather for what they are than for what they may have been."

The sudden pang that shot through Roland's breast, as he heard these words, pained him as though he had received a severe wound.

"What I most fear," Mr. Locke read on, "in returning to England, is, that the hateful secret may one day ooze out, and come to the dear boy's knowledge. In that case, instead of adding to my happiness, I shall have been the means of blasting his happiness, and my own also. You speak with enthusiasm of his high spirit, his chivalrous nature, his courage; but I can see you also fear his pride. Brought up in your quiet household, with so little knowledge of the world, how will he, as he grows up to manhood, learn to look with affection upon one who has robbed him of man's noblest birthright—a good name? Therefore I say that I run the risk of destroying his peace-of mind and my own by coming back. In the one case, how can I reconcile it to my conscience to receive the homage and respect which, in a small country-place like Ivy Bridge, will be sure to be paid to me as your brother, when the wretched past will daily and hourly intrude itself upon me? How can I endeavour to win the dear boy's love and veneration by such deception as this? Still less can I lower myself, even if I were so disposed, to make him a partner in my secret. Whichever way I look at the case, I see only shame for myself, humiliation for you, and misery for Roland.

"Have you considered, dear brother, the extent of the sacrifice should all be-

come known? For myself, I clearly see what the end would be, and I accuse myself of the grossest folly and weakness in listening for a moment to your generous arguments.

"Yet you see, I do listen, for I cannot help it. There is that deeply-rooted love in my heart for the land of my birth which can never be eradicated; but my fear is, that in accepting your proposal, you will surely regret it. Your gentle kindness has been the hardest thing I have had to bear. Had you reproached me, or taunted me with what has been, I well know, a source of so much misery to you, I could have borne it even better than your unvarying kindness and affection. You have followed truly the precepts of your Divine Master."

We have given the letter entire; but the curate's modesty did not permit of his reading this last paragraph even to Mrs. Whymper. Mr. Locke skipping this, went on as follows:—

"Oh, if I could see my dear boy, watch over his path in life, and glory in the development of those fine talents which you describe him as possessing, with no black record of the past to stare me in the face, what happiness it would be! May his path be free from those dire temptations against which it is often so difficult to stand. Your life, dear brother, has been peaceful and happy. You have never experienced the bitter struggles of such a nature as mine. For you the world is still rich in holy truth and divine charity. Animated by the blessed light of Christianity, and strengthened by a pure and blameless life, you bless all around you, and receive blessings in return.

"I cannot shut my eyes to the risk I run of being disgraced should I return to England, of also bringing disgrace upon you, and of injuring Roland's prospects. With all this, so strong an impulse draws me towards you, I can no longer refrain from the desire of seeing you once more. It may be easy to say, of what consequence is the opinion of the world, if we enjoy the society and affection of those we love? But this, my dear brother, is the philosophy of one who has lived in spirit, if not in person, apart from the world. How fatally you would be undeceived, even with respect to those who now seem to be your dearest friends, if my secret became known at Ivy Bridge!

"I can quite understand your feelings: your affection blinds you to the past. Be

it so. I will come, and I will be worthy of you. Whatever my failings may have been, the fierce ordeal through which I have passed has not been in vain. I will banish the fears I have had that my coming will only bring upon me contempt and disdain, and in a few months, at furthest, shall hope to see you again."

Roland waited to hear no comments upon this letter, but mechanically went out of the house as he came into it, and wandered again into the fields to pour forth his grief alone. It was a lovely evening. The fresh breeze came to his cheek laden with delicious odours on its wings. The sinking sun glimmered through the tree-tops gloriously. But the lonely heart throbbed with an unsatisfied longing amid the glad fulness of nature. His haughty spirit was humbled in the dust in thus learning the secret of his parentage, and now another thought possessed him—his mother! who and what was she? In all probability one whom he could not have loved, if he had ever known her. Might she not be living still, for aught he knew, a life of infamy? If Roland had had a larger experience of actual life, the probability is, he would have sought his uncle at once, and have learned from him all that could be told. With the spirit of exaggeration natural to youth, he magnified the evil to its fullest extent, and grew quite bewildered with brooding over it. How agitated he was, and by such opposite feelings! How often he had sighed for an actual parent, to whom he might pour out his feelings, as Maude and Alice did daily! How he had envied them! But now, when the dream was a reality—when, instead of picturing, as he had often done in his boyish fancy, the nameless foreign grave where his father was quietly sleeping—instead of looking into the deep blue of the starlit night, and wondering if from any of these countless spheres of light the spirit of his lost parent ever looked down upon the earth, or shed a blessed influence around him to protect him from the ills of life—he might see, ere many months elapsed, the living form of him who had so often formed the subject of his dreams.

Roland's father was alive, was full of affection for the son he had not seen from infancy, was prepared, it would seem, to make any sacrifice to secure that son's welfare; but against this happy result a barrier had been thrown by that very brother who so tenderly loved him.

The Reverend Solomon Locke had been thrown into such a state of grief and horror by his brother's fall, that no bounds could be set to his detestation of vice and wickedness. His whole course of life and action had been one continual warning and caution against the wickedness of the world, and the curse of evil passions.

Roland, thus taught, had imbibed fully his uncle's principles, and through want of judgment had so magnified these feelings that he considered one who had deeply fallen as beyond the pale of humanity.

Filled with such ideas as this, it was some time before he could summon up courage to address his uncle upon the subject. He wandered so long that eventful evening that it was quite late before he reached his uncle's house. Alice and Maude had gone to bed. Supper passed in silence. Roland being the eldest, frequently remained and chatted with his uncle after they had gone. Frequently, also, upon week-day evenings, Mr. Gaffyr came, and they talked of painting and painters till poor Mrs. Whympier was almost crazed.

Roland's silence during supper had caused wondering looks to be exchanged between Mr. Locke and his housekeeper, and, obedient to a sign from her master, that lady left early and went to bed.

"Now Mrs. Whympier has gone," said his uncle, "I should be glad if you will tell me, Roland, why you are so depressed and sad this evening?"

Roland scorned concealment; he therefore told his uncle in what manner he had learned the fact of his father's existence.

The curate was quite staggered at first, and endeavoured to frame some excuse for not having made Roland earlier acquainted with the fact that his father was living.

"Your object was a kind one, I am certain, my dear uncle, and, indeed, I hardly know how to thank you enough for making me feel how trifling my loss has been. So far from thinking unkindly of you for keeping this a secret, I heartily wish it could be a secret still."

"I fear I am not altogether blameless," said Mr. Locke. "As I analyse my feelings now, I fear pride may have had something to do with my keeping this a secret. Your poor father has long had such an evident desire to return to England that I felt it would be cruel in the extreme to hinder him any longer, though

I must confess it has cost me many a bitter pang when I have pictured to myself the time when the secret has oozed out, for these things generally reach the public ear at last, try what one will to avoid it, especially in a village like this. I can easily image how the respect of my parishioners will be diminished when this unfortunate occurrence becomes known."

Roland hesitated still to ask his father's history, though burning to know it.

"You would only think with pity of your father's fall if you knew more of the world and its temptations," said his uncle. "It is for that reason I so earnestly desired to keep it from you till you should be able, from your own knowledge of life and its difficulties, to make due allowance for him, and not judge too harshly, as you will probably do now."

"Pray tell me all, dear uncle, I can bear it, believe me."

"Your father," said Mr. Locke, "married, when quite young, a woman—nay rather a child in years—to whom he was passionately devoted. She appeared at first to return his affection as warmly. My brother was not wealthy, but was still in easy circumstances. Having excellent business capacities, he had gone into the bank of our native town, and by good conduct and cleverness rose to be manager when quite young. Had his wife been a woman of principle, they might have been happy and prosperous, but her inordinate vanity and caprice could never be appeased. My brother, only too indulgent, tried his utmost to gratify her whims, but soon found the impossibility of gratifying her extravagant desires with his own means.

"Serious defalcations were discovered in the banking accounts, resulting from forged cheques. My brother's wife by her lavish expenditure had been the subject of considerable comment in the little town where the amount of her husband's salary was generally known. Suspicion not unnaturally fell upon my brother. His house was searched—a forged cheque was found. At first he appeared astonished, and every one believed him entirely innocent, but the case was proceeded with, and he was brought to trial. He made no defence, and was sentenced to transportation.

"His wife saw him once only before he left the country, but even then she had evidently other thoughts in her mind than the grief and despair of the man she had

ruined. The passion of her husband, rendered still more intense by her coldness, made him almost insane in parting from her. He threw himself at her feet and implored her to revere his memory and look forward to the time when he would return to England and they would lead a peaceful, happy life together once more. His fiery words, however, made no impression upon her, and she left him evidently with little sympathy for his despair.

"How my brother bore his exile I can well imagine from his impetuous nature. I have heard that during the time he spent in the dreary place to which he had been sent his gloom and melancholy was the subject of frequent comment amongst his more hardened companions. More than once he madly attempted suicide as the readiest escape from his overwhelming misery. He could not trust the memory of his young wife. Sometimes he imagined her attaching herself to a libertine; at others he pictured her wandering a hopeless, helpless outcast, when her beauty had faded and she was thrown upon the world like a withered flower by the wayside. But he was powerless to aid her, and he raged and raved in despair.

"His time of confinement was materially shortened through good conduct, and he would have returned home, but for his own sake I prevented him. I had learned how vain all his dreams were of a happy future with the woman for whom he had suffered so much. Shortly after he left the country you were born. Perceiving too plainly what would be the end of my sister-in-law's career, I induced her—easily enough—to allow me to rear you apart from the fatal influence of such a nature as hers. I had, however, first tried to persuade her to live at Ivy Bridge, and for my brother's sake I would have tried my utmost influence with her. But there was something in her nature repugnant to a peaceful and orderly life. She sought in a dishonourable connexion the show and display she had always coveted. But this did not last. Her paramour grew tired of her. She sank yet deeper, and I have not seen or heard of her for years."

CHAPTER X.

DAMS, DYKES, DECKS, AND DUTCHMEN.

ROLAND was much affected by the history he had heard. He grew morose and

moody, and was absent as though he had been in a dream. It was in vain that his uncle and Mr. Gaffyr reasoned with him upon the subject. His proud and sensitive nature had been too deeply wounded to dismiss it easily. His disappointment grew stronger daily. Soon both his uncle and cousins, and also his old friend, regarded him as reserved and ill-tempered, and Mr. Locke took upon himself to chide him gently for his want of a more generous and confiding nature. As to art, he seemed to have lost all his former love for it, to the great annoyance of Mr. Gaffyr, who had counted on his becoming Malztig's most promising pupil. Finding, after a time, that he daily became more silent and reserved, his friends left him to himself. The fact was Roland had been brooding deeply upon some means of avoiding the humiliation which he felt confident would result to him from his father's return to England. The only way of escape from this imaginary evil appeared to him to be in adopting some other course of life. But in following art as his profession he had in a measure unfitted himself for many other professions. It was easy to see with what jaundiced views he was likely to regard the life around him. He could only see the shadowy side. Altered views of life destroyed too many of the peaceful images he had received into his mind before. All seemed hollow. He became despondent, wondering to what end such a life as his had been given. This riddle, which had puzzled wiser heads than Roland's, did not admit of an easy solution, and it is hard to say what might have been the result of this misanthropical state of mind.

At length he summoned resolution to call upon Mr. Gaffyr, and informed his old friend that he intended leaving Ivy Bridge immediately, and asked Mr. Gaffyr's advice as to his future course.

Mr. Gaffyr had that morning received a letter from a foreign house in which he was interested. Mr. Gaffyr's sister had married some years before a wealthy Dutch timber merchant of Rotterdam. Whether tempted by his wealth we cannot say, but she lived happily for some years with her Dutch husband; but her health, always delicate, had given way under the fogs and frosts of Holland, and she died of decline at an early age, leaving one daughter.

"Mynheer Krall," said Mr. Gaffyr, "is no sentimentalist, yet he seems to have

more respect for his wife's memory than I had given him credit for, and frequently corresponds with me still. I have good reason also for believing that a crisis in my father's affairs once called forth an amount of generosity and good feeling by no means common amongst merchants in general, Dutch or otherwise. There is one thing in his letter to-day which I fear will only give me trouble. He writes to inquire if I know of a youth who could be entrusted with a confidential post in his counting-house, and employ himself in corresponding with English houses. Now it is really troublesome for me to be obliged to dance about the city in search of this individual, and after all perhaps I shall send him some one he will not like."

"Do you think I could help you, sir?" asked Roland.

"No, my boy. What do you know of city houses of business? They would laugh at you."

A sudden thought passed through Roland's mind, and he said to his old friend:

"I think I can help you indeed, sir."

Mr. Gaffyr looked up from his letter, surprised by Roland's animated tone.

"Promise you will not object, if I propose something," said Roland.

"If it is reasonable, why should I object?" said he.

"I will go, then, to Rotterdam," said Roland, firmly.

"Nonsense. To study the old Dutch masters, I suppose."

"To study one Dutch master, Mynheer Krall."

"I fear, my young friend, you hardly know your own mind. Frequent changes do more harm than good. You know the adage about a rolling stone gathering no moss."

Roland, however, persisted that he would become a candidate for Mynheer Krall's vacant stool; and that he was as likely to know his mind now as ever.

"We will talk it over with your uncle," said Mr. Gaffyr.

They did so, but some difficulty was experienced in gaining Mr. Locke's consent; but Roland was so determined, that all remonstrance was vain. Afterwards, when Mr. Locke calmly considered the matter, he made less objection to Roland leaving; thinking probably it would be better to allow his brother to come back to Ivy Bridge quietly; and so it was settled that Roland should, for the present

at least, give up his prospects of art, and go to Rotterdam.

Roland left Ivy Bridge with joy; he went forth with youth's keen desire for action and enterprise. As he stood upon the deck of the steamer, he felt as though he had suddenly come out of a deep gloom into the sunshine, so much had the recently acquired knowledge of his parentage affected him.

On account of the tide, they were obliged to leave the river at midnight. The dusky shapes of the vessels lying in the river, the noise of vehicles rolling along the distant streets, the long reflection of the light across the stream, and the hoarse cry of the boatmen in the distance, gave Roland quite a novel sensation. There was a feeling of exultation not entirely unselfish in Roland's mind as he thought:

"This is actual life. Millions of human beings in all parts of the world are moving onward to fulfil their destiny; and, happy thought, I am moving with them. Better homely fare, and the healthy appetite I gain by my own exertions, than the vegetating life of the home I have left. Better even some hard knocks in the school of adverse circumstance than a mere objectless existence."

Delighted as he was to leave England, when the vessel reached the Channel, and his fellow-passengers began to drop around him in all the agonies of sea-sickness, the prospect was less cheering, particularly also as he felt more qualmish himself each moment. The miseries of sea-sickness, however, have been too often described to have any novelty; and we will, therefore, follow Roland's fortunes from the time of his arrival at Rotterdam.

He had little difficulty in finding out Mynheer Krall—he was a man of some consequence in Rotterdam; but when Roland first saw him, his aspect and manners appeared to him so singular, that he could hardly refrain from violent laughter. Indeed, upon his first introduction to his future employer he was completely puzzled by Mynheer's eccentric demeanour.

It was quite early in the morning when he arrived at Rotterdam. It was the middle of summer, and the weather was very warm. The domestic who received him could speak a few words of English, and by dint of words and gestures made him understand that Mynheer Krall was in a summer-house in the garden.

To the summer-house, therefore, Roland

went, across a kind of yard paved with many-coloured stones; past a little fish-pond in which there was a most wonderful house built of shells; past an aviary, full of birds of every variety of plumage, and making every variety of screeching noise that could torment the ear; past a magnificent bed of tulips; then he stopped a moment to look at four-and-twenty windmills whirling round as though the prosperity of Holland depended upon them alone; another moment, to glance down the long canal at the foot of the garden, and which he fancied must have been the subject of a picture by Cuyp at Hampton Court Palace; finally, he brought himself to an anchor before the door of a very gaudy summer-house. In this summer-house sat a gentleman of unusual dimensions even for a Dutchman, and this was Mynheer Krall, and Mynheer Krall was fast asleep.

Roland was so much amused by the novelty of all he saw, that he would probably have looked about him for some time without awaking Mynheer Krall; but while he stood musing, the clock in some distant tower, doubtless miles away, struck nine. The sound was very faint, but had the effect of awaking Mynheer Krall, who, before he honoured Roland with his notice, tinkled a little bell which stood on the table before him; and then, without speaking or expressing the least astonishment at Roland's presence, Mynheer motioned him to a seat by his side.

At this moment a round little woman, who might have stepped out of a picture by Teniers, Roland thought, came into the arbour with some tea. Mynheer pointed to a cup which stood by Roland's side, as much as to say, "Help yourself."

If, as philosopher Carlyle says, "speech is silver, but silence gold," Mynheer Krall would certainly have been one of his pet pupils. He drank his tea slowly—perhaps he took five hundred sips before he finished his cup. Then he drank a second cup, still slowly. Then he filled a massive meerschau, slowly; brought it, without any extraordinary effort, within the range of his lips, gazing at the same time placidly at the long canal. He evidently derived some indefinite and remarkable influence from the inspection, and puffed the smoke from his meerschau so gradually, that it came forth in one continuous thread, as though it had been from a cottage chimney. This continued till ten o'clock, but

not a word had yet been spoken. Roland was astonished.

"Why did not Mr. Gaffyr tell me that Mynheer Krall was dumb?" said he to himself; "and then I should have been prepared for it. I wonder if the dumb alphabet can be translated into Dutch."

Suddenly, when he had begun to give up all hope of a conversation with his future employer, he was astonished to perceive a mysterious heaving of the chest; still more astonished, if possible, when he heard escaping from that vast repository something which appeared to be a sigh; and his astonishment increased beyond all bounds when Mynheer Krall, in Roland's own language, gave vent to the following words:

"She is gone."

Roland, too much surprised to speak, did not know what reply to make to this. He looked across the garden, thinking probably it was the domestic Mynheer required. He was about to tinkle the little bell which stood near him, when Mynheer Krall arrived at the conclusion that Roland had misunderstood him, and said, faintly shaking his head,

"Her daughter lives."

Roland now thought he had some clue to this mysterious language. Mr. Gaffyr had told him that Mynheer had one daughter whom he loved passing well. With regard to his first remark, doubtless the fact of Roland coming to him with an introduction from Mr. Gaffyr, had reminded the Dutchman of the loss of his wife, and this was an ebullition of grief that Roland had witnessed. With regard to his speaking in English, of course he had learned the language from his English wife. Indeed, Mynheer had always cultivated it; and since the death of his wife, would never engage anybody who could not more or less speak the language.

The ice thus broken, Roland began to hope for some further conversation; but here he had certainly reckoned without his host. Time passed on. The round little servant brought some business papers which he read, and for a short time seemed quite keen and animated. When, however, these were finished, during which time Roland had strolled up and down the garden, it was nearly twelve o'clock. Mynheer then rang the bell, and ordered dinner, which shortly came; beckoned Roland as before without speaking, and the two made a hearty repast. Mynheer again filled his meerschaum—

again puffed slowly; startling Roland, however, once by rising—not rapidly, be certain—from his seat, and walking to the edge of the canal. Had the worthy man an intention of committing suicide? No such horrible deed was contemplated. A barge passed along the canal at this hour every day belonging to Mynheer, and every day he came at the same hour to the edge of the canal, and watched it pass.

The rest of the day we must pass over briefly, as we cannot content ourselves with this Dutch style of writing which we fear will send our readers to sleep in sympathy with Mynheer Krall. It is enough, then, to say that Mynheer took more tea, smoked more pipes, watched more barges, read more business papers, took more naps, but spoke not another word. Being finally knocked up with the fatigues of the day, he shook Roland by the hand, and once more ejaculating in a doleful tone, "She is gone!" went to bed. Not knowing what else to do, Roland sought the round little woman aforesaid, who showed his bedroom, and he soon followed Mynheer Krall's example.

CHAPTER XI.

SEEING IS BELIEVING.

GOING to bed so early, it was no wonder that Roland was up betimes on the following morning. Having seen nothing of the town on the previous day, he thought it would pass an hour agreeably to wander about the streets. It was very quiet at first, but soon, being Saturday—the general cleaning-up day throughout Holland—the streets became quite animated. Roland thought the general character of the Dutch for cleanliness had not been over-rated. The houses even of the poorest had a purified look. He could understand the clearness and precision of the old Dutch painters after this. In most countries dirt, decay, ruin, and dilapidation formed the most prominent picturesque features, but here they rubbed and scrubbed everything. They cleaned the pavements, they cleaned the floors, they cleaned the ceilings, they cleaned the windows, and continued their cleaning till even the mops, brooms, and brushes by which all this purification had been effected, received a scrubbing in their turn. Nothing escaped the lynx eye of the Dutch housewife. In vain does the domestic—partly from charity, partly from weariness—give licence and liberty

for a moment to an unlucky spider. The sharp voice of the chief in command recalls her to a sense of her duties, and away is swept the unhappy spinner, cobweb and all. The state-room of the family is put in order on this day with due solemnity. Every spot of dust is banished from its hallowed precinct; every little ornament arranged in its exact position; every chair placed in regimental line, and then the room is shut from profane eyes till the following day.

Roland was much amused at the novelty of all he saw. Everything seemed topsy-turvy; the houses appeared to have no foundations, sand and bog being all the builder has to depend upon. "It would not require a very lively fancy," Roland thought, "getting up half awake in the morning, to imagine oneself transported during the night to the realms of father Neptune, seeing that one's bed is frequently lower than the bed of the river; nor is it unusual to witness vessels sailing on a level with the chimney-pots."

Returning to the house, and narrowly escaping a drenching from one of those little engines which are used by the good people of Rotterdam to assist them in their cleansing operations, Roland was not sorry to see the breakfast equipage on the table, and fancied he caught a vision of a lady's dress disappearing through the doorway into the garden. He was certain he had not been mistaken, and was wondering at this sudden flight, when he recollected that the lady had probably seen him by the aid of her little mirror against the window, and as young ladies in Holland are proverbially shy, she was waiting till her father came down.

These mirrors, we must inform the reader who has not travelled in Holland, are to be seen beside the windows of almost every house—one reflecting up the street, the other down; so no doubt by this contrivance the young lady had obtained a pretty accurate idea of Roland's general appearance without having been seen herself—a proceeding which he held to be somewhat unfair.

Looking into the garden, Roland saw Mynheer Krall speaking to an odd-looking individual through some iron gates at the end of the garden, erected nobody knew why, seeing they had been closed for years. Perhaps the proprietor, proud of his earthly paradise of fish-ponds, smoothly shaven lawns, and flower beds, was willing that the wayfarer who passed his residence should be able to contemplate the wonders

within. Roland could hardly help laughing when he afterwards read the inscription on the summer-house, which ran—"Vriendschap en gezelschap" (friendship and sociability), when he remembered the day he had spent in that summer-house with Mynheer Krall. Perhaps it was hardly fair, however, to laugh, seeing that if Mynheer was shut out from distant hills, wood-clad ravines, white cliffs, or roaring water-falls, he could hardly be blamed for making the most of the enjoyments ready to hand.

They did not take tea in the arbour. Mynheer Krall, his daughter, and the odd-looking stranger came into the house. Mynheer introduced him in two words to the odd-looking man, who it appeared was chief manager, and who was completely in Mynheer's confidence.

Roland's attention was instantly drawn to Louise, Mynheer Krall's only daughter. She was very young, hardly more, Roland thought, than eighteen years of age; and her style of countenance was such as he had never dreamt of meeting with in Holland. An oval face, with a forehead as white and clear as marble; long lashes, half concealing dark-blue eyes. The contour of her features had none of the vulgarity common to the Dutch females, but was clear, straight, and well-defined as a Greek statue; her hair was worn in a manner becoming such a head, being simply brushed down behind her, whence the curls flowed down like waves upon her white shoulders. She was a little diffident at first, but her curiosity to hear about England and everything English overcame her reserve, and she so plied Roland with questions that they were soon engaged in animated conversation, made none the less pleasing to the young artist by the very sweet and joyous tone of Louise's voice, and the gaiety of her manner.

The interest Roland took in Louise prevented his taking much notice of the manager, who, however, was quite an original in his way, though of a different type from his master. He was about thirty years of age, light, active, and well proportioned; shrewd in his glance, and able to see in a moment, Roland thought, that he had been already smitten with Louise; but his faculties, as Roland soon found, were too frequently obscured in consequence of a love, surpassing even that of Dutchmen in general, for the best schiedam. But, drunk or sober, Mynheer Kloots generally knew what he was about,

and frequently he was entrusted with very important duties. Mynheer Krall did a large business in timber, and Kloots often went up the Rhine to purchase the rafts which were floated down from the northern forests. However fond Kloots might be of his favourite liquor, he rarely made a bad bargain, and was always treated by Mynheer Krall as an equal.

Roland discovered that the previous day had been a holiday in the establishment, and this was the reason why Mynheer Krall had spent the whole day in the summer-house. He thought it an odd sort of enjoyment. Mynheer, however, though silent as ever, was on the alert to-day, and was going down to his wharf; and Roland was informed that he could be initiated into the mysteries of the counting-house as soon as he pleased. Breakfast, therefore, being disposed of, the three walked down to the wharf together.

Roland had already grown more cheerful—had already forgotten his artistic failures. "Happy," says Richter, "is every actor in the vain drama called life, to whom the higher illusion within supplies or conceals the illusion without; to whom, in the tumult of his part and its intellectual interest the clumsy landscapes of the stage have the bloom and reality of nature, and whom the noisy shifting of the scenes disturb not in his day dream."

Thus was it with Roland. Already youth, in its Protean power, had conjured up new illusions, and gave to everything he saw a colouring tinted with the hues of his own fancy, making the long canals, the monotonous dykes, the quaintly-gabled buildings, and slow-going barges seem like fairyland.

The wharf of Mynheer Krall was upon the spacious quay called the Boompjes, one of the most interesting spots in Rotterdam, being lined with fine old trees, which on a fine summer evening, combined with the shipping in the river and the animated crowds who promenaded there, formed a picturesque scene.

Kloots lived with his mother in apartments adjoining the wharf, and Mynheer always gave the old lady a call whenever he came to business. As they now entered her apartments the vrow Kloots was just calling for her "vaur stoof," which Roland, who had already caught a few words of Dutch from their similarity in many instances to his own language, translated into "fire stove." A servant brought the "fire stove" into the room. It was a little square wooden box, in

which was placed an earthenware pan filled with hot turf. Roland was rude enough to laugh heartily when he saw the venerable dame place this machine beneath her dress, and put her feet upon it as though it had been a footstool. His surprise diminished afterwards when he found that, owing to the dampness of the climate, this was an universal custom, and he saw even the same evening scores of these boxes in the lobby of the theatre.

The steamer for London was puffing alongside the quay, and a crowd of passengers were making their way to it, when Roland was startled to hear his own name repeated in no subdued tone.

Turning quickly round, he saw a young man, of whom mention has been already made—Mr. Gaffyr's nephew. Roland had occasionally seen him when in London, but for some reason Mr. Gaffyr had never encouraged the intimacy; indeed, he seemed by no means proud of his nephew. Arthur was a good-hearted and amiable young man, but thoughtless and extravagant, and cared for nothing but excitement and adventure. He followed no occupation long, which was a source of continued annoyance to his uncle, who procured him all kinds of situations, but which led to nothing. In England Roland would hardly have cared to see him, but some interest was excited now, and not a little surprise also, for Roland had no idea but that he was diligently studying the law at chambers in the Temple. He was a rattlebrain fellow, whom few tourists would have selected as a companion, but having another like himself to join him, they had suddenly left the Temple, upon the impulse of the moment, for a foreign tour.

"Why, where on earth are you going?" said Roland, astonished.

"Been doing a tour, old fellow—going back again now. Have you seen the antique buffer lately?"

"If you mean Mr. Gaffyr, I saw him only a few days ago."

"Well, and how was the old boy?" said Arthur, giving his companion a sort of aside look, intended to imply that Roland was very green indeed.

"Quite well. But where have you been?"

"Been? Everywhere—up the Rhine, Paris, Switzerland, the Tyrol, and fifty more of their show places."

"You must have been away from London a long time."

"Not a bit of it. Take this place, for

instance—see it all in a day. We did it yesterday—Kordenoord windmills—stained-glass windows of Gouda—picture-gallery at the Hague—statue of Erasmus down the street yonder—five minutes to hear the organ in the Nieuw Kerk, and at night to a tea-garden outside the town.”

“And how have you enjoyed your tour?”

“So-so. Confound it, there’s no getting a bottle of Guinness’s stout for love or money in some places. Their beds are no bigger than coffins, and I am so fearful of their kickshaw messes, that I have lived on mutton-chops till I thought the wool would have grown upon my back.”

“There must be good living to be had up the Rhine, I should think,” said Roland.

“Yes, if you understand their crackjaw lingo. The other day somebody told me that pfan kucken meant pancake. Come, I thought, that sounds like English cookery, so I ordered one at once.”

“And enjoyed it, no doubt.”

“Not at all—confound them. They covered the pancake with pickled plums. The first mouthful settled me. But it’s time for us to get on board. Directly we get to Blackwall I shall have a rump-steak and a bottle of stout to drink your health in, and wash away the flavour of these foreign abominations.”

Roland now joined Mynheer Krall and his manager, and the day passed in business. Kloots came in after dinner, if not the worse, certainly not the better for liquor. When Kloots came to business in a worse state than usual he had generally some whimsical story to relate about himself. One of these imaginary adventures had earned for him the cognomen of Erasmus Kloots, and Roland had the story retailed to him when he knew enough of the language to understand it. As the reader is not likely to acquire such knowledge, we will give him the benefit of our superior acquirements now.

Kloots was returning from a festive party at one of the tea-gardens outside the town, and was staggering along by the canal, endeavouring by the light of the moon to distinguish the water from the land, not always an easy task in Holland. When he came into the Kerk Straat, before the statue of Erasmus, he felt himself so overcome either by his veneration for learning or the fumes of

the scheidam—probably the latter—that he stood gazing at the statue for a considerable time in speechless admiration. While doing so the clock of the Nieuw Kerk struck twelve. Suddenly, to the horror of poor Kloots, he saw the hand of the great scholar raised, as if beckoning to him. Kloots rubbed his eyes, and stared, not quite sure but that he had been indulging in a quiet dream as he stood there. While in this state of hesitation the statue, like the fearful one immortalized in *Don Giovanni*, spoke to him. “What dost thou here?” it said.

“Pardon me,” Kloots replied, tremblingly, “I was musing upon thy former greatness.”

“Kloots,” said the statue, “wouldst thou also become a great man?”

Kloots muttered something in reply—it is hard to say what—but it implied, “All right, go a-head.”

“Follow me,” said the statue.

Kloots affirmed—though his frequent potations lead us to doubt his veracity somewhat—that he followed the figure of the scholar into the Nieuw Kerk, that the organ played a voluntary, that a blaze of light illuminated the altar, and that again the statue spoke and said, “Beneath the pavement of this church a mighty secret lies concealed. It can only be revealed to a native of this town who is an honest and sober man, and a Protestant. Art thou all of these?”

“Yes,” said Kloots, hesitating somewhat.

“Honest?” said the statue.

“Yes.”

“And a Protestant?”

“Yes.”

“And a sober man?”

“Sober as a judge,” he would have said, perhaps, had there been an equivalent phrase in Dutch. What he did say was never known, for at that moment the ponderous arm of the scholar descended upon the head of poor Kloots. In a moment the light vanished—the sound of music was no more heard. All Kloots could remember afterwards was that a bargeman picked him up in the morning, and brought him to Mynheer Krall’s wharf, saying that he had fallen against the statue, and stunned himself. Kloots, however, would not be cheated of his story in this way, and was consequently known as Erasmus Kloots ever afterwards.

(To be continued.)

EXPERIENCES OF A REAL DETECTIVE.

By INSPECTOR F.

No. 3.—THE GOLD-DUST ROBBERY IN BARBICAN.

THERE is an office at Somerset House, where relatives or friends of soldiers and sailors whom they have not heard of for a time, the lapse of which causes anxiety for their fate, may call one day in each week, and upon payment of a fee of one shilling, ascertain if the friend or relative be living or dead. To speak strictly, may be officially assured if such be the melancholy fact, that he *is* dead. Those not recorded "dead" in the obituary ledgers, are presumed, of course, to be alive. Deserters from the navy also figure in the lists, the capital letter R (run) being added to the name. In the case of soldiers, D (deserter) is the initial letter. I need hardly say that after a great battle the office is overwhelmed with business. Ten or twelve days after the news of Inkerman reached England, the clerk, whose duty it is to pass his finger down the dreary "dead" column, in search of the name given in, was himself nearly knocked over with fatigue, and the constant monotonous iteration of the formula.—"Fee one shilling Dead No crying here,"—which words are all run into each other, uttered in a breath.

It was many years before Inkerman that I, happening to be in the office, saw and heard a respectably attired woman, accompanied by a youth of perhaps eighteen years of age, a girl one year or more younger, inquire for James Brady of Her Majesty's ship *Warspite*, Captain Lord John Hay, in which Lord Ashburton had sailed to the United States, on a diplomatic mission, I think with reference to the Oregon boundary dispute.

The imperturbable clerk drew his index finger slowly down the column, and stopping at the name, droned out, "Fee one shilling Dead No crying here;" no fee being demandable if the name be not in the dead, run, or deserted lists.

Neither the woman, the boy, or girl cried, that is, wept outwardly, but no one could mistake the expression of mute agony which darkened the woman's face—that of deep sorrow which paled the

countenances of the youth and girl; wife, son, and daughter of James Brady I could not doubt.

They had left the office but a few minutes only when the clerk discovered he had made a blunder. "Some one call those people back," he exclaimed. "I have mistaken Braly for Brady; Braly *is* dead," he added, "but Brady has *run*."

The office messenger brought back the three mourners. They were informed by the clerk of the mistake he had made, he adding, that James Brady had run, that is, deserted his ship, at New York, under circumstances that, should he be captured, which was highly probable, would without doubt cause his name to figure in the "dead" list. He had struck his superior officer; the memorandum in the Admiralty book did not state the officer's name or grade; and to avoid a Court Martial he had secretly absconded.

This announcement, spite of the clerk's lugubrious anticipation, had quite a cheering effect upon those to whom it was addressed. The woman said, "Thank you, sir; much obliged," and the three departed in comparatively good heart.

As nearly as may be it was nine months after this occurrence, which I need hardly say dwelt but faintly in my memory, when the gold-dust robbery, at an eminent gold-refiner's in Barbican, took place. The value of the property stolen exceeded four thousand pounds, and no trace of it could be discovered. Grave suspicion, however, attached to two persons—one a youthful clerk, who slept in the house, the other the night porter, or night watchman, whose duty it was to keep careful guard over the premises.

I was directed to take the management of the case into my own hands. Directly I cast my eyes upon the implicated clerk, I recognised the youth who had accompanied his mother and sister to Somerset House to inquire after James Brady, a seaman on board the *Warspite*. His own name was Charles Brady,—and either he could not, or would not, give any ex-

planation of anything that had occurred during the night when the robbery was committed. It was proved by a deaf old woman, who also slept on the premises, that Charles Brady, a remarkably steady youth, went to bed at his usual hour—ten o'clock; and as he complained of a cold in his head, the old woman made him a basin of gruel, which she took to and gave him when he was actually in bed. At about three in the morning—this was the porter's story—he, the porter, fancying he heard a noise in the house, came up from below, and found Charles Brady, with only his shirt and trowsers on, lying insensible on the floor of the strong room, as it was called, the door of which, as well as the street-door, had been forced, evidently with crowbars used by practised burglars. Near the prostrate young man was found his chamber candlestick, which must have been knocked out of his hand, if he had not in swooning let it fall. Charles Brady had only swooned—not the slightest bodily wound having been inflicted upon him. The porter, William Dean, was obliged to confess that he was asleep when the robbery had been effected. As to Charles Brady, all that could be got out of him was that he had been awakened by a noise below-stairs, had jumped out of bed on the instant, lit a candle, huddled on his trowsers, and hastened down stairs, where he saw three men plundering the strong room. They offered him no violence, and he swooned away, remembering nothing else, till restored to consciousness by William Dean, the porter. As to recognising either of the three men, he was positive he could not—could not even give any indication of what manner of men they were—could not say if they were fair or dark, tall or short, stout or thin, had black, brown, or red hair.

This altogether unsatisfactory, unbelievable statement—for Charles Brady was a very intelligent, observing young fellow, and by no means one to faint of ordinary fright;—he had exhibited remarkable courage upon more than one occasion, to his employers' knowledge;—those employers' private residence, by-the-by, was at Stamford Hill, but everybody must know that—threw suspicion upon him, which there was really no positive evidence to sustain. "A confederate with the burglars," the papers suggested. But why, if that were so, did not Charles Brady remain quietly in bed, feign to

have slept the night through undisturbed? Why run down stairs half naked, and be found lying insensible,—genuine insensibility, the old woman, roused by the porter, testified—upon the strong room floor?

I could not for the life of me understand it. A slight gleam, which for half a moment showed me a seeming way out of the difficulty, shot athwart my brain, when I suddenly said to him—of purpose suddenly—"I was present at Somerset House, Mr. Charles Brady, when you, with your mother and sister, called there *to inquire for your father.*"

The last sentence startled him, as might the glimpse of a tiger crouching for a spring at his throat. He turned white as stone, trembled from head to foot, and his eyes scintillated with quivering fire. That spasmodic emotion, if I may so call it, lasted scarcely whilst one might count ten; and recovering himself, the young man was calm, unmoved as before. What right had I—nay, how cruel of me—to recal to the young man, himself so perilously circumstanced, the unhappy position of his father—a proclaimed outlaw for whom a reward had been offered? It was this, upon second thoughts, which accounted for Charles Brady's emotion when I spoke of his father.

Charles Brady and William Dean were remanded again and again, and though no direct evidence worth a straw could be adduced against them, the Lord Mayor intimated that it would be his duty to send them both before another tribunal, a jury, namely, of their countrymen.

The pale, worn, anxious face of the mother, and the equally pale, sad face of the sister, I never missed amongst the auditors, each time the two prisoners were brought to the Mansion House. They were not permitted to hold any communication with the son, the brother, except in the presence of an officer, nevertheless, I was fully persuaded that they truly divined the cause of Charles Brady's unconquerable obstinacy, in refusing to give the slightest description of the three burglars he admitted to have seen, *at work.*

I followed them home on the afternoon when the Lord Mayor announced that he would commit both prisoners for trial. They resided, as I knew before, in a back room, at a house in Charles-street, City-road. Their means of life was straw-bonnet making for City houses. Poor means, yet the apartment was neatly kept;

and I noticed little mementoes of past times, of no value in a money sense, which yet seemed to link them with those by-gone happy days.

Charles Brady had been fully committed to Newgate for trial many days before I could win the confidence of Mrs. Brady and her daughter. A circumstance which they knew I had intended they should never hear of, dissipated that distrust. I begged, entreated they would confide in me; they did so, unreservedly; and from the mother's lips I heard a narrative of which I present the following abbreviation:—

She, Sophia Lawes, her maiden name, was a native of Northampton; she was an only child; her father was a boot and shoe maker, in a large way of business there. He, her last surviving parent, died when she had just passed her fifteenth birthday. He bequeathed all he possessed, which when realized by her bachelor uncle and guardian, Matthias Lawes, in the same way of business as her father had been, but much more prosperous, much richer she meant, amounted to between six and seven thousand pounds. She was a vain, thoughtless, passionate-tempered girl, her own self-description, and after flirting, coquetting with many young men, attracted by the golden glitter of her six or seven thousand pounds, finally took up with James Brady, a native like herself of Northampton, but who had embraced a seafaring life, and when she married him was mate of the *Murray*, a large ship trading from London to Australia. The uncle and guardian, Matthias Lawes, one of the easiest tempered men in the world, gave a hesitating consent to the union, which was celebrated with a wasteful extravagance, that would scarcely have been justifiable if six thousand pounds had been their annual income, instead of their whole capital. James Brady, carried off his feet by having espoused an heiress of such wealth, disdained a seaman's life; and the coupled fools lived an amazing gay life, till the money was all gone. This, thanks, Mrs. Brady more than hinted, to the uncle's munificent generosity, did not come to pass till Charles, their son, had attained his eighth, Caroline, their daughter, nearly her seventh birthday. Then the glittering bubble burst. The uncle and guardian married his cook, and thenceforth Mr. and Mrs. Brady and family had nothing to expect from him. They were even refused admission to his house.

Reduced to extremity, James Brady, "one of the best of men, but like myself not one of the best of tempers," remembered his profession as seaman. The wife and husband, though in their heart of hearts loving each other as truly, if not so ardently as when the marriage tapers burned to bedward, quarrelled fiercely before parting; bitter, rankling things were said on each side, and since then neither Mrs. Brady nor her children had seen her husband, their father.

"I understand you to say, Mrs. Brady, that neither you nor your children have ever seen your husband since that separation?"

"That is the truth."

"The children, Charles and Caroline Brady, would scarcely remember the features of their father?"

"I am quite sure they would not."

"You have heard of your husband since?"

"Constantly. Let me do him the justice to say, that although he could not bring himself to forgive the wicked taunts I flung in his face—to the effect that he had dissipated *my* property in riotous living—as if I had not been equally foolish, equally culpable with him—every pound he has been able to scrape together has been forwarded to me 'for the children:' that serpent-sting was never omitted: one year I received more than one hundred pounds!"

"How came it that he entered before the mast in the *Warspite*?"

"I know not, precisely; but from a letter which he sent me from Portsmouth, I believe his good, kind, easy nature had been taken advantage of by pretended friends; that he was for the moment destitute, and in a rash hour entered on board the *Warspite*."

"I understand: you have not lately heard of your once bachelor uncle, Mr. Matthias Lawes?"

"No: not since we left Northampton, now seven or eight years ago. He grossly insulted my husband in a letter addressed to me, offering, if I would resume my maiden name of Lawes, to sufficiently provide for me. Strange as it may seem, I, very far from having been a kind, good wife, resented that insult to my husband more than any that could have been offered to myself personally."

"It was the *cook*, mother, not uncle, that wrote, or at least dictated the letter," said Caroline Brady, colouring and lightening into positive beauty, with the animation of scorn and anger.

After a pause, I expressed in words that which we had mutually understood long before.

"It is your belief, as it is mine, Mrs. Brady, that one of the robbers at the Barbican burglary paralysed, overthrew your son by declaring himself to be his father?"

"Good God, it must have been so!" ejaculated Mrs. Brady, as she, sobbing wildly, paced to and fro the room. "Yet, how it can have happened that James, with all his failings, can have fallen into such utter perdition, *I cannot comprehend.*"

"You have friends in London, Mrs. Brady. In truth, you must have, or your attorney would not be so zealous—would not have fee'd Mr. Bodkin to defend your son."

"Caroline," said Mrs. Brady, "do go and ascertain if we may be sure of receiving those straw-plaits this evening. Mr. Meriton, of Lothbury, a Northampton man," resumed Mrs. Brady, as soon as her daughter was out of hearing—"Mr. Meriton, of Lothbury, a Northampton man, has been very kind, would indeed have done much more, but that I objected to——. In fact, Mr. —," added Mrs. Brady, with tearful emotion, "I am much perplexed. Entangled, as it seems, in the meshes of false pretence—false everything. This is why I have resolved to confide in you, who can have no possible motive for misleading me."

"I beg of you, Mrs. Brady, to give me *all* your confidence. Without you do so, I am powerless. You were speaking of Meriton. I know him well."

"You know him for a miserable skinflint, a miserly curmudgeon."

"I do; and for worse than that."

"And yet he fees the attorney who defends Charles. And—and, I hardly know how to speak of it, has proposed, in writing, that Caroline should, without delay, not waiting till she knows whether her brother will be acquitted or not, be his, Meriton's, son's wife."

"Can that be possible?"

"True, as inexplicable. What do you say?"

"Nothing at present. To-morrow, or next day, or the day after that, I may have something to say. Old Meriton is desirous that his cub of a son, his only child, should wed your daughter Caroline without delay?"

"That is so."

"And your daughter Caroline?"

"She would die first. You now understand how I am circumstanced."

"Not quite distinctly yet. Only a little about the edges. How long is it ago you heard of Mr. Matthias Lawes, did you say?"

"About seven years, I think."

"He is still alive?"

"For aught I know he is alive and hearty. The cook, his wife, died, I was told, about two years ago."

"Childless?"

"O yes, childless: I do not see your drift—your meaning."

"Nor I, except through a glass, darkly. But I fancy I see a cherub that sees it all. It is a curiously tangled skein which I shall do my best to unravel. Meanwhile you will trust in me?"

"Confidently."

"And Miss Caroline, I am quite sure, will not marry that blubber-brained brute, Anthony Meriton."

"Nothing could induce her to do so. Not so much because of a prior attachment as—as——"

"As repugnance; the natural repugnance of Miss Caroline to be mated with such a brute. I bid you good night, Mrs. Brady. Confide in me, ma'am; it is true I am but a police officer—a detective police officer; but rely upon what I say, that the desire 'to detect' crime, fraud, conspiracy becomes a passion with us. That 'passion' is strong within me at this present moment."

The next morning I paid one shilling at Doctors' Commons for permission to inspect the wills deposited in those venerable archives. One of the ledgers, inscribed L, contained the copy of the Last Will and Testament of Matthias Lawes, Northampton, which said Will and Testament devised to Sophia Brady, the testator's niece, all of real and personal estate Matthias Lawes might die possessed of. Mr. Philip Meriton, of Lothbury, London, was named sole executor of that Last Will and Testament.

Day was dawning, but eager for more and immediate light, I pressed onwards, and soon found that Philip Meriton had obtained probate of the will, and swore the personals to be under twenty thousand pounds!

Without delay—for I really, though hardly knowing why, felt intensely interested—I applied to certain persons in the

Admiralty offices, respecting James Brady, and after a good deal of bother, I ascertained that, thanks to the influence of Mr. Meriton, a very active canvasser and agent for a noble member for the City of London, it was a settled thing that the court-martial, which would necessarily be held whenever James Brady surrendered himself, would—there being in very truth strongly palliative circumstances in the case—merely sentence the culprit to be reprimanded and dismissed the Queen's service.

I now plainly saw the ins and the outs, the fair side and the seamy side, of Mr. Meriton's suit on behalf of his son for Caroline Brady's hand.

Exactly! But supposing that James Brady was really one of the burglars in the gold-dust robberies in Barbican! His wife, son, daughter believed, reluctantly believed, that he was one of those burglars. How disprove that frightful accusation, and at the same time save the son, lying in Newgate? That was the question.

It was solved—solved in a remarkable manner. Perhaps the reader may remember a fire in the spring of 1836, which consumed three houses in Sun-street, Bishopsgate. I was on duty at that fire; and, penetrating into an upper room of one of the flaming houses, I found a man who had not *hastened*—to be sure there was time enough, coolly calculated—to escape the risk of being burnt to death. I bade the man be smart if he wished to save his life. He obeyed; but not moving very sharply, I took the liberty of giving him a smart shove. The effect was that out shot, from his swollen dress, several bags full of gold dust!

"Your name you say is Daniel Rouse?" said I, about an hour afterwards, addressing that individual in a back parlour of the Crown tavern. "You also say, know-

ing what you say may be used against you, that you and two others are the burglars who committed the robbery in Barbican?"

"I do!—I do! I hope to be allowed to turn King's evidence."

"Queen's evidence, you mean. But I cannot, do not promise anything. Go on. You and one of your mates were landsmen in the *Warspite*. You often heard James Brady speak of his son, and where he was employed. Arrived in London, you and your fellow-villains conceived the idea of pillaging the premises; and, in the event of young Mr. Brady awaking and detecting you in the commission of that crime, one of you would declare you were his father! This you have, in substance, said in presence of witnesses. Do you adhere to that statement, knowing well it may be used against you on your trial?"

"I do; it is the truth."

"You know Mr. Meriton, of Lothbury?"

"Yes; and he knows me."

"I thought so. However, we will not here speak of an absent man. I shall faithfully report the whole circumstances; and I believe—I say I believe—that you, Daniel Rouse, will be admitted to give evidence for the Crown."

Rouse was ultimately admitted evidence for the Crown. His accomplices were convicted—sentenced to penal servitude for life. Charles Brady was restored to liberty; and but that the uncle's bequest to his mother placed him above the necessity of accepting a servile position, might have returned to his employment at the eminent gold-refiners'. It was but a short time afterwards when the "old folks at home," at Myrtle Villa, near Northampton, were Mr. and Mrs. Brady. I got some credit for the happy ending of the business—far more than I deserved.

LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET.

By the Author of "LADY LISLE," "AURORA FLOYD," &c.

CHAPTER VIII.

BEFORE THE STORM.

So the dinner at Audley Court was postponed, and Miss Alicia had to wait still longer for an introduction to the handsome young widower, Mr. George Talboys.

I am afraid, if the real truth is to be told, there was, perhaps, something of affectation in the anxiety this young lady expressed to make George's acquaintance; but if poor Alicia for a moment calculated upon arousing any latent spark of jealousy lurking in her cousin's breast by this exhibition of interest, she was not so well acquainted with Robert Audley's disposition as she might have been. Indolent, handsome, and indifferent, the young barrister took life as altogether too absurd a mistake for any one event in its foolish course to be for a moment considered seriously by a sensible man.

His pretty, gipsy-faced cousin might have been over head and ears in love with him; and she might have told him so, in some charming, roundabout, womanly fashion, a hundred times in a day for all the three hundred and sixty-five days in the year; but unless she had waited for some privileged 29th of February, and walked straight up to him, saying, "Robert, please will you marry me?" I very much doubt if he would ever have discovered the state of her feelings.

Again, had he been in love with her himself, I fancy that the tender passion would, with him, have been so vague and feeble a sentiment that he might have gone down to his grave with a dim sense of some uneasy sensation which might be love or indigestion, and with, beyond this, no knowledge whatever of his state.

So it was not the least use, my poor Alicia, to ride about the lanes round Audley during those three days which the two young men spent in Essex; it was wasted trouble to wear that pretty cavalier hat and plume, and to be always, by the most singular of chances, meeting Robert and his friend. The black curls (nothing like Lady Audley's feathery ringlets, but heavy clustering locks, that clung about your slender brown throat), the red and pouting lips, the nose inclined to be

retroussé, the dark complexion, with its bright crimson flush, always ready to glance up like a signal light in a dusky sky, when you came suddenly upon your apathetic cousin—all this coquettish, *espiègle*, brunette beauty was thrown away upon the dull eyes of Robert Audley, and you might as well have taken your rest in the cool drawing-room at the Court, instead of working your pretty mare to death under the hot September sun.

Now fishing, except to the devoted disciple of Izaak Walton, is not the most lively of occupations; therefore it is scarcely, perhaps, to be wondered that on the day after Lady Audley's departure, the two young men (one of whom was disabled, by that heart wound which he bore so quietly, from really taking pleasure in anything, and the other of whom looked upon almost all pleasure as a negative kind of trouble) began to grow weary of the shade of the willows overhanging the winding streams about Audley.

"Fig-tree-court is not gay in the long vacation," said Robert reflectively; "but I think, upon the whole, it's better than this; at any rate it's near a tobacconist's," he added, puffing resignedly at an execrable cigar procured from the landlord of the Sun Inn.

George Talboys, who had only consented to the Essex expedition in passive submission to his friend, was by no means inclined to object to their immediate return to London. "I shall be glad to get back, Bob," he said, "for I want to take a run down to Southampton; I haven't seen the little one for upwards of a month."

He always spoke of his son as "the little one;" always spoke of him mournfully rather than hopefully. It seemed as if he could take no comfort from the thought of his boy. He accounted for this by saying that he had a fancy that the child would never learn to love him; and worse even than this fancy, a dim presentiment that he would not live to see his little Georgey reach manhood.

"I'm not a romantic man, Bob," he would say sometimes, "and I never read a line of poetry in my life that was any more to me than so many words and so

much jingle; but a feeling has come over me, since my wife's death, that I am like a man standing upon a long low shore, with hideous cliffs frowning down upon him from behind, and the rising tide crawling slowly but surely about his feet. It seems to grow nearer and nearer every day, that black, pitiless tide; not rushing upon me with a great noise and a mighty impetus, but crawling, creeping, stealing, gliding towards me, ready to close in above my head when I am least prepared for the end."

Robert Audley stared at his friend in silent amazement; and, after a pause of profound deliberation, said solemnly, "George Talboys, I could understand this if you had been eating heavy suppers. Cold pork, now, especially if underdone, might produce this sort of thing. You want change of air, dear boy; you want the refreshing breezes of Fig-tree-court, and the soothing atmosphere of Fleet-street. Or, stay," he added suddenly, "I have it! You've been smoking our friend the landlord's cigars; that accounts for everything."

They met Alicia Audley on her mare about half an hour after they had come to the determination of leaving Essex early the next morning. The young lady was very much surprised and disappointed at hearing her cousin's determination, and for that very reason pretended to take the matter with supreme indifference.

"You are very soon tired of Audley, Robert," she said, carelessly; "but of course you have no friends here, except your relations at the Court; while in London, no doubt, you have the most delightful society, and——"

"I get good tobacco," murmured Robert, interrupting his cousin. "Audley is the dearest old place, but when a man has to smoke dried cabbage leaves, you know, Alicia——"

"Then you really are going to-morrow morning?"

"Positively—by the express that leaves at 10.50."

"Then Lady Audley will lose an introduction to Mr. Talboys, and Mr. Talboys will lose the chance of seeing the prettiest woman in Essex."

"Really——" stammered George.

"The prettiest woman in Essex would have a poor chance of getting much admiration out of my friend, George Talboys," said Robert. "His heart is at Southampton, where he has a curly-headed little urchin, about as high as his

knee, who calls him 'the big gentleman,' and asks him for sugar-plums."

"I am going to write to my step-mother by to-night's post," said Alicia. "She asked me particularly in her letter how long you were going to stop, and whether there was any chance of her being back in time to receive you."

Miss Audley took a letter from the pocket of her riding-jacket as she spoke—a pretty, fairy-like note, written on shining paper of a peculiar creamy hue.

"She says in her postscript, 'Be sure you answer my question about Mr. Audley and his friend, you volatile, forgetful Alicia!'"

"What a pretty hand she writes!" said Robert, as his cousin folded the note.

"Yes, it is pretty, is it not? Look at it, Robert."

She put the letter into his hand, and he contemplated it lazily for a few minutes, while Alicia patted the graceful neck of her chestnut mare, which was anxious to be off once more.

"Presently, Atalanta, presently. Give me back my note, Bob."

"It is the prettiest, most coquettish little hand I ever saw. Do you know, Alicia, I have no great belief in those fellows who ask you for thirteen postage stamps, and offer to tell you what you have never been able to find out yourself; but upon my word I think that if I had never seen your aunt, I should know what she was like by this slip of paper. Yes, here it all is—the feathery, gold-shot, flaxen curls, the pencilled eyebrows, the tiny straight nose, the winning childish smile; all to be guessed in these few graceful up-strokes and down-strokes. George, look here!"

But absent-minded and gloomy George Talboys had strolled away along the margin of the ditch, and stood striking the bulrushes with his cane, half-a-dozen paces away from Robert and Alicia.

"Never mind," said the young lady impatiently; for she by no means relished this long disquisition upon my lady's little note. "Give me the letter, and let me go; it's past eight, and I must answer it by to-night's post. Come, Atalanta! Good-bye, Robert—good-bye, Mr. Talboys. A pleasant journey to town."

The chestnut mare cantered briskly through the lane, and Miss Audley was out of sight before those two big bright tears that stood in her eyes for one moment, before her pride sent them back again, rose from her angry heart.

"To have only one cousin in the world,"

she cried passionately, "my nearest relation after papa, and for him to care about as much for me as he would for a dog!"

By the merest of accidents, however, Robert and his friend did not go by the 10.50 express on the following morning, for the young barrister awoke with such a splitting headache, that he asked George to send him a cup of the strongest green tea that had ever been made at the Sun, and to be furthermore so good as to defer their journey until the next day. Of course George assented, and Robert Audley spent the forenoon lying in a darkened room, with a five-days'-old Chelmsford paper to entertain himself withal.

"It's nothing but the cigars, George," he said repeatedly. "Get me out of the place without my seeing the landlord; for if that man and I meet there will be bloodshed."

Fortunately for the peace of Audley, it happened to be market-day at Chelmsford; and the worthy landlord had ridden off in his chaise-cart to purchase supplies for his house—amongst other things, perhaps, a fresh stock of those very cigars which had been so fatal in their effect upon Robert.

The young men spent a dull, dawdling, stupid, unprofitable day; and towards dusk Mr. Audley proposed that they should stroll down to the Court, and ask Alicia to take them over the house.

"It will kill a couple of hours you know, George; and it seems a great pity to drag you away from Audley without having shown you the old place, which I give you my honour is very well worth seeing."

The sun was low in the skies as they took a short cut through the meadows, and crossed a stile into the avenue leading to the archway—a lurid, heavy-looking, ominous sunset, and a deathly stillness in the air, which frightened the birds that had a mind to sing, and left the field open to a few captious frogs croaking in the ditches. Still as the atmosphere was, the leaves rustled with that sinister, shivering motion which proceeds from no outer cause, but is rather an instinctive shudder of the frail branches, prescient of a coming storm. That stupid clock, which knew no middle course, and always skipped from one hour to the other, pointed to seven as the young men passed under the archway; but, for all that, it was nearer eight.

They found Alicia in the lime-walk,

wandering listlessly up and down under the black shadow of the trees, from which every now and then a withered leaf flapped slowly to the ground.

Strange to say, George Talboys, who very seldom observed anything, took particular notice of this place.

"It ought to be an avenue in a churchyard," he said. "How peacefully the dead might sleep under this sombre shade! I wish the churchyard at Ventnor was like this."

They walked on to the ruined well; and Alicia told them some old legend connected with the spot—some gloomy story, such as those always attached to an old house, as if the past were one dark page of sorrow and crime.

"We want to see the house before it is dark, Alicia," said Robert.

"Then we must be quick," she answered. "Come."

She led the way through an open French window, modernized a few years before, into the library, and thence to the hall.

In the hall they passed my lady's pale-faced maid, who looked furtively under her white eyelashes at the two young men.

They were going upstairs, when Alicia turned and spoke to the girl.

"After we have been in the drawing-room I should like to show these gentlemen Lady Audley's rooms. Are they in good order, Phœbe?"

"Yes, miss; but the door of the ante-room is locked, and I fancy that my lady has taken the key to London."

"Taken the key! Impossible!" cried Alicia.

"Indeed, miss, I think she has. I cannot find it, and it always used to be in the door."

"I declare," said Alicia impatiently, "that it is not at all unlike my lady to have taken this silly freak into her head. I dare say she was afraid we should go into her rooms, and pry about amongst her pretty dresses, and meddle with her jewellery. It is very provoking, for the best pictures in the house are in that antechamber. There is her own portrait, too, unfinished, but wonderfully like."

"Her portrait!" exclaimed Robert Audley. "I would give anything to see it, for I have only an imperfect notion of her face. Is there no other way of getting into the room, Alicia?"

"Another way?"

"Yes; is there any door, leading through some of the other rooms, by

which we can contrive to get into hers?"

His cousin shook her head, and conducted them into a corridor where there were some family portraits. She showed them a tapestried chamber, the large figures upon the faded canvas looking threatening in the dusky light.

"That fellow with the battle-axe looks as if he wanted to split George's head open," said Mr. Audley, pointing to a fierce warrior, whose uplifted arm appeared above George Talboys' dark hair.

"Come out of this room, Alicia," added the young man, nervously; "I believe it's damp, or else haunted. Indeed, I believe all ghosts to be the result of damp or dyspepsia. You sleep in a damp bed—you awake suddenly in the dead of the night with a cold shiver, and see an old lady in the court costume of George the First's time, sitting at the foot of the bed. The old lady is indigestion, and the cold shiver is a damp sheet."

There were lighted candles in the drawing-room. No newfangled lamps had ever made their appearance at Audley Court. Sir Michael's rooms were lighted by honest, thick, yellow-looking wax candles, in massive silver candlesticks, and in sconces against the walls.

There was very little to see in the drawing-room; and George Talboys soon grew tired of staring at the handsome modern furniture, and at a few pictures by some of the Academicians.

"Isn't there a secret passage, or an old oak chest, or something of that kind, somewhere about the place, Alicia?" asked Robert.

"To be sure!" cried Miss Audley, with a vehemence that startled her cousin; "of course. Why didn't I think of it before? How stupid of me, to be sure!"

"Why stupid?"

"Because, if you don't mind crawling upon your hands and knees, you can see my lady's apartments, for that very passage communicates with her dressing-room. She doesn't know of it herself, I believe. How astonished she'd be if some black-visored burglar, with a dark lantern, were to rise through the floor some night as she sat before her looking-glass, having her hair dressed for a party!"

"Shall we try the secret passage, George?" asked Mr. Audley.

"Yes, if you wish it."

Alicia led them into the room which had once been her nursery. It was now

disused, except on very rare occasions when the house was full of company.

Robert Audley lifted a corner of the carpet, according to his cousin's directions, and disclosed a rudely-cut trap-door in the oak flooring.

"Now listen to me," said Alicia. "You must let yourself down by your hands into the passage, which is about four feet high; stoop your head, and walk straight along it till you come to a sharp turn which will take you to the left, and at the extreme end of it you will find a short ladder below a trap-door like this, which you will have to unbolt; that door opens into the flooring of my lady's dressing-room, which is only covered with a square Persian carpet that you can easily manage to raise. You understand me?"

"Perfectly."

"Then take the light; Mr. Talboys will follow you. I give you twenty minutes for your inspection of the paintings—that is, about a minute apiece—and at the end of that time I shall expect to see you return."

Robert obeyed her implicitly, and George submissively following his friend, found himself, in five minutes, standing amidst the elegant disorder of Lady Audley's dressing-room.

She had left the house in a hurry on her unlooked-for journey to London, and the whole of her glittering toilette apparatus lay about on the marble dressing-table. The atmosphere of the room was almost oppressive from the rich odours of perfumes in bottles whose gold stoppers had not been replaced. A bunch of hot-house flowers was withering upon a tiny writing-table. Two or three handsome dresses lay in a heap upon the ground, and the open doors of a wardrobe revealed the treasures within. Jewellery, ivory-backed hair-brushes, and exquisite china were scattered here and there about the apartment. George Talboys saw his bearded face and tall gaunt figure reflected in the cheval-glass, and wondered to see how out of place he seemed among all these womanly luxuries.

They went from the dressing-room to the boudoir, and through the boudoir into the antechamber, in which there were, as Alicia had said, about twenty valuable paintings, besides my lady's portrait.

My lady's portrait stood on an easel covered with a green baize in the centre of the octagonal chamber. It had been

a fancy of the artist to paint her standing in this very room, and to make his background a faithful reproduction of the pictured walls. I am afraid the young man belonged to the pre-Raphaelite brotherhood, for he had spent a most unconscionable time upon the accessories of this picture—upon my lady's crispy ringlets and the heavy folds of her crimson velvet dress.

The two young men looked at the paintings on the walls first, leaving this unfinished portrait for a *bonne bouche*.

By this time it was dark, the candle carried by Robert only making one bright nucleus of light as he moved about holding it before the pictures one by one. The broad bare window looked out upon the pale sky, tinged with the last cold flicker of the twilight. The ivy rustled against the glass with the same ominous shiver as that which agitated every leaf in the garden, prophetic of the storm that was to come.

"There are our friend's eternal white horses," said Robert, standing before a Wouvermans. "Nicholas Poussin—Salvator—ha—hum! Now for the portrait!"

He paused with his hand on the baize, and solemnly addressed his friend.

"George Talboys," he said, "we have between us only one wax candle, a very inadequate light with which to look at a painting. Let me, therefore, request that you will suffer us to look at it one at a time: if there is one thing more disagreeable than another, it is to have a person dodging behind your back and peering over your shoulder, when you're trying to see what a picture's made of."

George fell back immediately. He took no more interest in my lady's picture than in all the other wearinesses of this troublesome world. He fell back, and leaning his forehead against the window-panes, looked out at the night.

When he turned round he saw that Robert had arranged the easel very conveniently, and that he had seated himself on a chair before it for the purpose of contemplating the painting at his leisure.

He rose as George turned round.

"Now, then, for your turn, Talboys," he said. "It's an extraordinary picture."

He took George's place at the window, and George seated himself in the chair before the easel.

Yes, the painter must have been a pre-Raphaelite. No one but a pre-Raphaelite would have painted, hair by hair, those

feathery masses of ringlets, with every glimmer of gold, and every shadow of pale brown. No one but a pre-Raphaelite would have so exaggerated every attribute of that delicate face as to give a lurid brightness to the blonde complexion, and a strange, sinister light to the deep blue eyes. No one but a pre-Raphaelite could have given to that pretty pouting mouth the hard and almost wicked look it had in the portrait.

It was so like, and yet so unlike. It was as if you had burned strange-coloured fires before my lady's face, and by their influence brought out new lines and new expressions never seen in it before. The perfection of feature, the brilliancy of colouring, were there; but I suppose the painter had copied quaint medieval monstrosities until his brain had grown bewildered, for my lady, in his portrait of her, had something of the aspect of a beautiful fiend.

Her crimson dress, exaggerated like all the rest in this strange picture, hung about her in folds that looked like flames, her fair head peeping out of the lurid mass of colour as if out of a raging furnace. Indeed, the crimson dress, the sunshine on the face, the red gold gleaming in the yellow hair, the ripe scarlet of the pouting lips, the glowing colours of each accessory of the minutely-painted background, all combined to render the first effect of the painting by no means an agreeable one.

But strange as the picture was, it could not have made any great impression on George Talboys, for he sat before it for about a quarter of an hour without uttering a word—only staring blankly at the painted canvas, with the candlestick grasped in his strong right hand, and his left arm hanging loosely by his side. He sat so long in this attitude, that Robert turned round at last.

"Why, George, I thought you had gone to sleep!"

"I had almost."

"You've caught a cold from standing in that damp tapestried room. Mark my word, George Talboys, you've caught a cold; you're as hoarse as a raven. But come along."

Robert Audley took the candle from his friend's hand, and crept back through the secret passage, followed by George—very quiet, but scarcely more quiet than usual.

They found Alicia in the nursery waiting for them.

"Well?" she said interrogatively.

"We managed it capitally. But I

don't like the portrait; there's something odd about it."

"There is," said Alicia; "I've a strange fancy on that point. I think that sometimes a painter is in a manner inspired, and is able to see, through the normal expression of the face, another expression that is equally a part of it, though not to be perceived by common eyes. *We* have never seen my lady look as she does in that picture; but I think that she *could* look so."

"Alicia," said Robert Audley, imploringly, "don't be German!"

"But, Robert——"

"Don't be German, Alicia, if you love me. The picture is—the picture; and my lady is—my lady. That's my way of taking things, and I'm not metaphysical: don't unsettle me."

He repeated this several times with an air of terror that was perfectly sincere; and then, having borrowed an umbrella in case of being overtaken by the coming storm, left the Court, leading passive George Talboys away with him. The one hand of the stupid clock had skipped to nine by the time they reached the archway; but before they could pass under its shadow they had to step aside to allow a carriage to dash by them. It was a fly from the village, but Lady Audley's fair face peeped out at the window. Dark as it was, she could see the two figures of the young men black against the dusk.

"Who is that?" she asked, putting out her head. "Is it the gardener?"

"No, my dear aunt," said Robert, laughing; "it is your most dutiful nephew."

He and George stopped by the archway while the fly drew up at the door, and the surprised servants came out to welcome their master and mistress.

"I think the storm will hold off to-night," said the baronet, looking up at the sky: "but we shall certainly have it to-morrow."

CHAPTER IX.

AFTER THE STORM.

SIR MICHAEL was mistaken in his prophecy upon the weather. The storm did not hold off until next day, but burst with terrible fury over the village of Audley about half an hour before midnight.

Robert Audley took the thunder and lightning with the same composure with

which he accepted all the other ills of life. He lay on a sofa in the sitting-room, ostensibly reading the five-days'-old Chelmsford paper, and regaling himself occasionally with a few sips from a large tumbler of cold punch. But the storm had quite a different effect upon George Talboys. His friend was startled when he looked at the young man's white face as he sat opposite the open window listening to the thunder, and staring at the black sky, rent every now and then by forked streaks of steel-blue lightning.

"George," said Robert, after watching him for some time, "are you frightened of the lightning?"

"No," he answered, curtly.

"But, dear boy, some of the most courageous men have been frightened of it. It is scarcely to be called a fear; it is constitutional. I am sure you are frightened of it."

"No, I am not."

"But, George, if you could see yourself, white and haggard, with your great hollow eyes staring out at the sky as if they were fixed upon a ghost. I tell you I know that you are frightened."

"And I tell you that I am not."

"George Talboys, you are not only afraid of the lightning, but you are savage with yourself for being afraid, and with me for telling you of your fear."

"Robert Audley, if you say another word to me I shall knock you down," cried George, furiously: having said which, Mr. Talboys strode out of the room, banging the door after him with a violence that shook the house. Those inky clouds, which had shut in the sultry earth as if with a roof of hot iron, poured out their blackness in a sudden deluge as George left the room; but if the young man was afraid of the lightning, he certainly was not afraid of the rain; for he walked straight downstairs to the inn-door, and went out into the wet high road. He walked up and down, up and down, in the soaking shower for about twenty minutes, and then, re-entering the inn, strode up to his bed-room.

Robert Audley met him on the landing, with his hair beaten about his white face, and his garments dripping wet.

"Are you going to bed, George?"

"Yes."

"But you have no candle."

"I don't want one."

"But look at your clothes, man! Do you see the wet streaming down your coat-sleeves? What on earth made you go out upon such a night?"

"I'm tired, and want to go to bed—don't bother me."

"You'll take some hot brandy-and-water, George?"

Robert Audley stood in his friend's way as he spoke, anxious to prevent his going to bed in the state he was in; but George pushed him fiercely aside, and, striding past him, said, in the same hoarse voice Robert had noticed at the Court,—

"Let me alone, Robert Audley, and keep clear of me if you can."

Robert followed George to his bedroom, but the young man banged the door in his face; so there was nothing for it but to leave Mr. Talboys to himself, to recover his temper as best he might.

"He was irritated at my noticing his terror of the lightning," thought Robert, as he calmly retired to rest, serenely indifferent to the thunder, which seemed to shake him in his bed, and the lightning playing fitfully round the razors in his open dressing-case.

The storm rolled away from the quiet village of Audley, and when Robert awoke the next morning it was to see bright sunshine, and a peep of cloudless sky between the white curtains of his bedroom window.

It was one of those serene and lovely mornings that sometimes succeed a storm. The birds sang loud and cheerily, the yellow corn uplifted itself in the broad fields, and waved proudly after its sharp tussle with the tempest, which had done its best to beat down the heavy ears with cruel wind and driving rain half the night through. The vine-leaves clustering round Robert's window fluttered with a joyous rustling, shaking the rain-drops in diamond showers from every spray and tendril.

Robert Audley found his friend waiting for him at the breakfast-table.

George was very pale, but perfectly tranquil—if anything, indeed, more cheerful than usual.

He shook Robert by the hand with something of that old hearty manner for which he had been distinguished before the one affliction of his life overtook and shipwrecked him.

"Forgive me, Bob," he said, frankly, "for my surly temper of last night. You were quite correct in your assertion; the thunderstorm *did* upset me. It always had the same effect upon me in my youth."

"Poor old boy! Shall we go up by the express, or shall we stop here and dine with my uncle to-night?" asked Robert.

"To tell the truth, Bob, I would rather do neither. It's a glorious morning. Suppose we stroll about all day, take another turn with the rod and line, and go up to town by the train that leaves here at 6.15 in the evening?"

Robert Audley would have assented to a far more disagreeable proposition than this, rather than have taken the trouble to oppose his friend, so the matter was immediately agreed upon; and after they had finished their breakfast, and ordered a four-o'clock dinner, George Talboys took the fishing-rod across his broad shoulders, and strode out of the house with his friend and companion.

But if the equable temperament of Mr. Robert Audley had been undisturbed by the crackling peals of thunder that shook the very foundations of the Sun Inn, it had not been so with the more delicate sensibilities of his uncle's young wife. Lady Audley confessed herself terribly frightened of the lightning. She had her bedstead wheeled into a corner of the room, and with the heavy curtains drawn tightly round her, she lay with her face buried in the pillows, shuddering convulsively at every sound of the tempest without. Sir Michael, whose stout heart had never known a fear, almost trembled for this fragile creature, whom it was his happy privilege to protect and defend. My lady would not consent to undress till nearly three o'clock in the morning, when the last lingering peal of thunder had died away amongst the distant hills. Until that hour she lay in the handsome silk dress in which she had travelled, huddled together amongst the bed-clothes, only looking up now and then with a scared face to ask if the storm was over.

Towards four o'clock her husband, who spent the night in watching by her bedside, saw her drop off into a deep sleep, from which she did not awake for nearly five hours.

But she came into the breakfast-room, at half-past nine o'clock, singing a little Scotch melody, her cheeks tinged with as delicate a pink as the pale hue of her muslin morning dress. Like the birds and the flowers, she seemed to recover her beauty and joyousness in the morning sunshine. She tripped lightly out on to the lawn, gathering a last lingering rosebud here and there, and a sprig or two of geranium, and returning through the dewy grass, warbling long cadence for very happiness of heart, and looking as fresh and radiant as the flowers in her

hands. The baronet caught her in his strong arms as she came in through the open window.

"My pretty one," he said, "my darling, what happiness to see you your own merry self again! Do you know, Lucy, that once last night, when you looked out through the dark green bed-curtains, with your poor white face, and the purple rims round your hollow eyes, I had almost a difficulty to recognise my little wife in that ghastly, terrified, agonized-looking creature, crying out about the storm. Thank God for the morning sun, which has brought back the rosy cheeks and the bright smile! I hope to Heaven, Lucy, I shall never again see you look as you did last night."

She stood on tiptoe to kiss him, and was then only tall enough to reach his white beard. She told him, laughing, that she had always been a silly, frightened creature,—frightened of dogs, frightened of cattle, frightened of a thunderstorm, frightened of a rough sea. "Frightened of everything and everybody but my dear, noble, handsome husband," she said.

She had found the carpet in her dressing-room disarranged, and had inquired into the mystery of the secret passage. She chid Miss Alicia in a playful, laughing way, for her boldness in introducing two great men into my lady's rooms.

"And they had the audacity to look at my picture, Alicia," she said, with mock indignation. "I found the baize thrown on the ground, and a great man's glove on the carpet. Look!"

She held up a thick driving glove as she spoke. It was George's, which he had dropped while looking at the picture.

"I shall go up to the Sun, and ask those boys to dinner," Sir Michael said, as he left the Court upon his morning walk round his farm.

Lady Audley flitted from room to room in the bright September sunshine—now sitting down to the piano to trill out a ballad, or the first page of an Italian bravura, or running with rapid fingers through a brilliant waltz—now hovering about a stand of hot-house flowers, doing amateur gardening with a pair of fairy-like silver-mounted embroidery scissors—now strolling into her dressing-room to talk to Phoebe Marks, and have her curls re-arranged for the third or fourth time; for the ringlets were always getting into disorder, and gave no little trouble to Lady Audley's maid.

My lady seemed, on this particular September day, restless from very joyous-

ness of spirit, and unable to stay long in one place, or occupy herself with one thing.

While Lady Audley amused herself in her own frivolous fashion, the two young men strolled slowly along the margin of a stream until they reached a shady corner where the water was deep and still, and the long branches of the willows trailed into the brook.

George Talboys took the fishing-rod, while Robert stretched himself at full length on a railway rug, and balancing his hat upon his nose as a screen from the sunshine, fell fast asleep.

Those were happy fish in the stream on the banks of which Mr. Talboys was seated. They might have amused themselves to their heart's content with timid nibbles at this gentleman's bait, without in any manner endangering their safety; for George only stared vacantly at the water, holding his rod in a loose, listless hand, and with a strange far-away look in his eyes. As the church clock struck two he threw down his rod, and striding away along the bank, left Robert Audley to enjoy a nap, which, according to that gentleman's habits, was by no means unlikely to last for two or three hours. About a quarter of a mile further on George crossed a rustic bridge, and struck into the meadows which led to Audley Court.

The birds had sung so much all the morning, that they had, perhaps, by this time grown tired; the lazy cattle were asleep in the meadows; Sir Michael was still away on his morning's ramble; Miss Alicia had scampered off an hour before upon her chestnut mare; the servants were all at dinner in the back part of the house; and my lady had strolled, book in hand, into the shadowy lime-walk; so the grey old building had never worn a more peaceful aspect than on that bright afternoon when George Talboys walked across the lawn to ring a sonorous peal at the sturdy, iron-bound oak door.

The servant who answered his summons told him that Sir Michael was out, and my lady walking in the lime-tree avenue.

He looked a little disappointed at this intelligence, and muttering something about wishing to see my lady, or going to look for my lady (the servant did not clearly distinguish his words), strode away from the door without leaving either card or message for the family.

It was full an hour and a half after

this when Lady Audley returned to the house, not coming from the lime-walk, but from exactly the opposite direction, carrying her open book in her hand, and singing as she came. Alicia had just dismounted from her mare, and stood in the low-arched doorway, with her great Newfoundland dog by her side.

The dog, which had never liked my lady, showed his teeth with a suppressed growl.

"Send that horrid animal away, Alicia," Lady Audley said, impatiently. "The brute knows that I am frightened of him, and takes advantage of my terror. And yet they call the creatures generous and noble-natured! Bah, Cæsar! I hate you, and you hate me; and if you met me in the dark in some narrow passage you would fly at my throat and strangle me, wouldn't you?"

My lady, safely sheltered behind her step-daughter, shook her yellow curls at the angry animal, and defied him maliciously.

"Do you know, Lady Audley, that Mr. Talboys, the young widower, has been here asking for Sir Michael and for you?"

Lucy Audley lifted her pencilled eyebrows. "I thought they were coming to dinner," she said. "Surely we shall have enough of them then."

She had a heap of wild autumn flowers in the skirt of her muslin dress. She had come through the fields at the back of the Court, gathering the hedge-row blossoms in her way. She ran lightly up the broad staircase to her own rooms. George's glove lay on her boudoir table. Lady Audley rang the bell violently, and it was answered by Phoebe Marks. "Take that litter away," she said, sharply. The girl collected the glove and a few withered flowers and torn papers lying on the table into her apron.

"What have you been doing all this morning?" asked my lady. "Not wasting your time, I hope?"

"No, my lady, I have been altering the blue dress. It is rather dark on this side of the house, so I took it up to my own room, and worked at the window."

The girl was leaving the room as she spoke, but she turned round and looked at Lady Audley as if waiting for further orders.

Lucy looked up at the same moment, and the eyes of the two women met.

"Phoebe Marks," said my lady, throwing herself into an easy chair, and trifling with the wild flowers in her lap, "you

are a good, industrious girl, and while I live and am prosperous, you shall never want a firm friend or a twenty-pound note."

CHAPTER X.

MISSING.

WHEN Robert Audley awoke he was surprised to see the fishing-rod lying on the bank, the line trailing idly in the water, and the float bobbing harmlessly up and down in the afternoon sunshine. The young barrister was a long time stretching his arms and legs in various directions to convince himself, by means of such exercise, that he still retained the proper use of those members; then, with a mighty effort, he contrived to rise from the grass, and having deliberately folded his railway rug into a convenient shape for carrying over his shoulder, he strolled away to look for George Talboys.

Once or twice he gave a sleepy shout, scarcely loud enough to scare the birds in the branches above his head, or the trout in the stream at his feet; but receiving no answer, grew tired of the exertion, and dawdled on, yawning as he went, and still looking for George Talboys.

By-and-by he took out his watch, and was surprised to find that it was a quarter-past four.

"Why, the selfish beggar must have gone home to his dinner!" he muttered, reflectively; "and yet that isn't much like him, for he seldom remembers even his meals unless I jog his memory."

Even a good appetite, and the knowledge that his dinner would very likely suffer by this delay, could not quicken Mr. Robert Audley's constitutional dawdle, and by the time he strolled in at the front door of the Sun the clocks were striking five. He so fully expected to find George Talboys waiting for him in the little sitting-room, that the absence of that gentleman seemed to give the apartment a dreary look, and Robert groaned aloud.

"This is lively!" he said. "A cold dinner, and nobody to eat it with!"

The landlord of the Sun came himself to apologize for his ruined dishes.

"As fine a pair of ducks, Mr. Audley, as ever you clapped eyes on, but burnt up to a cinder, along of being kep' hot."

"Never mind the ducks," Robert said impatiently; "where's Mr. Talboys?"

"He ain't been in, sir, since you went out together this morning."

"What!" cried Robert. "Why, in Heaven's name, what has the man done with himself?"

He walked to the window and looked out upon the broad white high road. There was a waggon laden with trusses of hay crawling slowly past, the lazy horses and the lazy waggoner drooping their heads with a weary stoop under the afternoon sunshine. There was a flock of sheep straggling about the road, with a dog running himself into a fever in the endeavour to keep them decently together. There were some bricklayers just released from work—a tinker mending some kettles by the road-side; there was a dog-cart dashing down the road, carrying the master of the Audley hounds to his seven o'clock dinner; there were a dozen common village sights and sounds that mixed themselves up into a cheerful bustle and confusion; but there was no George Talboys.

"Of all the extraordinary things that ever happened to me in the whole course of my life," said Mr. Robert Audley, "this is the most miraculous!"

The landlord, still in attendance, opened his eyes as Robert made this remark. What could there be so extraordinary in the simple fact of a gentleman being late for his dinner?

"I shall go and look for him," said Robert, snatching up his hat and walking straight out of the house.

But the question was where to look for him. He certainly was not by the trout stream, so it was no good going back there in search of him. Robert was standing before the inn, deliberating on what was best to be done, when the landlord came out after him.

"I forgot to tell you, Mr. Audley, as how your uncle called here five minutes after you was gone, and left a message asking of you and the other gentleman to go down to dinner at the Court."

"Then I shouldn't wonder," said Robert, "if George Talboys has gone down to the Court to call upon my uncle. It isn't like him, but it's just possible that he has done it."

It was six o'clock when Robert knocked at the door of his uncle's house. He did not ask to see any of the family, but inquired at once for his friend.

Yes, the servant told him; Mr. Talboys had been there at two o'clock, or a little after.

"And not since?"

"No, not since."

Was the man sure that it was at two Mr. Talboys called? Robert asked.

Yes, perfectly sure. He remembered the hour because it was the servants' dinner hour, and he had left the table to open the door to Mr. Talboys.

"Why, what can have become of the man?" thought Robert, as he turned his back upon the Court. "From two till six—four good hours—and no signs of him!"

If any one had ventured to tell Mr. Robert Audley that he could possibly feel a strong attachment to any creature breathing, that cynical gentleman would have elevated his eyebrows in supreme contempt at the preposterous notion. Yet here he was, flurried and anxious, bewildering his brain by all manner of conjectures about his missing friend; and, false to every attribute of his nature, walking fast.

"I haven't walked fast since I was at Eton," he murmured, as he hurried across one of Sir Michael's meadows in the direction of the village; "and the worst of it is, that I haven't the most remote idea where I am going."

He crossed another meadow, and then seating himself upon a stile, rested his elbows upon his knees, buried his face in his hands, and set himself seriously to think the matter out.

"I have it!" he said, after a few minutes' thought; "the railway station!" He sprang over the stile, and started off in the direction of the little red brick building.

There was no train expected for another half-hour, and the clerk was taking his tea in an apartment on one side of the office, on the door of which was inscribed, in large white letters, "Private."

But Mr. Audley was too much occupied with the one idea of looking for his friend to pay any attention to this warning. He strode at once to the door, and rattling his cane against it, brought the clerk out of his sanctum in a perspiration from hot tea, and with his mouth full of bread and butter.

"Do you remember the gentleman that came down to Audley with me, Smithers?" asked Robert.

"Well, to tell you the real truth, Mr. Audley, I can't say I do. You came by the four o'clock, if you remember, and there's always a good many passengers by that train."

"You don't remember him, then?"

"Not to my knowledge, sir."

"That's provoking! I want to know, Smithers, whether he has taken a ticket for London since two o'clock to-day. He's a tall, broad-chested young fellow, with a big brown beard. You couldn't well mistake him."

"There was four or five gentlemen as took tickets for the 3.30 up," said the clerk rather vaguely, casting an anxious glance over his shoulder at his wife, who looked by no means pleased at this interruption to the harmony of the tea-table.

"Four or five gentlemen! But did either of them answer to the description of my friend?"

"Well, I think one of them had a beard, sir."

"A dark-brown beard?"

"Well, I don't know but what it was brownish like."

"Was he dressed in grey?"

"I believe it was grey; a great many gents wear grey. He asked for the ticket sharp and short like, and when he'd got it walked straight out on to the platform whistling."

"That's George!" said Robert. "Thank you, Smithers; I needn't trouble you any more. It's as clear as daylight," he muttered, as he left the station, "he's got one of his gloomy fits on him, and he's gone back to London without saying a word about it. I'll leave Audley myself to-morrow morning; and for to-night—why, I may as well go down to the Court, and make the acquaintance of my uncle's young wife. They don't dine till seven; if I get back across the fields I shall be in time. Bob—otherwise Robert Audley—this sort of thing will never do; you are falling over head and ears in love with your aunt."

CHAPTER XI.

THE MARK UPON MY LADY'S WRIST.

ROBERT found Sir Michael and Lady Audley in the drawing-room. My lady was sitting on a music-stool before the grand piano, turning over the leaves of some new music. She twirled round upon this revolving seat, making a rustling with her silk flounces, as Mr. Robert Audley's name was announced; then, leaving the piano, she made her nephew a pretty mock ceremonious curtsy.

"Thank you so much for the sables," she said, holding out her little fingers, all

glittering and twinkling with the diamonds she wore upon them; "thank you for those beautiful sables. How good it was of you to get them for me!"

Robert had almost forgotten the commission he had executed for Lady Audley during his Russian expedition. His mind was so full of George Talboys that he only acknowledged my lady's gratitude by a bow.

"Would you believe it, Sir Michael?" he said. "That foolish chum of mine has gone back to London, leaving me in the lurch."

"Mr. George Talboys returned to town!" exclaimed my lady, lifting her eyebrows.

"What a dreadful catastrophe!" said Alicia, maliciously, "since Pythias, in the person of Mr. Robert Audley, cannot exist for half an hour without Damon, commonly known as George Talboys."

"He's a very good fellow," Robert said stoutly; "and to tell the honest truth, I'm rather uneasy about him."

Uneasy about him! My lady was quite anxious to know why Robert was uneasy about his friend.

"I'll tell you why, Lady Audley," answered the young barrister. "George had a bitter blow a year ago in the death of his wife. He has never got over that trouble. He takes life pretty quietly—almost as quietly as I do—but he often talks very strangely, and I sometimes think that one day this grief will get the better of him, and he'll do something rash."

Mr. Robert Audley spoke vaguely, but all three of his listeners knew that the something rash to which he alluded was that one deed for which there is no repentance.

There was a brief pause, during which Lady Audley arranged her yellow ringlets by the aid of the glass over the console table opposite to her.

"Dear me!" she said, "this is very strange. I did not think men were capable of these deep and lasting affections. I thought that one pretty face was as good as another pretty face to them, and that when number one with blue eyes and fair hair died, they had only to look out for number two, with dark eyes and black hair, by way of variety."

"George Talboys is not one of those men. I firmly believe that his wife's death broke his heart."

"How sad!" murmured Lady Audley. "It seems almost cruel of Mrs. Talboys

to die, and grieve her poor husband so much."

"Alicia was right; she *is* childish," thought Robert, as he looked at his aunt's pretty face.

My lady was very charming at the dinner-table; she professed the most bewitching incapacity for carving the pheasant set before her, and called Robert to her assistance.

"I could carve a leg of mutton at Mr. Dawson's," she said, laughing; "but a leg of mutton is so easy; and then I used to stand up."

Sir Michael watched the impression my lady made upon his nephew with a proud delight in her beauty and fascination.

"I am so glad to see my poor little woman in her usual good spirits once more," he said. "She was very down-hearted yesterday at a disappointment she met with in London."

"A disappointment!"

"Yes, Mr. Audley, a very cruel one," answered my lady. "I received the other morning a telegraphic message from my dear old friend and schoolmistress, telling me that she was dying, and that if I wanted to see her again, I must hasten to her immediately. The telegraphic despatch contained no address, and of course, from that very circumstance, I imagined that she must be living in the house in which I left her three years ago. Sir Michael and I hurried up to town immediately, and drove straight to the old address. The house was occupied by strange people, who could give me no tidings of my friend. It is in a retired place, where there are a very few tradespeople about. Sir Michael made inquiries at the few shops there are, but, after taking an immense deal of trouble, could discover nothing whatever likely to lead to the information we wanted. I have no friends in London, and had therefore no one to assist me except my dear, generous husband, who did all in his power, but in vain, to find my friend's new residence."

"It was very foolish not to send the address in the telegraphic message," said Robert.

"When people are dying it is not so easy to think of all these things," murmured my lady, looking reproachfully at Mr. Audley with her soft blue eyes.

In spite of Lady Audley's fascination, and in spite of Robert's very unqualified admiration of her, the barrister could not overcome a vague feeling of uneasiness on this quiet September evening.

As he sat in the deep embrasure of a mullioned window, talking to my lady, his mind wandered away to shady Fig-tree Court, and he thought of poor George Talboys smoking his solitary cigar in the room with the birds and canaries.

"I wish I'd never felt any friendliness for the fellow," he thought. "I feel like a man who has an only son whose life has gone wrong with him. I wish to Heaven I could give him back his wife, and send him down to Ventnor to finish his days in peace."

Still my lady's pretty musical prattle ran on as merrily and continuously as the babble of some brook; and still Robert's thoughts wandered, in spite of himself, to George Talboys.

He thought of him hurrying down to Southampton by the mail train to see his boy. He thought of him as he had often seen him spelling over the shipping advertisements in the *Times*, looking for a vessel to take him back to Australia. Once he thought of him with a shudder, lying cold and stiff at the bottom of some shallow stream with his dead face turned towards the darkening sky.

Lady Audley noticed his abstraction, and asked him what he was thinking of.

"George Talboys," he answered abruptly.

She gave a little nervous shudder.

"Upon my word," she said, "you make me quite uncomfortable by the way in which you talk of Mr. Talboys. One would think that something extraordinary had happened to him."

"God forbid! But I cannot help feeling uneasy about him."

Later in the evening Sir Michael asked for some music, and my lady went to the piano. Robert Audley strolled after her to the instrument to turn over the leaves of her music; but she played from memory, and he was spared the trouble his gallantry would have imposed upon him.

He carried a pair of lighted candles to the piano, and arranged them conveniently for the pretty musician. She struck a few chords, and then wandered into a pensive sonata of Beethoven's. It was one of the many paradoxes in her character, that love of sombre and melancholy melodies, so opposite to her gay, frivolous nature.

Robert Audley lingered by her side, and as he had no occupation in turning over the leaves of her music, he amused himself by watching her jewelled white hands gliding softly over the keys, with the lace sleeves dropping away from her

graceful, arched wrists. He looked at her pretty fingers one by one; this one glittering with a ruby heart: that encircled by an emerald serpent; and about them all a starry glitter of diamonds. From the fingers his eyes wandered to the rounded wrists: the broad, flat, gold bracelet upon her right wrist dropped over her hand, as she executed a rapid passage. She stopped abruptly to re-arrange it; but before she could do so Robert Audley noticed a bruise upon her delicate skin.

"You have hurt your arm, Lady Audley!" he exclaimed.

She hastily replaced the bracelet.

"It is nothing," she said. "I am unfortunate in having a skin which the slightest touch bruises."

She went on playing, but Sir Michael came across the room to look into the matter of the bruise upon his wife's pretty wrist.

"What is it, Lucy?" he asked; "and how did it happen?"

"How foolish you all are to trouble yourselves about anything so absurd!" said Lady Audley, laughing. "I am rather absent in mind, and amused myself a few days ago by tying a piece of ribbon round my arm so tightly, that it left a bruise when I removed it."

"Hum!" thought Robert. "My lady tells little childish white lies; the bruise is of a more recent date than a few days ago; the skin has only just begun to change colour."

Sir Michael took the slender wrist in his strong hand.

"Hold the candles, Robert," he said, "and let us look at this poor little arm."

It was not one bruise, but four slender, purple marks, such as might have been made by the four fingers of a powerful hand that had grasped the delicate wrist a shade too roughly. A narrow ribbon, bound tightly, might have left some such marks, it is true, and my lady protested once more that, to the best of her recollection, that must have been how they were made.

Across one of the faint purple marks there was a darker tinge, as if a ring worn on one of these strong and cruel fingers had been ground into the tender flesh.

"I am sure my lady must tell white lies," thought Robert, "for I can't believe the story of the ribbon."

He wished his relations good night and good-bye at about half-past ten o'clock; he said that he should run up to London

by the first train to look for George in Fig-tree Court.

"If I don't find him there I shall go to Southampton," he said; "and if I don't find him there——"

"What then?" asked my lady.

"I shall think that something strange has happened."

Robert Audley felt very low-spirited as he walked slowly home between the shadowy meadows; more low-spirited still when he re-entered the sitting-room at the Sun Inn, where he and George had lounged together, staring out of the window and smoking their cigars.

"To think," he said meditatively, "that it is possible to care so much for a fellow! But come what may, I'll go up to town after him the first thing to-morrow morning, and sooner than he balked in finding him, I'll go to the very end of the world."

With Mr. Robert Audley's lymphatic nature, determination was so much the exception rather than the rule, that when he did for once in his life resolve upon any course of action, he had a certain dogged, iron-like obstinacy that pushed him on to the fulfilment of his purpose.

The lazy bent of his mind, which prevented him from thinking of half a dozen things at a time, and not thinking thoroughly of any one of them, as is the manner of your more energetic people, made him remarkably clear-sighted upon any point to which he ever gave his serious attention.

Indeed, after all, though solemn benchers laughed at him, and rising barristers shrugged their shoulders under rustling silk gowns when people spoke of Robert Audley, I doubt if, had he ever taken the trouble to get a brief, he might not have rather surprised the magnates who underrated his abilities.

CHAPTER XII.

STILL MISSING.

THE September sun-light sparkled upon the fountain in the Temple Gardens when Robert Audley returned to Fig-tree Court early the following morning.

He found the canaries singing in the pretty little room in which George had slept, but the apartment was in the same prim order in which the laundress had arranged it after the departure of the two young men—not a chair displaced, or so

much as the lid of a cigar-box lifted, to bespeak the presence of George Talboys. With a last lingering hope he searched upon the mantelpieces and tables of his rooms, on the chance of finding some letter left by George.

"He may have slept here last night, and started for Southampton early this morning," he thought. "Mrs. Malony has been here very likely to make everything tidy after him."

But as he sat looking lazily round the room, now and then whistling to his delighted canaries, a slip-shod foot upon the staircase without bespoke the advent of that very Mrs. Malony who waited upon the two young men.

No, Mr. Talboys had not come home; she had looked in as early as six o'clock that morning, and found the chambers empty.

Had anything happened to the poor dear gentleman? she asked, seeing Robert Audley's pale face.

He turned round upon her quite savagely at this question.

Happened to him! What should happen to him? They had only parted at two o'clock the day before.

Mrs. Malony would have related to him the history of a poor dear young engine driver, who had once lodged with her, and who went out, after eating a hearty dinner, in the best of spirits, to meet with his death from the concussion of an express and a luggage train; but Robert put on his hat again, and walked straight out of the house before the honest Irish-woman could begin her pitiful story.

It was growing dusk when he reached Southampton. He knew his way to the poor little terrace of houses, in a dull street leading down to the water, where George's father-in-law lived. Little Georgey was playing at the open parlour window as the young man walked down the street.

Perhaps it was this fact, and the dull and silent aspect of the house, which filled Robert Audley's mind with a vague conviction that the man he came to look for was not there. The old man himself opened the door, and the child peeped out of the parlour to look at the strange gentleman.

He was a handsome boy, with his father's brown eyes and dark waving hair, and yet with some latent expression which was not his father's and which pervaded his whole face, so that although each feature of the child resembled the same

feature in George Talboys, the boy was not actually like him.

Mr. Maldon was delighted to see Robert Audley; he remembered having had the pleasure of meeting him at Ventnor, on the melancholy occasion of— He wiped his watery old eyes by way of conclusion to the sentence. Would Mr. Audley walk in? Robert strode into the little parlour. The furniture was shabby and dingy, and the place reeked with the smell of stale tobacco and brandy-and-water. The boy's broken playthings and the old man's broken clay pipes, and torn, brandy-and-water-stained newspapers, were scattered upon the dirty carpet. Little Georgey crept towards the visitor, watching him furtively out of his big brown eyes. Robert took the boy on his knee, and gave him his watch-chain to play with while he talked to the old man.

"I need scarcely ask the question that I came to ask," he said. "I was in hopes I should have found your son-in-law here."

"What! you knew that he was coming to Southampton?"

"Knew that he was coming!" cried Robert, brightening up. "He *is* here, then?"

"No, he is not here now, but he has been here."

"When?"

"Late last night; he came by the mail."

"And left again immediately?"

"He stayed little better than an hour."

"Good heavens!" said Robert, "what useless anxiety that man has given me! What can be the meaning of all this?"

"You knew nothing of his intention, then?"

"Of what intention?"

"I mean of his determination to go to Australia."

"I knew that it was always in his mind more or less, but not more just now than usual."

"He sails to-night from Liverpool. He came here at one o'clock this morning to have a look at the boy, he said, before he left England, perhaps never to return. He told me he was sick of the world, and that the rough life out there was the only thing to suit him. He stayed an hour, kissed the boy without awaking him, and left Southampton by the mail that starts at a quarter-past two."

"What can be the meaning of all this?" said Robert. "What could be his motive

for leaving England in this manner, without a word to me, his most intimate friend—without even a change of clothes; for he has left everything at my chambers? It is the most extraordinary proceeding!"

The old man looked very grave. "Do you know, Mr. Audley," he said, tapping his forehead significantly, "I sometimes fancy that Helen's death had a strange effect upon poor George."

"Pshaw!" cried Robert, contemptuously; "he felt the blow most cruelly, but his brain was as sound as yours or mine."

"Perhaps he will write to you from Liverpool," said George's father-in-law. He seemed anxious to smooth over any indignation that Robert might feel at his friend's conduct.

"He ought," said Robert, gravely, "for we've been good friends from the days when we were together at Eton. It isn't kind of George Talboys to treat me like this."

But even at the moment that he uttered the reproach a strange thrill of remorse shot through his heart.

"It isn't like him," he said, "it isn't like George Talboys."

Little Georgey caught at the sound. "That's my name," he said, "and my papa's name—the big gentleman's name."

"Yes, little Georgey, and your papa came last night and kissed you in your sleep. Do you remember?"

"No," said the boy, shaking his curly little head.

"You must have been very fast asleep, little Georgey, not to see poor papa."

The child did not answer, but presently, fixing his eyes upon Robert's face, he said abruptly,—

"Where's the pretty lady?"

"What pretty lady?"

"The pretty lady that used to come a long while ago."

"He means his poor mamma," said the old man.

"No," cried the boy resolutely, "not mamma. Mamma was always crying. I didn't like mamma—"

"Hush, little Georgey!"

"But I didn't, and she didn't like me. She was always crying. I mean the pretty lady; the lady that was dressed so fine, and that gave me my gold watch."

"He means the wife of my old captain—an excellent creature, who took a great fancy to Georgey, and gave him some handsome presents."

"Where's my gold watch? Let me

show the gentleman my gold watch," cried Georgey.

"It's gone to be cleaned, Georgey," answered his grandfather.

"It's always going to be cleaned," said the boy.

"The watch is perfectly safe, I assure you, Mr. Audley," murmured the old man, apologetically; and taking out a pawnbroker's duplicate, he handed it to Robert.

It was made out in the name of Captain Mortimer: "Watch, set with diamonds, 11/."

"I'm often hard pressed for a few shillings, Mr. Audley," said the old man. "My son-in-law has been very liberal to me; but there are others, there are others, Mr. Audley—and—and—I've not been treated well." He wiped away some genuine tears as he said this in a pitiful, crying voice. "Come, Georgey, it's time the brave little man was in bed. Come along with grandpapa. Excuse me for a quarter of an hour, Mr. Audley."

The boy went very willingly. At the door of the room the old man looked back at his visitor, and said, in the same peevish voice, "This is a poor place for me to pass my declining years in, Mr. Audley. I've made many sacrifices, and I make them still, but I've not been treated well."

Left alone in the dusky little sitting-room, Robert Audley folded his arms, and sat absently staring at the floor.

George was gone, then; he might receive some letter of explanation, perhaps, when he returned to London; but the chances were that he would never see his old friend again.

"And to think that I should care so much for the fellow!" he said, lifting his eyebrows to the centre of his forehead.

"The place smells of stale tobacco like a taproom," he muttered presently; "there can be no harm in my smoking a cigar here."

He took one from the case in his pocket: there was a spark of fire in the little grate, and he looked about for something to light his cigar with.

A twisted piece of paper lay half burned upon the hearthrug; he picked it up, and unfolded it, in order to get a better pipe-light by folding it the other way of the paper. As he did so, absently glancing at the pencilled writing upon the fragment of thin paper, a portion of a name caught his eye—a portion of the name that was most in his thoughts. He

took the scrap of paper to the window, and examined it by the declining light.

It was part of a telegraphic despatch. The upper portion had been burnt away, but the more important part, the greater part of the message itself, remained.

alboys came to last night, and left by the mail for London, on his way to Liverpool, whence he was to sail for Sydney."

The date and the name and address of the sender of the message had been burnt with the heading. Robert Audley's face blanched to a deathly whiteness. He carefully folded the scrap of paper, and placed it between the leaves of his pocket-book.

"My God!" he said, "what is the meaning of this? I shall go to Liverpool to-night, and make inquiries there."

THE CIRCASSIAN SLAVE.

A MAIDEN young with fair hair flowing,
Scarce cover'd with a linen white,
Lies amidst other wares deep glowing
In the bazaar, exposed to sight.

Her slender form is modell'd finely,
Her eye inflamed with deepest fire;
And many a female gaze unkindly
Is fix'd on her with envy dire.

Not far from her, deep wrapt and sunken,
And gazing on her youthful charms,
A young man stands, his fond eye drunken,
Dress'd as a slave, with folded arms.

The broker cries, "Look here, ye buyers!
From Caucasus, a lovely child;
When saw you eyes with brighter fires,
A form more fair, a face so mild?"

"From head to foot such beauties grace her,
That were I of Algiers the Dey,
In my seraglio's list to place her,
Good twenty purses full I'd pay!"

The Mussulmans stand round in numbers
And gaze upon that maid so fair,
Each at her heavenly beauty wonders—
A perfect angel all declare!

So fair a form of alabaster
No Moslem house as yet can claim.
"I offer fifty gold piastres!"
A Bashaw cries, with eyes of flame.

"I will give sixty!" says an Emir,
Whose heart beat high within his breast.
"A hundred," says an Aga, "look here,
I offer more than all the rest!"

"No," an Effendi calls, "believe me,
A hundred is too small a sum;
I will give fifty more to have thee;
Thou'rt mine, young maiden—rise and come!"

"Not yet!" exclaims a Greek; "my
masters,

Those eyes, as bright as the gazelle,
Are worth two hundred gold piastres,
That everyone must know full well."

"I bid four hundred golden pieces!"
A Muscovite's loud voice proclaims;
"That price this maiden fair releases,
So, bidders all, withdraw your claims."

And with rude grasp the Russian taking
The young Circassian by the hands,
See how that youth, as if awaking,
Soon by her side in fury stands.

And cries, "Not yet, O Russian, hast thou
Obtain'd this maiden as thy slave!
For know, a price for her I'll bid now
Ten times as great as all you gave!"

The maiden joyous, but still fearful,
Starts as she hears that well-loved tone;
No music e'er seem'd half so cheerful
As sounds her lover's voice—her own!

But see, with anger deeply burning,
The Russian seized his yatagan,
And cry, "Your price?" in fury turning,
"You tawny dog from Daghistan!"

"Her freedom!" thunder'd the Circas-
sian,
With eyes that flam'd wild rage and
hate;
And sudden paleness seized each one
Whose cheeks had burn'd and glow'd
so late;

For, see! a poignard bright disclosing,
He pierces through that virgin breast;
The maiden sinks, her bright eyes closing,
Clasp'd in his arms to endless rest.

In vain each dagger bright now glances,
No steel shall touch him but his own;
Long ere that angry troop advances,
Both souls in joy to heaven had flown!

BENVENUTO CELLINI:

GOLDSMITH, SCULPTOR, AND MAN-SLAYER.

If an artist of the present day, in search of a paintable subject, had been turning over chronicles, and romances, and volumes of verse; passing in review tragedy and comedy, love and chivalry, prisons and palaces, popes and cardinals, festivals and feats of arms; and if he were then to fall asleep, or into a reverie, and the reminiscences of his reading were to mingle with visions of artistic pleasures and triumphs as fantastically as the shifting objects in a kaleidoscope; the "unsubstantial pageant" thus presented to his mind's eye would not surpass, in variety or romantic attractiveness, the story of the life of Benvenuto Cellini.

He was born at Florence, on All Saints' Day, in the year 1500; and on being brought into the presence of his father, the latter was so overjoyed that he could utter no other words than "*e'sia il benvenuto!*" (Let him be welcome!); and in this name of Welcome (Benvenuto) he was afterwards baptized. At a very early age he began to show a taste for the arts of design; and after much opposition from his father, who wished to make him "the best musician in the universe," he attached himself to an eminent goldsmith named Marcome. In a few months he rivalled the most skilful journeymen in the business, and began to reap the first fruits of his industry.

On a Sunday evening, in his sixteenth year, we find him in that part of the city between the gates of S. Gallo and Pitti, sword in hand, and with his back to the wall, confronting a number of persons armed with swords and stones. This new-situation arose out of a combat between his brother and another young man, in which the former had nearly demolished his adversary, but was overpowered by the bystanders, when young Benvenuto, taking his brother's weapon, kept the mob at bay till he was rescued by a party of soldiers. Banishment for six months was the result of this first passage of arms; and from this point begin the wanderings from place to place, and the wild freaks and ferocities, the record of which has come down to us interwoven with his reputation as an artist.

Upon leaving Florence he went to Sienna, and afterwards to Bologna; then,

at the end of the six months, home again, but quarrelling with his family, started off to Lucca, and from thence to Pisa, where he thought himself in a kind of paradise, for during his stay there he never once touched his flute, which he had occasionally played when at home to please his father. In a short time he found his way back to Florence, and after working for a while in the shop of his old master, Marcome, he turned his face towards Rome, whither he perseveringly journeyed on foot. While there he executed several works in gold and silver; and, in order to improve his style, he seized every opportunity of studying the antiquities of the city.

After two years' absence he returned home, rich in skill, in reputation, and in purse. But in a very short time Florence was again too hot for him. Certain rival goldsmiths named Guasconti, who were continually annoying Benvenuto, drew him into a quarrel one day, near their own door. Gherardo Guasconti, a cousin of theirs, seeing a beast loaded with bricks pass by, pushed it violently against Benvenuto. The latter retaliated by felling Gherardo to the ground with his fist; then turning to the other two, and drawing out a knife, he said, "If either of you offers to quit the shop, let the other run for a confessor, as there will be no occasion for a surgeon!" They, therefore, refrained from further violence, but caused him to be summoned before the Council of Eight, who fined him four bushels of meal. At the close of the proceedings Benvenuto left the court in a fury, hastened to his workshop, took up a dagger, and ran to attack his adversaries, who by that time had reached home, and were seated at table. Young Gherardo flew at him, and receiving a blow from his dagger, fell flat upon the ground, although the weapon had only pierced his clothes. Benvenuto, however, thought he had killed him, and, excited to recklessness, cried out, "Traitors, this is the day I shall be revenged on you all!" Disregarding the supplications of the father, mother, and sisters, who had fallen on their knees before him, he rushed downstairs into the street, where he found the rest of the party ready to attack him,

one brandishing an iron tube, another a ball of iron, and the rest hammers and cudgels. Dashing among them like a mad bull, he threw down four or five, and fell to the ground along with them; now aiming his dagger at one and now at another, while those who remained standing belaboured him with their sticks; but, notwithstanding the ferocity of all engaged in the fray, no blood was shed. Benvenuto withdrew from the scene of action without his cap, which fell into the hands of the enemy, took temporary refuge in the convent of Santa Maria Novella, and at night, disguised as a friar, but with a coat of mail and a good sword under his habit, made his way out of the city. Once outside the walls, there was no danger of pursuit, and Benvenuto soon threw off his disguise, mounted horse, and pushed on, by way of Sienna, to Rome, where we next find him, ready to design a chalice or destroy a rival, as occasion required. He was at this time twenty-three years old.

The palace of Agostino Chigi, the rich Roman merchant, being thrown open for the use of art students, Benvenuto promptly availed himself of the privilege; he was also very successful in setting some fine diamonds for the merchant's sister-in-law. Soon afterwards he played at a concert before Pope Clement VII., who at once took him into his service as musician and goldsmith.

Another of his patrons was the bishop of Salamanca. Benvenuto was engaged for some months in the production of a silver vase ordered by his lordship, whose impatience for its completion increased daily. At length it was finished, very magnificently, and sent home. The bishop exclaimed, "I will be as slow in paying him as he was in finishing the work!" Benvenuto was deeply mortified at this, and cursed Spain and all who belonged to it. One day during the bishop's absence, a gentleman broke the handle, and, dreading his lordship's wrath, sent the vase to the artist, begging him to repair it without delay. Benvenuto did so, and the messenger returned to his shop in great haste, saying that the bishop had called for it again to show it to other gentlemen; but as Benvenuto did not comply with his demand, an altercation ensued. Benvenuto declared that the vase should not be taken out of his house till he had been paid for his trouble. The man begged and bullied by turns, but finding that all his efforts were equally unavailing, he departed in

great wrath, saying that he would return with a body of Spaniards and cut Benvenuto to pieces. The latter thereupon put in order an excellent fowling-piece, resolving to give his visitors a warm reception. The Spaniards soon made their appearance, headed by the above-named domestic, who told them to break open the shop; but Benvenuto threatened to shoot the first who approached the door, and, taking aim at the domestic, cried out, "As for you, you rascal, that set them on, you are the very first I shall make an example of!" That gentleman at once put spurs to his horse, and fled. The disturbance brought the neighbours out of their houses; and some Roman gentlemen said, "Kill the dogs, and we will stand by you!" These words had a terrible effect on the Spaniards, who took to their heels, and told the bishop all that had happened. His lordship severely rebuked them for commencing such violent proceedings, *and not going through with them*; and he sent word to Benvenuto that if he did not bring the piece of plate, he would leave no part of his body entire but his ears. Benvenuto waited till the bishop's anger had cooled, and then went to the palace, where he found the servants drawn up in a line. He said that to make his way through them was like passing through the Zodiac; one of them looked like a lion, another like a scorpion, and a third like a crab. Upon coming into the presence of the bishop, the latter used much strong language, and demanded a receipt; and Benvenuto, looking him in the face, refused to write it until he had received his money. This exasperated the bishop more than ever, but Benvenuto was ultimately paid, and left the place in high spirits. When news of the affair came to the ears of the Pope, he heartily enjoyed it, and told his steward to give Benvenuto constant employment. Several of the cardinals, attracted by his notoriety, also became his patrons.

Soon afterwards we find Benvenuto, who had become an influential member of his profession, entertaining a party of brother artists at dinner. During the feast, a swaggering Roman soldier passed the window, speaking disparagingly of the Florentines. Benvenuto laid down his knife and fork, and rushed out, "Are you that audacious man that abused the Florentines?" "I am that man!" "And I am *this* man!" returned Benvenuto, striking the other on the face. Swords were drawn, but before three passes had been

made the antagonists were separated by the bystanders. Next morning the soldier sent a challenge, which Benvenuto accepted cheerfully, considering it an affair of much greater importance than the business of his shop. The meeting took place accordingly, but no blood was spilt.

During this sojourn at Rome our artist surpassed various competitors in jewellery, seal engraving, enamelling, and damascening daggers. While on a visit to a neighbouring nobleman, he was attacked by a band of Moorish pirates; but his little rough pony took a running leap into the midst of the rascals, and put them to utter rout. Benvenuto then returned thanks to God for his deliverance, and went there no more.

He next came into collision with one Luigi Pulci, concerning a female named Pantasilea, who had a liking for Benvenuto as well as for Luigi, but for whom Benvenuto cared little. He was so enraged, however, at Luigi's ill return for past services, that he attempted to put an end to that gentleman's existence with his dinner-knife. Failing in this, he went in the evening to Pantasilea's habitation, and, laying aside his cloak and the sheath of his sword, hid himself in an adjoining garden. The lady and Luigi soon made their appearance, on horseback, attended by several valiant captains, when Benvenuto, stung by certain words uttered by Luigi as he passed, and by the pricking of the briars among which he was concealed, sprang out with uplifted sword, and exclaimed, "I will instantly be the death of you all!" His weapon fell upon Luigi's shoulder, and grazed the face of Pantasilea; and the others, hearing an uproar in the neighbouring inn, and thinking they had to deal with a hundred men, took to flight. Benvenuto therefore escaped with a whole skin; and a few days after matters were settled by shaking hands all round.

In 1527 took place the siege and sack of Rome by the Constable de Bourbon; and Benvenuto, raising a troop of fifty men, proved one of the stoutest of the old city's defenders. Early in the assault, the Constable de Bourbon was killed by a musket ball, which Benvenuto declared was fired by himself at the Constable, while the latter, scaling-ladder in hand, was leading his men to the walls. The besiegers, however, entered the city, and Benvenuto, with others, withdrew into the Castle of S. Angelo. The guns and gunners of this fortress were immediately

placed under our artist's superintendence, and, owing to his activity and skill, terrible havoc appears to have been made among the enemy. In changing their guard every evening, the besiegers used to pass through the gate of S. Spirito; but as numbers of their men were struck down, they raised a barricade on the top of a house. Benvenuto thereupon levelled five pieces of artillery against it, and waited for the relieving of the guard till the dusk of evening. As the enemy thought themselves in perfect security, they advanced more slowly and in greater numbers than usual. Benvenuto then fired all his pieces, threw down the barricade, and killed above thirty men. This feat he repeated more than once. His professional ingenuity was exercised in secretly melting the gold of the papal regalia, and sewing the jewels in the skirts of his holiness's dress. Finding a quantity of antique javelins, he thrust them into one of his guns, by way of a *bonne bouche*, and discharged them at the enemy. Among the persons wounded by this *feu d'enfer* was the Prince of Orange, who was carried to an inn, to which all the chief captains and counsellors immediately repaired. Benvenuto seized the opportunity, and poured a crushing volley of shot into the house, seriously incommoding the personages therein assembled. Thus and in many other ways did our volunteer artilleryman continue to signalize himself, to the great satisfaction of Pope Clement, who blessed him, and gave him absolution for all the homicides he had ever committed, or ever should commit, in the service of the apostolic church.

Upon the restoration of tranquillity, Cellini, declining to accept a permanent military command, went to Florence, and, after visiting his aged father, proceeded to Mantua. He there met Julio Romano, who recommended him to the duke, and his Excellency commissioned him to make a shrine for a relic, and a pontifical seal for his brother the cardinal; but while employed upon the latter he took a fever, and began to curse Mantua, its sovereign, and all who chose it for their place of residence. His words were reported to the duke, and Benvenuto and his patron parted in mutual disgust. On revisiting the old house at Florence he found all desolate, his father and most of his relations having been carried off by the plague. His stay in his native city, where he formed an intimacy with Michael Angelo Buonarrotti, was not long; for a

rupture occurred between Pope Clement and the Florentines, and his Holiness, anxious that our sturdy goldsmith should take *his* side rather than that of his adversaries, persuaded him to return to Rome.

He now made for the pontifical cope a button, upon which he represented the Deity, and other figures, and set a magnificent diamond in the midst with such inimitable skill as to put the designs of all his competitors quite into the shade. The Pope was so well pleased with this performance that he appointed him engraver to the mint.

About this time, his brother Cecchino lost his life in a fray with the city guards, and Benvenuto vowed that he would not rest until he had revenged his fate upon the musketeer who had shot him. Accordingly, as the soldier stood at his door one evening, Benvenuto approached him with a long dagger, and gave him a blow which broke his shoulder-bone. The man ran off as well as he could; but Benvenuto followed, plunged his weapon hilt deep in the nape of his neck, and left it there, too firmly fixed to be withdrawn. He was in no way called to account for this deed. Duke Alessandro de Medici told him to make himself quite easy, and Pope Clement sent word that he was his very good friend, and that he might go on with his business without apprehension.

He was next employed to make a magnificent chalice for the Pope; but as his holiness was very dilatory in supplying the gold, and as Benvenuto's progress was impeded by a disorder of the eyes, a long time elapsed before the work was finished. Many violent altercations took place, the holy father threatening, on one occasion, to have the artist and his work thrown out of window.

In the course of another year or two, Benvenuto, having broken the head of a Florentine, named Benedetto, was obliged to fly to Naples, where he was well received by the Viceroy and others. But he soon received and accepted an invitation to return to Rome from Cardinal de Medici, who promised him his protection. Soon after his return (1534), Pope Clement VII. died, and was succeeded by Paul III. While Benvenuto was reflecting upon the loss of his patron, Pompeo, of Milan, an artist who had lost no opportunity of damaging Benvenuto's reputation in the eyes of the late pontiff, passed his door, accompanied by ten armed men. Benvenuto instantly sallied out, dagger in

hand, forced his way to Pompeo, and killed him on the spot. Cardinals Cornaro and Medici contended for the honour of protecting him from the avenging arm of the law; and the new Pope ordered a safe-conduct to be made out, saying, that "men who are masters in their profession, like Benvenuto, should not be subject to the laws; but he, less than any other, for I am sensible that he was in the right in the whole affair."

Pier Luigi, a natural son of the Pope, hired a Corsican soldier to assassinate Cellini; but he put so bold a face on the matter, that the soldier abandoned the attempt. Benvenuto found it expedient, however, to quit Rome and retire to Florence. After being cordially received there by Duke Alessandro, he took a trip to Venice, meeting with several extraordinary adventures, in which his sword came into play more than once. On his return he was appointed master of the mint of Florence; but he was soon recalled to Rome by the pope, and a pardon for his murder of Pompeo was registered in the Capitol soon after his arrival.

On the occasion of a triumphal entry of the Emperor Charles V. into Rome, we find Cellini carrying certain magnificent specimens of his workmanship to that monarch, as presents from the pope. In the performance of this duty he proved no less accomplished as a courtier than as an artist. Finding that, in paying for work done, the new pope was as unprincipled as the old one, Benvenuto, in disgust, resolved to leave Rome, and seek his fortune at the court of Francis I. He accordingly set out, with a few companions, and, after spending a day or two at Padua with Cardinal Bembo, proceeded through Switzerland, singing and laughing all the way. He was very graciously received by the French king at Fontainebleau; but, happening to fall ill, he returned to his native land as suddenly as he had left it. At Rome he opened a new shop, and, with twelve assistants, worked day and night, stimulated by the desire of reputation and profit.

But he was falling upon evil days. A Perugian journeyman falsely accused him of stealing a number of jewels from the Castle of S. Angelo at the time of the sacking of Rome; and the charge being seconded by the aforementioned Pier Luigi, Benvenuto was lodged in the grim fortress as a prisoner. This was in 1537. At his examination before the magistrates, he demanded that the papal jewels might be

compared with a certain inventory in which were registered all the valuables belonging to the late pope at the date in question. This was done: not a jewel was missing: the charge against Cellini therefore fell to the ground. But his judges did not condescend to set him at liberty. King Francis interceded on his behalf, but his interposition only offended Pope Paul, who resolved to keep Benvenuto in durance vile for the rest of his days. He was at first allowed to walk about the castle, and might have escaped with ease, but scorned to do so. When, however, owing to the fantasies of the crazy governor, he was locked up, he swore that he would make his escape in spite of them. Having guessed the length of line required to descend the great tower, he cut a pair of sheets into strips and sewed them together. With a pair of pincers which he had taken from one of the attendants, he with great difficulty drew the nails from the iron covering of the door, replacing each nail by a counterfeit one made of wax and rusty iron filings. He left the plates slightly fastened at top and bottom, and awaited an opportunity for carrying out his design. A favourable night at length arrived, and, after spending some time in completing his preparations, he removed the iron plates from the door, forced the lock, and with his roll of linen strips under his arm and his dagger in his boot, got on the roof of the great tower. Then, fastening his line to a projection, he let himself down to the ground, and walked off in great glee, thinking he had recovered his liberty. But he soon found that two high walls, which had not entered into his calculations, stood in his way. He clambered over the first with the help of a pole and another string of slips which he had brought with him; but in descending the second he fell, and broke his leg. Bandaging his limb as well as he could, he scrambled through a hole under the great gate, and, dagger in hand, crawled towards the church of S. Maria Traspontina. A water-carrier conveyed him on the back of his ass to the steps of S. Peter's, and he was soon afterwards seen by the servants of Cardinal Cornaro, who carried him to their master's house. There he remained several days, his friends and his enemies exerting themselves for and against him in the meantime; but the latter prevailed, and the faithless Cornaro was induced, by the promise of a bishopric, to deliver his un-

fortunate friend into the hands of his persecutors. Accordingly, Benvenuto was taken back to the castle, and thrown into a horrible underground cell, covered with water and infested with vermin, in which he remained several months, till his nails grew to an immoderate length, his teeth began to rot, and his brain became disordered. At last, the Cardinal of Ferrara entreated the pope to release Benvenuto; his holiness, who was intoxicated at the time, said, "Take him with you without delay!" and the cardinal, seeing the necessity of promptitude, sent for Benvenuto at midnight, engaged him in the service of the French king, and had him safely lodged in his house.

Benvenuto soon set out upon his journey to France, quarrelled with and shot the postmaster at a place near Sienna, sojourned a short time at Ferrara, in order to work for the cardinal and the duke, and reached Paris in 1540. He was very cordially received by King Francis, whom he attended in a tour to Dauphiny; but a misunderstanding arising as to the salary to be settled on him, Benvenuto left the court, and started upon a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, resolving never more to work at anything but a figure of Christ, similar to one which had been revealed to him in visions. But he was fetched back by a party of horsemen; a salary equal to that of the renowned Leonardo da Vinci was promised; and he was desired to set about several works for the king. A castle near the walls of Paris was assigned him as a residence; but the place had been occupied by the provost of the city, who still laid claim to it, and Benvenuto was obliged to use force in order to gain possession of his new domain, and afterwards to maintain it against the assaults of its late owner. The king, followed by a princely retinue, visited his workshop more than once, and things went on smoothly until Benvenuto had the misfortune to offend Madame d'Estampes, the king's mistress, by neglecting to court her favour, and her resentment caused him endless annoyance. He was involved in a vexatious lawsuit by a person whom he had dislodged from the precincts of his castle, and who was a creature of Madame d'Estampes; but he was so provoked at the rascality of the lawyers and their tribe of false witnesses, that he had recourse to a long sword, with which he half killed the prosecutor and the person who had *bought the cause*, and thus put a

stop to the proceedings. Dissensions followed between him and the painter Primaticcio, who was encouraged by Madame d'Estampes; the king ordered him a large sum of money, but the Cardinal of Ferrara intercepted it; then the next vacant abbey was promised, but never bestowed; and at length, unable to endure the persecutions of his enemies, he obtained leave to return to Florence, where he arrived in 1545. He was immediately taken into the service of Duke Cosmo, for whom he executed many works, the most important being his bronze statue of Perseus, a cast of which stands in the Sydenham Crystal Palace. In the production of this work he encountered a host of difficulties; but the figure was at length finished, and set up in the great square, to the unbounded joy of the Florentines. In the meantime, the two favourite assistants whom he had left in charge of his affairs in Paris behaved so treacherously that he determined never to return to France. In 1554 he was made a Florentine noble. In 1558 he began what is certainly not the least remarkable of his works—his *Autobiography*, a most graphic and curious narrative, which transports us into the Italy of the sixteenth century as completely as the *Diary* of Pepys carries us into the England of the seventeenth. This production, which Horace Walpole declared to be more amusing than any novel he knew, was not printed until long after its author's death. He wrote also some treatises on many branches of Art. In 1560, at the age of threescore, he took unto himself a wife. About this time, also, he completed that marble figure of Christ on the Cross which he had long contemplated, and which entitles him to a distinguished rank

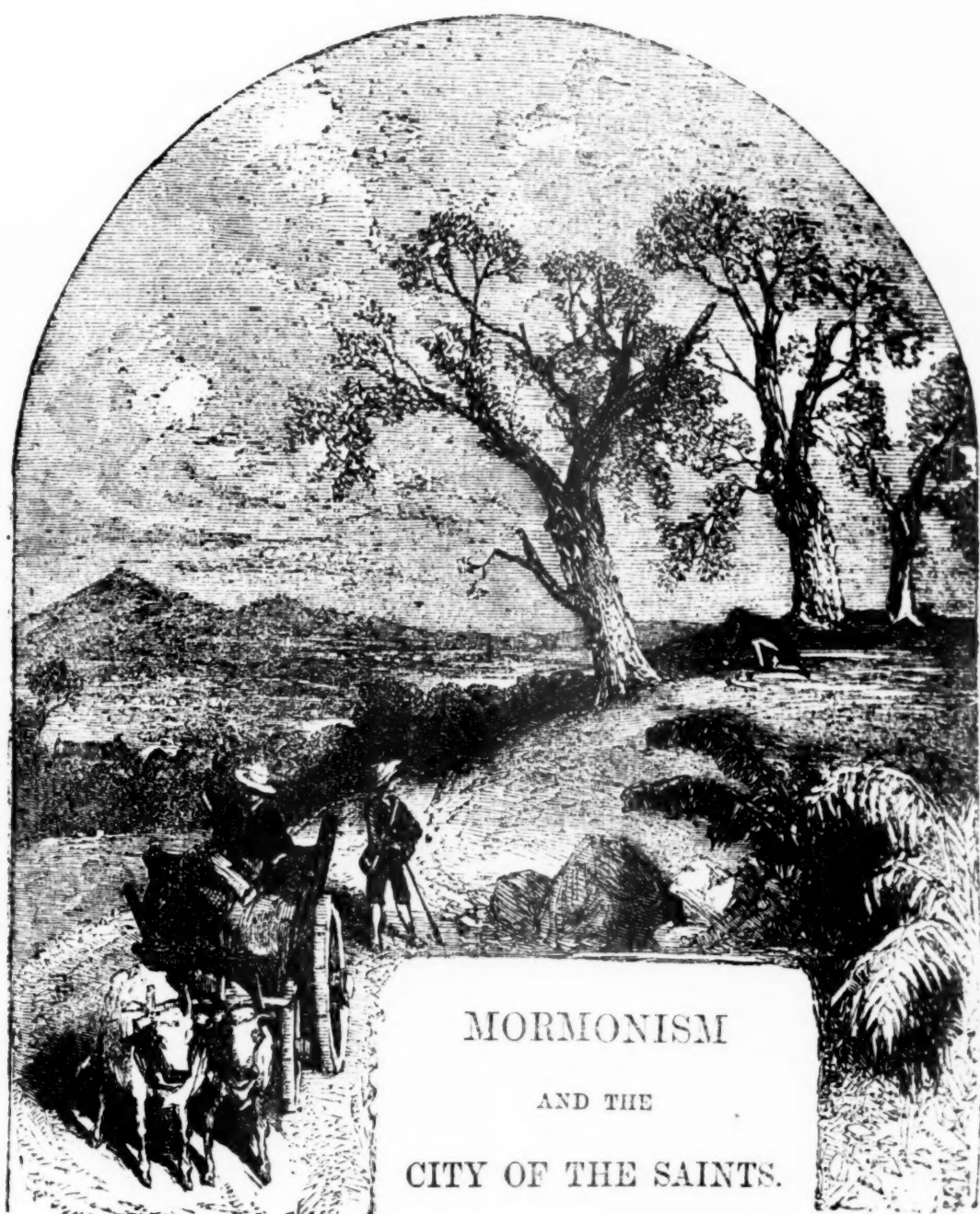
among the Italian masters. It remained in the Pitti Palace until one of Duke Cosmo's successors sent it to Spain as a present to Philip II., who had it placed in the Escorial. Vasari, in his *Lives*, commends it highly; and Beckford of Fonthill, in describing his visit to the Escorial, speaks of this Crucifix, "which Cellini seems to have sculptured in moments of devout rapture," and adds that, "it is by far his finest work: his Perseus at Florence is tame and laboured in comparison." The crucifix seems to have been the last work of importance in which he was engaged. On the 15th of February, 1570, at the age of threescore and ten years, he died, and was buried, with great pomp, in the church of the Nunziata at Florence, where

"After life's fitful fever he sleeps well."

From his day to ours he has been regarded as the Prince of Goldsmiths; and the choice morsels of his handiwork treasured up in the cabinets of connoisseurs are rendered none the less interesting by the recollection of the strange deeds done by the hand that fashioned them.

He was emphatically a "man of his time." Comparing his turbulent career with the quiet and decorous lives led by our nineteenth-century artists, we may well wonder at the age that produced him, and at the circumstances that favoured the development of his combustible character, and permitted the dashing exploits in which he delighted. In these modern days, with the fear of the police before his eyes, such a career would be impossible. And upon this consideration, if upon no other, we may safely say of him that,

"take him for all in all,
We ne'er shall look upon his like again."



MORMONISM
AND THE
CITY OF THE SAINTS.

THE two greatest sources of fame and profit are the inventions of a new religion and a new pill. Of course we refer to advanced civilization as it exists in this enlightened nineteenth century; but the reputation of moral and hygienic nostrums has been a first-rate investment from far beyond human memory. Now-a-days, a very ambitious adventurer, despairing of becoming a Mahomet, is content with the greatness of a Morrison. Little more than half-a-century ago, England produced men—and women also—who were under the influence of the wildest religious ambition. Joanna Southcote came forward as the exponent of a new faith; her delusion, however, credulous as was the foundation on which it was laid, produced little material advantage to those who supported it. Brothers, the pretended prophet, was as signal an instance of failure. Still, some success in this line was achieved, for more than one religious

enthusiast succeeded in establishing a sect which has since been known by his name, as the Muggletonians, the Brownists, and a much more brilliant instance of successful enterprise, the Swedenborgians. Nearer our own time, we have witnessed the rise of the Irvingites and Puseyites; but whatever amount of gain may have accrued to the originators of such movements, we entertain a pretty strong conviction that the fame of a Holloway has produced a much larger income.

Under such circumstances, we should be obliged to prefer the reputation of pill-making to that of religion-making, had not a most remarkable instance of success in the latter been established within the last few years.

The New World has rivalled the Old in its manufacture of opinions and specifics; indeed, has distanced all competition by the multitude and variety of its forms of faith. Bold and original, how-

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ever, as were some of the American notions on spiritual matters, they have been completely thrown into the shade by the enterprise of a Yankee, who was known in the flesh by the cognomen of "Joe Smith." He set up in business as the promulgator of an entirely new religion, and contrived a slight resemblance to the Arabian revelation by causing a kind of Koran to be manufactured, intended to supersede the Scriptures, of which it was nothing better than a caricature. The ideas there expressed formed a stock of wooden nutmegs, and similar "notions," with which the family party by whom they were first promulgated hoped to trade profitably on the credulity of their more ignorant fellow-creatures. The Smiths appear to have belonged to some of the more extravagant forms of Methodists, then, at the close of the first quarter of the present century, numbering their thousands of followers in the United States,—Campbellites, Millerites, Ranters, and the like. They thought they could do business on their own account, and after due consideration and study of portions of the Old and New Testaments, published at Palmyra in the year 1830, a work bearing the following title:—

The Book of Mormon, an Account written by the hand of Mormon upon Plates taken from the Plates of Mormon. Translated by Joseph Smith, jun.

This is sufficiently mystic to have piqued the curiosity of the religiously disposed—a title worthy of Jacob Behmen or Emanuel Swedenborg. It suggested, in the first place, an inquiry as to the meaning of the word "Mormon." In the Greek, which those who used it did not understand, it is *μορμών*, a female spectre, and has been adopted by naturalists to designate that very ugly animal the mandrill (*Cynocephalus Mormon*). The inventors of the new religion meant it to mean "more good"—that is, to indicate the best examples of humanity; for, notwithstanding the familiar axiom that self-praise is no recommendation, people who affect excess in religion invariably are found ready to regard themselves as the elect of Heaven and the salt of the earth, and eagerly assume the qualities of saints and angels. A knowledge of this weakness, there is no doubt, suggested this appellation, and others of a like exclusive nature, by which it was followed.

Possibly the reader would like to know something of the antecedents of "the Prophet," as well as some information as to the previous history of the "golden plates" of his Holy Book. He was the son of a Joseph Smith, and of Lucy his wife, commonly, very commonly we must suppose, known as Father and Mother Smith, respectively, at Sharon—not where the immortal roses used to blow, but a place so called in Windsor County, in the State of Vermont. He was born there in the year 1805, and it is said that at nine years old his mind received a powerful religious impression from a Methodist preacher, while at fifteen he was favoured with what is styled a preparatory vision announcing his ministry. This, in the Old World, might be thought a somewhat fast religious life, but in the New World "going ahead" prevails, we are led to suppose, in spiritual as much as in temporal matters. At eighteen, he had his second vision, when the Angel of the Lord is said to have revealed to him the existence of certain gold plates, and on the following day he discovered them. Four years later, he married, and in the same year "the breast-plate and the urim and thummim were found." The existence of any such precious material was, of course, a myth; but metallic plates, covered with characters copied, according to the opinion of Professor Anthon, from a Mexican calendar published by Humboldt, were shown, which there is reason to believe had been prepared by the discoverer, assisted by some members of his family. The deciphering of these inscriptions was commenced, and it was speedily announced that they were the contents of *The Book of Mormon*,—part Bible, part Koran—which was to become the source and authority of a new religious sect; and the translation having been completed, the work was published.

This is the Mormon version, but there is another. A MS., bearing the title of *The Manuscript Found*, was presented in the year 1812, by a Graduate of Dartmouth College, called Solomon Spalding, to a bookseller at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Both author and bookseller died, and the MS. was traced to a compositor, Sidney Rigdon, an associate of Joe Smith, and an early convert to Mormonism. Passages of *The Manuscript Found* and *The Book of Mormon* are said to have been identical, but this the Mormonites have stoutly denied. There can,

however, be no doubt that the scheme of a new faith had long been considered by Joe Smith, his father and brothers, and certain of their friends, who organized on the 6th of April, 1830, what they chose to style, "The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints," and began an active religious campaign, working miracles, imposing the gift of the Holy Ghost, preaching public sermons, baptizing, and holding conferences, in which Mrs. Joseph Smith played the rôle of "Elect Lady" and "Daughter of God"—of which performance, it is presumed, she became tired, for she subsequently left "the Saints," and married out of their communion—or, in the Mormon language, became "a Gentile."

It is clearly established that Rigdon, the compositor, the presumed proprietor of *The Manuscript Found*, held a high place in the confidence of the Prophet in the very first year of the Mormon era, with whom he travelled to Kirtland, the birth-place of Rigdon. This was the first, we are told, "of Smith's many *hegiras*." Thence he went to Independence, where he erected the new temple of Zion, and here was held another conference. The two friends, however, notwithstanding their sacred character, were tarred and feathered in the year 1832, and accused of dishonourable dealing, forgery, and swindling; but this did not affect the reputation of either with their brethren, the "Saints." Indeed the prophet was elected "President of the High Priesthood" at a general council of the church soon after; and it was in the following month that Mr. Brigham Young became a convert, who now began to distinguish himself among the most enterprising leaders of the movement.

By this time *The Book of Mormon* having been found to answer extremely well, the printing-press was again set to work, and *The Book of Doctrines and Covenants* was published, as well as the first newspaper of the sect, *The Evening and Morning Star*, which was started at Independence, where the sect numbered 1200. Joseph Smith seemed ambitious of outrivalling all preceding prophets by his literary labours; so he re-translated the Old Testament, and then commenced an equally novel version of the New: he followed in the steps of Emanuel Swedenborg, who had long before offered to the world an original plan of reading the inspired text by giving to certain words a meaning totally different to their natural sense.

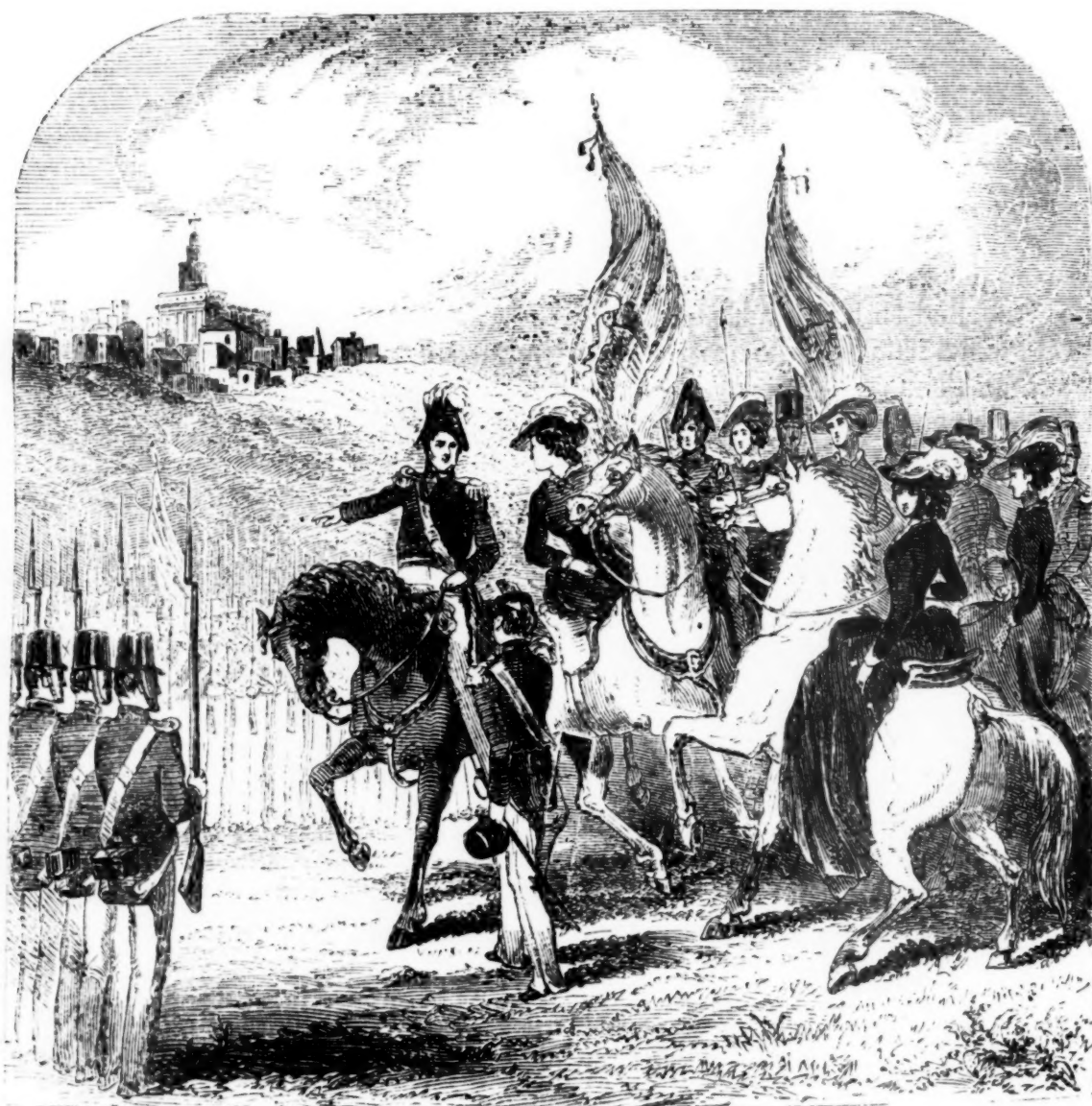
This suggested to Joe Smith an entire reconstruction of scriptural phraseology, which he contrived to effect without any assistance from either the Hebrew or Greek languages. In truth, though he assumed linguistical pretensions, even to familiarity with Mexican characters and Egyptian hieroglyphics, he knew scarcely as much of either as Chatterton had acquired of the language of "Rowley," when he first attempted his remarkable forgeries. Still, he was cunning enough to be aware that a very little such knowledge would serve his turn with the class amongst whom he looked for converts; and that with them he might safely assume anything—indeed, the more extravagant were his pretensions, the deeper would be the impression they were likely to create. This conviction not only produced these *inspired* publications, but made him profess to have received the gift of tongues, to announce visions of the Saviour, and of throngs of angelic visitants—no doubt again suggested by the Swedenborg revelations.

It must here be stated that "the Prophet" was a sort of spiritual Brummell, and strove to set off his fine person to the best advantage on all public occasions. He was an actor, and desired to appear an accomplished one.

Although the Yankee mind frequently readily accepted these notions, there were keener wits to be found among the immediate neighbours of those who propagated them, that saw into the imposture. In their indignation they had already made objects of ridicule of the Prophet and his confidential associate, but on the 20th of July, 1833, in Jackson city, they not only tarred and feathered "the Saints," but absolutely strove "to whip the offending Adam out of them;" and this with such effect, that the said saints were glad to escape to Kirtland, where they established another journal called *The Latter Day Saints' Messenger and Advocate*. The antagonism between the Mormons and the Gentiles presently became more serious; the houses of the former were destroyed, and as two men were killed by the Saints on this occasion, the feeling against them increased in animosity. They were hunted from one county to another, till at last the Prophet strove to carry out his imitation of Mahomet, by organizing an armed force that was to extend his faith by the edge of the—bowie-knife. For the next two or three

years the community increased rapidly. Not only did the new religion spread over the States, but missions were sent to England in the year 1837. This, however, proved to be a year of trial for the Saints at home; for in Kirtland there appeared to be extensive disunion and apostasy. Somehow or other a bank they had established failed, ruining some of the Mormons; who, thereupon, brought most grave accusations against their leaders, among which were murder and theft. This being regarded as a swindle exposed, another "persecution" com-

menced. The Saints strove to put it down by means of their armed men, known as the "Danite Band;" occasioning a collision, in which several of the local militia were killed, as well as one of the leading Mormons. Although the Prophet was captured and tried for his life more than once, hostilities raged with great fury between the Saints and the Gentiles, and battles were fought in which many were slaughtered on both sides. Joseph Smith contrived to escape punishment, and established his numerous followers at Commerce, Hancock county, a new state



GENERAL JOSEPH SMITH REVIEWING THE NAUVOO LEGION.

of Zion, in the year 1839, styled Nauvoo: soon afterwards it contained 15,000 Mormons. Here a magnificent temple was commenced, and great efforts were made to organize the community on a grander scale than had previously been attempted. A Nauvoo Legion, with Joe Smith as Lieutenant-General, indicated a closer approximation to the Arabian model; and polygamy, another feature of it, now came under consideration. Two or three assassinations, for which the Prophet acquired the reputation, nearly brought him

to condign punishment. He contrived not only to escape from the penalty of the accusation, but displayed his reliance on the admiration of his countrymen for notoriety of any kind, by issuing an address as candidate for the presidency of the United States. The antagonism of election politics now aggravating the religious excitement, Mormons and Gentiles armed themselves for a desperate fight. Joe Smith, with some of his associates, were seized on a charge of high treason, and lodged in Carthage gaol in June,

1844, where they were attacked by a body of Missourians. About five o'clock in the afternoon of the 27th the doors were forced, and the Prophet, as well as his brother Hyrum, killed.

Such was the career of the modern Mahomet—at best but a burlesque upon his prototype; but the new religion was not destroyed with its founder. There were two persons who desired to be his successor: one was Rigdon, the printer, the supposed originator of *The Book of Mormon*, who had for years been, as it were, the right hand of the Prophet; and Mr. Brigham Young, who had been on a mission to England, and had lately been elected "President of the Twelve Apos-

ties." The latter had much the greater influence amongst the Mormon leaders, and contrived to secure his appointment as President of the Church, to the discomfiture of his rival, who at once abandoned the ungrateful Saints. As Nauvoo had been made an unsafe abiding place, it was determined in 1845 to send a detachment to seek security in some spot remote from Gentile influence; but while the Mormons were debating their expatriation, their enemies expedited it in a summary manner by expelling them the town in September, 1846. It was high time they were got rid of; for according to affidavits sworn by persons who possessed a knowledge of their pro-



THE EXPULSION OF THE MORMONS FROM NAUVOO.

ceedings, their leaders were intent on directing "the destroying angels," as the Danite band was styled, against the neighbouring towns and villages, amongst which, by the way, we find a place of no small celebrity in the annals of American charlatanism. It was sworn that at a Mormon meeting it had been resolved to appoint a destruction company, "for the purpose of burning and destroying; and that if the

people of *Buncombe* came to do mischief upon the people of Caldwell, and committed depredations upon the Mormons, they were to burn *Buncombe*, and if the people of Clay and Ray made any movement against them, the destroying company were to burn Liberty and Richmond."

There could be no question that the entire neighbourhood had become emi-

nently hostile to the new sect, of whose sayings and doings they had had opportunities of being thoroughly acquainted. The prophet had made no secret of his intentions to act like Mahomet, in destroying those opposed to his pretensions. The "President of the Twelve Apostles," Thomas B. March, and "One of the Twelve Apostles," Orson Hyde, Mormons who ought to have been well acquainted with the designs of their chief, swore, "I have heard the prophet say that he would yet tread down his enemies, and walk over their dead bodies; that if he was not let alone, he would be a second Mahomet to this generation, and that he would make it one gore of blood from the Rocky Mountains to the Atlantic Ocean; that like Mahomet, whose motto in treating for peace was 'the Alcoran or the sword,' so should it eventually be with us, 'Joseph Smith or the sword.'" Such menaces had, of course, increased the public excitement, and the saints ultimately succumbed. This occasioned their exodus to the Rocky Mountains. Colonel Kane, of the United States, who came upon the emigrants after their expulsion, states that they counted over twenty thousand in Nauvoo a few months before; but that during their long pilgrimage this number was greatly reduced by privations and fatigue. He found a caravan of two thousand wag-gons, besides innumerable other vehicles, filing wearily along an almost impassable road. It was a labour of no small difficulty to get the cattle to ford the rivers, as there were some thirty thousand head in the drove. An exploring party having selected the Great Salt Lake Valley, a site was chosen for a city, in which the great body of the Mormons established themselves. The country was called Utah Territory, or the State of Deseret. There *The Deseret News* was first published in the middle of June, 1850; a tabernacle was planned, and other appropriate structures raised, till the Great Salt Lake city assumed the character of a metropolis worthy of being the home of a population of Saints—a population that now began to increase as with a new impulse, large accessions coming from Europe, undeterred by the long sea voyage, or still more hazardous land journey, that had to be undertaken at its conclusion. After landing at New Orleans, there ensues a voyage to the Mississippi of 1300 miles, another to Council Bluffs of 800 miles, and then a

most toilsome land journey of 1030 miles.

The leaders of the Mormons for the next ten years devoted themselves to the organization of municipal institutions, and to forwarding their recognition as a separate State by the Government at Washington; but they did not find themselves quite so secure from Gentile interference in their far-off "location" as they had hoped to be, and in a few years an armed force was sent into the Utah territory, from the United States, and again there was a general arming among the Saints. It was not only clear that the latter desired to be independent of all authority except that of their appointed leaders, but that crimes were committed in Utah—more especially assassinations—that declared their independence of United States law. For this reason a Federal army marched into the territory. Though Mr. Brigham Young by a proclamation forbade its advance, and threatened to repel force by force, he left the great Salt Lake city with 25,000 of the brethren, when the troops marched into it in 1858. Some "troubles" occurred, but no energy was exhibited by the Federal Government, and its army in 1861 evacuated the Utah territory. By the secession of the Southern States they soon found themselves too much occupied to attend to the Mormon difficulty, and the leaders of this fast-increasing community, who hate the Federals quite as much as do the Confederates, regard with infinite satisfaction the course which the civil war has hitherto taken.

We have thus briefly traced the progress of one of the most barefaced impositions that ever flourished—and this, be it remembered, not in an age of intellectual as well as spiritual darkness, like that which existed when sham Messiahs found favour, but in an age and among the most religious and most intelligent of the Anglo-Saxon race. The desire of the half-educated population of the United States for what are called "New Lights," may in some measure account for its success there, but it is not so easy to account for its success here. Since 1837, when the first Mormon missionaries arrived in England—the first conference was held at Preston in December of that year—converts have been multiplying at a prodigious rate. Here in 1840 appeared the first English edition of *The Latter Day Saints' Hymn Book*. In the following year was published the first English edi-

tion of *The Book of Mormon*. In 1851, at Liverpool, appeared *The Pearl of Great Price, being a choice selection from the Revelations, Translations, and Narratives of Joseph Smith*. In 1853, the first number of *The Journal of Discourses*, by Brigham Young and others. Here, too, was reproduced that notable forgery, *The Book of Abraham*, "translated from some records that have fallen into our hands from the catacombs of Egypt, purporting to be the writings of Abraham while he was in Egypt, written by his own hand on papyrus." Liverpool has also produced and reproduced numerous other Mormon works; several have been translated into French, German, Italian, and Danish, but the great field for their translation has been Wales. No less than forty-three publications have been circulated in the Welsh language, varying in cost from a farthing to four shillings and sixpence. As the prices will suggest the class for which they are intended, we give them—two at a farthing, nine at a halfpenny, fifteen at a penny, two at three-halfpence, five at twopence, one at twopence halfpenny, one at fourpence, one at sixpence, one at one shilling and twopence, and a select few varying from two shillings and a halfpenny to four and sixpence. Wales resembles the United States in the freedom of its dissent, and it is from the more extravagant professors of religion among the population of the Principality, that converts to Mormonism are made.

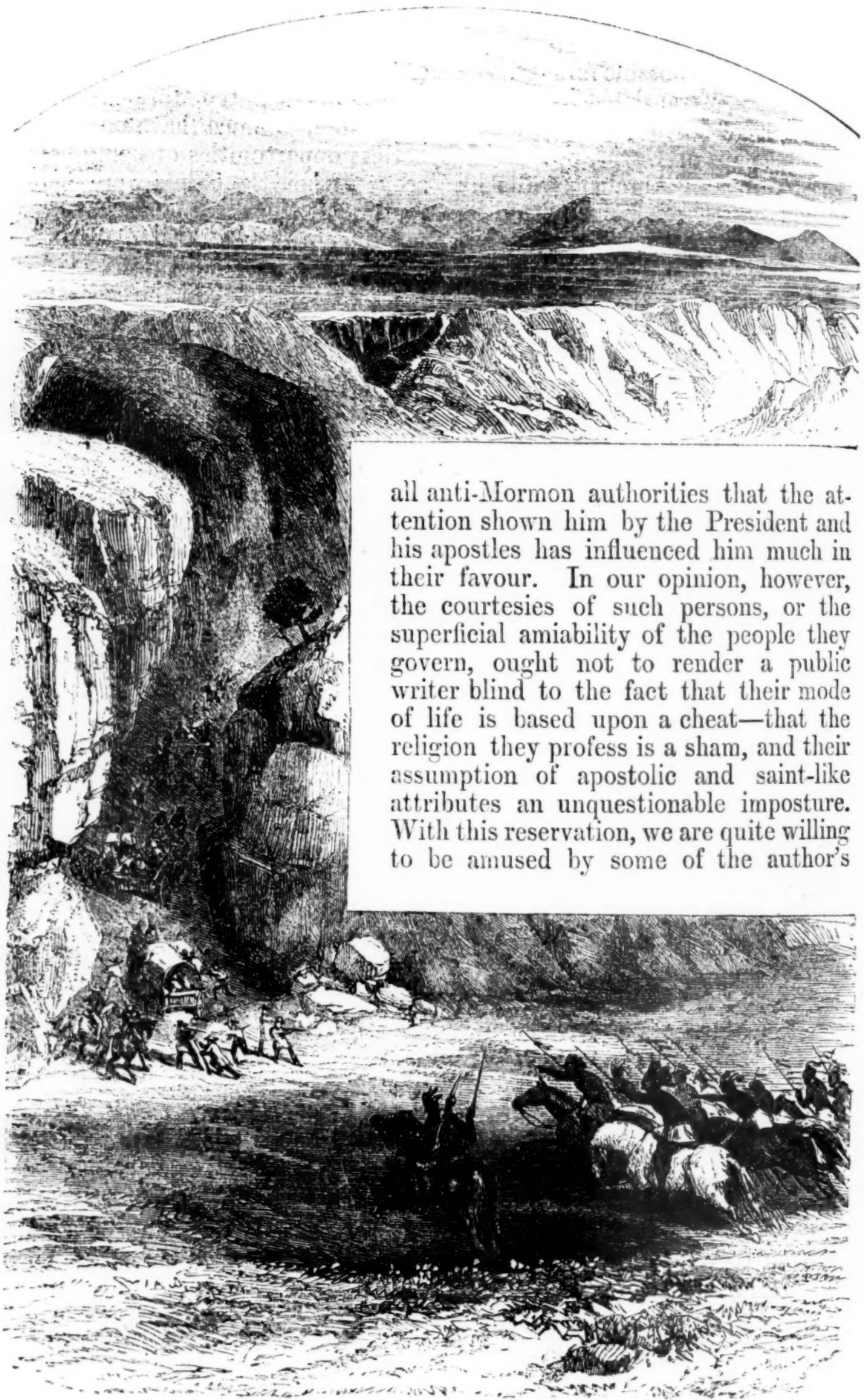
It may, with a fair show of reason, be asked, What have the shepherds been about that such wholesale desertion from the fold has been so easy? in other words, What has been the use of the multitude of teachers and pastors that have been provided for the ignorant, when such a transparent humbug as these inscriptions on gold plates, and papyrus written upon by Abraham when in Egypt, have been allowed to seduce more than a hundred thousand Christian souls? It must not be thought that the shepherds slept at their posts, or that the schoolmaster was more abroad than usual. Both priests and laymen have been active in warning the ignorant of the perils of credulity; exposures have not only proceeded from clergymen of different persuasions, and gentlemen of high literary and scientific attainments, but from ex-Mormons who have betrayed the secrets of the prison-house without the slightest reserve. Ladies, too, have come forward, and with a grave and earnest warning published to the

world all they could discover respecting Mormonism; of course not forgetting the Oriental practice of polygamy—such are Mrs. Ferris, the lady of a gentleman sent by the Federal Government into the Utah territory; Mrs. Maria Ward, another American lady, who wrote more than one exposure; and Mrs. Mary Ettie V. Smith, a sister of one of the Mormon high priests, who therefore must have possessed numberless opportunities of being behind the scenes when the Saints were before the footlights. Such warnings, however, were not likely to come in the way of those for whom they were most needed; nor were the clever articles in the *Edinburgh* and *Westminster Reviews*, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, in the *Echo du Pacifique*, in *L'Illustration Journal Universel*, and in other influential periodicals published in the two worlds, likely to do more good in that direction. The propagators of the new faith addressed themselves directly to their intended converts, astonished and mystified them with statements they could not question, promised blessings in tropical luxuriance, and of course their mission was crowned with such extraordinary success, that public curiosity became roused, and more and more turned towards the singular community settled in the Valley of the Salt Lake, whenever an intelligent traveller published an account of his residence in the Utah territory.

The Great Salt Lake city was visited by Mr. W. Kelly in 1849, who subsequently published *An Excursion to California over the Prairies, Rocky Mountains, and Great Sierra Nevada*; but in these two volumes his revelations respecting the Saints were far from sufficient to satisfy the reading public. In 1855 Mr. William Chandless crossed the prairies to the Mormon city, and two years later published *A Visit to Salt Lake, and a Residence in the Mormon Settlements at Utah*—a pleasant, readable book. There was another work produced about the same time by a companion of Colonel, now General Fremont, of the Federal Army—*Incidents of Travel and Adventures in the Far West*, by M. Carvalho, a very favourable account of the Utah territory and of its population. But a much more pretentious work has just appeared, under the title of *The City of the Saints, and across the Rocky Mountains to California*, by Richard F. Burton, author of *A Pilgrimage to Medinah and Mekkah*, a bulky tome of 707 pages, of which more than 300 pages are taken up by a description

of a journey there and from, and 100 are devoted to an appendix. Notwithstanding that the author's treatment of his preliminary matter goes far to exhaust

the reader's patience, his pictures of Mormon life and descriptions of the doings of the Saints generally, are lively and graphic. It is clear by the way he attacks



all anti-Mormon authorities that the attention shown him by the President and his apostles has influenced him much in their favour. In our opinion, however, the courtesies of such persons, or the superficial amiability of the people they govern, ought not to render a public writer blind to the fact that their mode of life is based upon a cheat—that the religion they profess is a sham, and their assumption of apostolic and saint-like attributes an unquestionable imposture. With this reservation, we are quite willing to be amused by some of the author's

MORMON CARAVAN CROSSING THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

descriptions—those in which he makes the least exertion to be facetious. His indulgence towards the Mormons often makes him more than partial—indeed,

strongly prejudiced, as, for instance, when he blames our Government for not acceding to the request of Brigham Young after the expulsion from Nauvoo,

to locate the Saints in the Valley of the Saskatchewan, in British territory, an honour the Colonial Secretary did not appreciate.

For the reader's benefit, we skip the whole of the preliminary narrative, and come at once to the author's description of the metropolis of the Saints:—

GREAT SALT LAKE CITY.—"About two miles and north, overlooking the settlements from a height of four hundred feet, a detached cone, called Ensign Peak, or Ensign Mount, rises at the end of a chain which, projecting westward from the main range of the heights, overhangs

and shelters the north-eastern corner of the valley. Upon this 'big toe of the Waunch range,' as it is called by a local writer, the spirit of the martyred prophet, Mr. Joseph Smith, appeared to his successor, Mr. Brigham Young, and pointed out to him the position of the New Temple which, after Zion had 'got up into the high mountain,' was to console the Saints for the loss of Nauvoo the Beautiful. The city, which is about two miles broad, runs parallel to the right bank of the Jordan, which forms its western limit. It is twelve to fifteen miles distant from the western range, ten from the debouchure of the river, and eight to nine from the nearest point of the lake—a respectful distance, which is not the least of the position's merits. It occupies the rolling brow of a slight



CATTLE FORDING THE MISSOURI.

decline of the western base of the Wasach, in fact the lower, but not the lowest level of the eastern valley-bench; it has thus a compound shape from north to south, on the line of its water supplies, and from east to west, thus enabling it to drain off into the river.

"The city revealed itself as we approached from behind its screen, the inclined terraces of the upper table-land, and at last it lay stretched before us as upon a map. At a little distance the aspect was somewhat oriental, and in some points it reminded me of Modern Athens—without the Acropolis. None of the buildings, except the Prophet's house, were [was] white-washed. The material, the thick sun-dried adobe, common to all parts of the eastern world, was of

a dull leaden hue, deepened by the atmosphere to a grey, like the shingles of the roofs. The number of gardens and compounds—each tenement within the walls originally received 1—50 square acre, and those outside from 5

to 10 acres, according to their distance—the dark clumps and lines of bitter cotton-wood, locust or acacia, poplars and fruit-trees, apples, peaches, and vines,—how lovely they appeared after the baldness of the Prairies!—and, finally, the fields of long-eared maize and sweet sorghum strengthened the similarity to an Asiatic rather than to an American settlement. The differences presently became as salient. The farm-houses, with their stacks and stock, strongly suggested the old country. Moreover, domes and minarets—even churches and steeples—were wholly wanting—an omission that somewhat surprised me. The only building conspicuous from afar was the block occupied

by the present head of the church. The Court-house, with its tinned Muscovian dome, at the west end of the city—the arsenal, a barn-like structure, on a bench below the Jebel Nur of the valley—Ensign Peak; and a saw-mill, built beyond the southern boundary, were the next in importance."

This is not a very enticing prospect of a metropolis that pretends to combine the attractions of a new Medinah with those of a new Jerusalem. Compared with "Nauvoo the Beautiful," the previous capital of the Saints, it suffers con-

siderably. It evidently possesses no temple such as Joe Smith or his architect raised as the ornament and glory of his Zion, though uncommonly like a Regent-street "emporium" with a steeple, but the present city is ruled over by a Pharaoh "who knows not Joseph," except so far as it is politic in him to know his predecessor. He has taken for his own use the most conspicuous building in the place, and there seems to exist a singular want of accommodation for any worship of the Deity—for any worship except that of Mr. Brigham Young, "the Apostles," and other influential associates, who may be said to form the Board of Directors in this joint stock spiritual bubble. But we will now take a nearer view:—

THE HOUSES OF THE SAINTS.—"Presently, passing the precincts of habitation, we entered, at a slapping pace, the second ward, called Denmark, from its tenants, who mostly herd together. The disposition of the settlement is like that of the nineteenth century New World cities—from Washington to the future metropolis of the great Terra Australis—a system of right angles, the roads, streets, and lanes, if they can be called so, intersecting one another. The advantages or disadvantages of the rectangular plan have been exhausted in argument; the new style is best suited, I believe, for the New, as the old must, perforce, remain in the Old World. The suburbs are thinly settled; the mass of habitations lie around and south of Temple Block. The streets of the suburbs are mere roads, cut by deep ups and downs, and by gutters on both sides, which, though full of pure water, have no bridge save a plank at the trottoirs. In summer the thoroughfares are dusty; in wet weather deep with viscid mud.

"The houses are almost all of one pattern—a barn-shape, with wings and lean-tos, generally facing, sometimes turned endways to, the street, which gives a suburban look to the settlement; and the diminutive casements show that window-glass is not yet made in the Valley. In the best abodes the adobe rests upon a few courses of sandstone, which prevent undermining by water or ground-damp, and it must always be protected by a coping from the rain and snow. The poorer are small, low, and hut-like; others are long, single-storied buildings, somewhat like stables, with many entrances. The best houses resemble East Indian bungalows, with flat roofs, and low, shady verandahs, well trellised, and supported by posts or pillars. All are provided with chimneys and substantial doors to keep out the piercing cold. The offices are always placed, for hygienic reasons, outside; and some have a story and a half—the latter intended for lumber and other stores. I looked in vain for the outhouse-harems, in which certain romances concerning things Mormon had informed me that wives are kept, like any other stock. I presently found this but one of a multitude of delusions. Upon the whole, the Mormon settlement was a vast improvement

upon its contemporaries in the valleys of the Mississippi and the Missouri.

"The road through the faubourg was marked by posts and rails, which, as we advanced towards the heart of the city, were replaced by neat palings. The garden-plots were small, as sweet earth must be brought down from the mountains, and the flowers were principally those of the old country—the red French bean, the rose, the geranium, and the single pink: the ground or winter cherry was common, so were nasturtiums; and we saw tansy, but not that plant for which our souls, wellnigh weary of hopes of juleps long deferred, chiefly lusted—mint. The fields were large and numerous, but the saints have too many and various occupations to keep them, Moravian-like, neat and trim; weeds overspread the ground; and the wild sunflower-tops outnumbered the heads of maize. The fruit had suffered from an unusually nipping frost in May; the peach-trees were barren, the vines bore no produce, only a few good apples were in Mr. Brigham Young's garden, and the water-melons were poor, yellow, and tasteless, like the African. On the other hand, potatoes, onions, cabbages, and cucumbers were good and plentiful; the tomato was ripening everywhere; fat, full-eared wheat rose in stacks; and crops of excellent hay were scattered about near the houses. The people came to their doors to see the mail-coach, as if it were the 'Derby dilly' of old, go by. I could not but be struck by the modified English appearance of the colony, and by the prodigious numbers of the white-headed children.

"Presently we debouched upon the main thoroughfare, the centre of population and business, where the houses of the principal Mormon dignitaries, and the stores of the Gentile merchants, combine to form the city's only street which can be properly so called. It is, indeed, both street and market; for, curious to say, New Zion has not yet built for herself a bazaar or market-place. Nearly opposite the Post-office, in a block on the eastern side, with a long verandah, supported by trimmed and painted posts, was a two-storied, pent-roofed building, whose sign-board, swinging to a tall, gibbet-like flagstaff, dressed for the occasion, announced it to be the Salt Lake House, the principal, if not the only establishment of the kind in New Zion. In the Far West, one learns not to expect much of the hostelry; I had not seen aught so grand for many a day. Its depth is greater than its frontage, and behind it, secured by a *porte cochère*, is a large yard for coralling cattle. A rough-looking crowd of drivers, drivers' friends, and idlers, almost every man openly armed with revolver and bowie-knife, gathered round the doorways, to greet Jim and 'prospect' the 'new lot;' and the host came out to assist us in transporting our scattered effects. We looked vainly for a bar on the ground-floor; a bureau for registering names was there; but (temperance, in public at least, being the order of the day) the usual tempting array of bottles and decanters was not forthcoming; up-stairs we found a Gentile ball-room, a tolerably furnished sitting-room and bed-chambers, apparently made out of a single apartment by partitions too thin to be strictly agreeable."

The author continues to describe the

features of the city, which in most respects possess the ordinary Yankee characteristics of a thriving "location." Ready, however, as he is to see everything *coulour de rose*, he cannot reconcile himself to the care which is taken of the creature to the neglect of the Creator—at least as far as regards the Mormon magnates.

A PROPHET IN HIS OWN COUNTRY.—"Crowds were flocking into Temple Block for afternoon service, yet I felt disappointed by the scene. I had expected to see traces of 'workmen in abundance, hewers and workers of stone and timber, and all manner of cunning men for every manner of work,' reposing from their labours on the Sabbath. It seemed hardly in accordance with the energy and devotedness of a new faith, that a hole in the ground should represent the House of the Lord, whilst Mr. Brigham Young, the Prophet, thinking of his own comfort before the glory of God, is lodged, like Solomon of old, in what here appears a palace. Nor, reflecting that without a temple the dead cannot be baptized out of purgatory, was I quite satisfied when reminded of the fate of Nauvoo (according to Gentiles the Mormons believe that they must build nine temples before they will be suffered to worship in peace), and informed that the purely provisional works, which had been interrupted by the arrival of the army in 1858, would shortly be improved."

Hitherto the founders of a faith have been eminent for self-denial and privation, but, as we shall show more in detail presently, these prophets, apostles, and saints are eminent only for selfishness in its worst form. Here let us insert some account of this contrast to Loyola, Wesley, and other originators of religious movements among Christians.

THE PRESENT HEAD OF THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS.—"The Prophet was born at Whittingham, Vermont, on the 1st of June, 1801, he was consequently, in 1860, fifty-nine years of age; he looks about forty-five. I had expected to see a venerable old man. Scarcely a grey thread appears in his hair, which is parted on the side, light-coloured, rather thick, and reaches below the ears with a half curl. He formerly wore it long after the Western style, now it is cut level with the ear lobes. The forehead is somewhat narrow, the eyebrows are thin, the eyes between grey and blue, with a calm, composed, and somewhat reserved expression, a slight droop in the left lid made me think that he had suffered from paralysis. I afterwards heard that the ptosis is the result of a neuralgia which has long tormented him. For this reason he usually covers his head, except in his own house or in the tabernacle. Mrs. Ward, who is followed by the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, therefore errs again in asserting that 'his Mormon Majesty never removes his hat in public.' The nose, which is fine and somewhat sharp-pointed, is bent a little to the left. The lips are close like the New Englander's,

and the teeth, especially those of the under jaw, are imperfect. The cheeks are rather fleshy, and the line between the alæ of the nose and the mouth is broken; the chin is somewhat peaked, and the face clean shaven, except under the jaws, where the beard is allowed to grow. The hands are well made and not disfigured by rings. The figure is somewhat large, broad-shouldered, and stooping a little when standing.

"The prophet's dress was neat and plain as a Quaker's—all grey homespun, except the cravat and waistcoat. His coat was of antique cut, and, like the pantaloons, baggy, and the buttons were black, a necktie of dark silk, with a large bow, was loosely passed round a starchless collar, which turned down of its own accord. The waistcoat was of black satin, once an article of almost national dress, single-breasted and buttoned nearly to the neck, and a plain gold chain was passed into the pocket. The boots were Wellingtons, apparently of American make.

"Altogether, the Prophet's appearance was that of a gentleman-farmer in New England; in fact, such as he is, his father was—an agriculturist and revolutionary soldier, who settled 'down East.' He is a well-preserved man; a fact which some attribute to his habits of sleeping, as the citizen Proudhon so strongly advises, in solitude. His manner is at once affable and impressive, simple and courteous; his want of pretension contrasts favourably with certain pseudo-prophets that I have seen, each and every of whom holds himself to be a 'logos,' without other claim save a semi-maniacal self-esteem. He shows no signs of dogmatism, bigotry, or fanaticism; and never once entered—with me at least—upon the subject of religion. He impresses a stranger with a certain sense of power; his followers are, of course, wholly fascinated by his superior strength of brain. It is commonly said there is only one chief in Great Salt Lake city, and that is 'Brigham.' His temper is even and placid, his manner is cold—in fact, like his face, somewhat bloodless; but he is neither morose nor methodistic; and when occasion requires, he can use all the weapons of ridicule to direful effect, and 'speak a bit of his mind' in a style which no one forgets. He often reproves his erring followers in purposely violent language, making the terrors of a scolding the punishment in lieu of hanging for a stolen horse or cow. His powers of observation are intuitively strong, and his friends declare him to be gifted with an excellent memory and a perfect judgment of character. If he dislikes a stranger at the first interview, he never sees him again. Of his temperance and sobriety there is but one opinion. His life is ascetic. His favourite food is baked potatoes, with a little butter-milk, and his drink, water. He disapproves, as do all strict Mormons, of spirituous liquors, and never touches anything stronger than a glass of thin Lager-bier; moreover, he abstains from tobacco. Mr. Hyde has accused him of habitual intemperance: he is, as his appearance shows, rather disposed to abstinence than to the reverse. Of his education I cannot speak: 'Men, not books,—deeds, not words,' has ever been his motto. He probably has, as Mr. Randolph said of Mr. Johnston, 'a mind uncorrupted by books.' In the only discourse which I heard him deliver,

he pronounced impetus, impetus; yet he converses with ease and correctness, has neither snuffle nor pompousness, and speaks as an authority upon certain subjects, such as agriculture and stock-breeding. He assumes no airs of extra-sanctimoniousness, and has the plain, simple manners of honesty. His followers deem him an angel of light; his foes, a goblin damned. He is, I presume, neither one nor the other. I cannot pronounce about his scrupulousness. All the world over, the sincerest religious belief and the practice of devotion are sometimes compatible not only with the most disorderly life, but with the most terrible crimes.

"He has been called hypocrite, swindler, forger, murderer. No one looks it less. The best authorities—from those who accuse Mr. Joseph Smith of the most heartless deception, to those who believe that he began as an impostor and ended as a prophet—find in Mr. Brigham Young 'an earnest, obstinate, ego-

tistic enthusiasm, fanned by persecution and inflamed by bloodshed.' He is the St. Paul of the New Dispensation: true and sincere, he gave point and energy and consistency to the somewhat disjointed, turbulent, and unforeseeing fanaticism of Mr. Joseph Smith; and if he has not been able to create, he has shown himself great in controlling circumstances. Finally, there is a total absence of pretension in his manner, and he has been so long used to power that he cares nothing for its display. The arts by which he rules the heterogeneous mass of conflicting elements, are indomitable will, profound secrecy, and uncommon astuteness.

"Such is His Excellency President Brigham Young—painter and glazier, his earliest craft; prophet, revelator, translator, and seer; the man who is revered as king or kaiser, pope or pontiff never was; who, like the old man of the mountain, by holding up his hand could cause



PASS IN THE SIERRA NEVADA. (Near the Great Salt Lake Valley.)

the death of any one within his reach; who, governing as well as reigning, long stood up to fight with the sword of the Lord and with his few hundred guerillas against the then mighty power of the United States; who has outwitted all diplomacy opposed to him, and finally, who made a treaty of peace with the President of the great Republic, as though he had wielded the combined power of France, Russia, and England."

We cannot stop to point out the incon-

sistencies, contradictions, and absurdities of this partial sketch, but we earnestly protest against the author's use of the honoured name of St. Paul, with whom his *protégé* bears not the most remote resemblance. Mr. Brigham Young has found Mormonism a good speculation; it must have more than realized the promises of advantage that originally drew him from his modest calling as a painter and

glazier, for he is known to be the richest man in the Utah territory. His mansion is a palace; the structure raised for the accommodation of his populous harem and of his numerous progeny cost thirty thousand dollars; and he maintains a band of spies

and reckless dependents, at home and abroad, at a considerable yearly cost.

We give another portrait:—

A MORMON BISHOP.—“Next arose *Bishop Abraham O. Smoote*, second Mayor of Zion, and successor to the late *Jedediah M. Grant*, who



THE GREAT SALT LAKE CITY.

began with ‘Brettrug,’ and proceeded at first in a low and methody tone of voice, hardly audible in the gallery, to praise the saints and to pitch into the apostates. His delivery was by no means fluent, even when he warmed. He made undue use of the regular Wesleyan organ—the nose—but he appeared to speak excellent sense in execrable English. He recalled past persecutions without asperity, and promised future prosperity without over-prophecy.”

The Mormon prelate is evidently a muf in Mr. Burton’s eyes, and he at once dismisses him to dwell again upon his favourite, Mr. Brigham Young.

THE PROPHET AT HIS DEVOTIONS.—“The prophet was dressed, as usual, in grey homespun

and home-woven; he wore, like most of the elders, a tall steeple-crowned straw hat with a broad black ribbon, and he had the rare refinement of black-kid gloves. He entered the tribune covered, and sat down apparently greeting those near him. A man in a fit was carried out pumpwards. Bishop Smoote concluded with informing us that we should live for God. Another hymn was sung; then a great silence, which told us that something was about to happen. That old man held his cough; that old lady awoke with a start; that child ceased to squall. Mr. Brigham Young removed his hat, advanced to the end of the tribune, expectorated stooping over the spittoon, which was concealed from sight by the boarding, restored the balance of fluid by a glass of water from a well-filled decanter on the stand, and leaning

slightly forwards upon both hands, propped on the green baize of the tribune, addressed his followers.

"The discourse began slowly, word crept titubantly after word, and the opening phrases were hardly audible; but as the orator warmed, his voice rose high and sonorous, and a fluency so remarkable succeeded falter and hesitation, that, although the phenomenon is not rare in strong speakers, the latter seemed almost to have been a work of art. The manner was pleasing and animated, and the matter fluent, impromptu, and well-turned, spoken rather than preached; if it had a fault, it was rather rambling and unconnected. Of course colloquialisms of all kinds were introduced, such as 'he become,' 'for you and I,' and so forth. The gestures were easy and rounded, not without a certain grace, though evidently untaught—one, however, must be excepted, namely, that of raising and shaking the forefinger; this is often done in the Eastern States; but the rest of the world over it is considered threatening and bullying. The address was long. God is a mechanic. Mormonism is a great fact. Religion had made him (the speaker) the happiest of men. He was ready to dance like a Shaker. At this sentence the Prophet, who is a good mimic, and has much of the old New English quaint humour, raised his right arm, and gave, to the amusement of the congregation, a droll imitation of Anne Lee's followers. The Gentiles had sent an army to lay waste Zion, and what had they done? Why, hung one of their own tribe, and that, too, on the Lord's Day. The Saints have a glorious destiny before them, and their morality is remarkable as the beauty of the Promised Land: the soft breeze blowing over the Bowery, and the glorious sunshine outside, made the allusion highly appropriate. The Lamanites, or Indians, are a religious people. All races know a God, and may be saved. After a somewhat lengthy string of sentences concerning the great tribulation coming on earth—it has been coming for the last 1800 years—he concluded with good wishes to visitors and Gentiles generally, with a solemn blessing upon the President of the United States, the territorial governors, and all such as be in authority over us; and with an amen which was loudly re-echoed by all around, he restored his hat, and resumed his seat."

We add the portrait of

AN APOSTLE.—"Then arose Mr. Heber C. Kimball, the second President. He is the model of a Methodist, a tall and powerful man, a 'gentleman in black,' with small, dark, piercing eyes, and clean-shaven, blue face. He affects the Boanerges style, and does not at times disdain the part of Thersites, from a certain dislike to the Nonconformist rant and whine; he prefers an every-day manner of speech, which savours rather of familiarity than of reverence. The people look more amused when he speaks than when others harangue them, and they laugh readily, as almost all crowds will, at the thinnest phantom of a joke. Mr. Kimball's movements contrasted strongly with those of his predecessor; they consisted now of a stone-throwing gesture delivered on tiptoe, then of a descending movement, as

'When pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,

'Was beat with fist and not with a stick.'

He began with generalisms about humility, faithfulness, obeying counsel, and not begging one's neighbour. Addressing the hand-cart emigrants, newly arrived from the 'sectarian world,' he warned them to be on the look-out, or that every soul of them would be taken in and shaved. (A laugh.) Agreeing with the Prophet—Mr. Kimball is said to be his echo—in a promiscuous way, concerning the morality of the Saints, he felt it, notwithstanding, his duty to say that amongst them were 'some of the greatest rascals in the world' (a louder laugh), and, N.B., the Mormons are never spared by their own preachers. After a long suit of advice *à propos de rien*, to missionaries, he blessed, amen'd, and sat down."

A community of "Saints," publicly declared by their leader to contain "some of the greatest rascals in the world," and taking the announcement with quite a cordial acknowledgment of its truth, must, in our humble opinion, possess scarcely the most infinitesimal portion of the elements of saintship. If the old axiom as to judging a man by his associates be of any value, they cannot escape condemnation.

The author of *The City of the Saints* affords the reader no insight into the inner life of its inhabitants. The Prophet and the Apostles appear to have received their visitor with a certain outward amiability, but this did not lead them into the civility of being "at home" to him; and we must look to other sources of information for a knowledge of that peculiar "domestic institution," polygamy. Such works as *Fifteen Years among the Mormons*, *The Husband in Utah*, *The Mormons at Home*, *Female Life among the Mormons*, and *Utah and the Mormons*, professing to come from observers having singular advantages for knowing thoroughly what they have undertaken to describe, contain a feast of revelations on this subject. We quote the pretended scriptural authority for it.

THE AUTHORITY FOR POLYGAMY.—"Verily I say unto you, a commandment I give unto mine handmaid, Emma Smith, your wife, whom I have given unto you, that she stay herself, and partake not of that which I commanded you to offer unto her: for I did it, saith the Lord, to prove you all, as I did Abraham, and that I might require an offering at your hand by covenant and sacrifice; and let mine handmaid, Emma Smith, receive all those that have been given unto my servant Joseph, and who are virtuous and pure before me; and those who are not pure, and have said they are pure, shall be destroyed, saith the Lord God; for I am the Lord thy God, and ye shall obey my voice: and I give unto my servant Joseph, that he shall be made ruler over many things, for he hath been faithful over a few things, and henceforth I will strengthen him."

"And I command mine handmaid, Emma Smith, to abide and cleave unto my servant Joseph, and to none else. But if she will not abide this commandment she shall be destroyed, saith the Lord, for I am the Lord thy God, and will destroy her if she abide not in my law; but if she will not abide this commandment, then shall my servant Joseph do all things for her, even as he hath said; and I will bless him, and multiply him, and give unto him an hundredfold in this world, of fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, houses and lands, wives and children, and crowns of eternal lives in the eternal worlds. And again, verily I say, let mine handmaid forgive my servant Joseph his trespasses, and then shall she be forgiven her trespasses wherein she has trespassed against me; and I, the Lord thy God, will bless her and multiply her, and make her heart to rejoice."

We recommend to the consideration of our countrywomen the threat of destruction held over the wife, should she feel inclined to follow the example of her husband.

Further on the text declares that a man may be permitted ten wives, but if the woman have more than one husband, it is again said that she is to be destroyed. It is scarcely worth while to dwell upon the justification of such a law in the lives of the Patriarchs, or in the customs of Oriental people. The Mormons profess to be a Christian sect, yet desire to follow an obsolete custom of the ancient Jews, and of some modern Mahometans and heathens; nor need we dwell long upon the promises of praises of "my servant Joseph," which that worthy notoriously wrote himself. Captain Burton carefully refrains from any description of "the domestic institution" of his entertainers. A more careful observer, Mrs. Ferris, thus draws the portrait of a wife who had just been favoured with a partner in her husband's affections:—"It is difficult to give you an idea of the emotions of this suffering woman. Her face was as white as chalk, her eyes were as black as jet, and glittered with an unearthly lustre. She tried to exhibit a cheerful expression, and had evidently nerved herself up, like the Indian at the stake, to endure the torture of her situation. The nervous twitching of the muscles of her mouth betrayed a degree of internal agony which it was to me painful to contemplate. That face will, I fear, haunt me in my dreams—the intensity of her suffering had made it rigid. The cords of her life must soon snap asunder—the sooner the better. This wedding was evidently the funeral of all her hopes."

It is impossible for a mind gifted with any penetration to regard Mormonism otherwise than as a religious speculation of which Barnum ought to have been the prophet. It pays, and therefore finds plenty of supporters. Though multitudes of English have accepted it as a divine ordinance, very few have been raised to any post of influence in its management. This is almost entirely in the hands of citizens of the once United States, who have found it a capital investment. How long it is likely to maintain its present handsome dividend it is impossible to say with any claim to authority. The Saints have been pushed and elbowed into a corner, where they are in security at present, but if expelled from the Utah territory, where can they hope to preserve their independence? Though the most perfect harmony is reported now to exist amongst their leaders, they knowing well that disunion would be destruction, the very singular elements that constitute the executive do not promise its long duration. It has the character of a house built upon a sandy foundation—of most untrustworthy materials.

It is in the nature of delusions of this kind to propagate fresh ones, as divided polypi become new animals. Another prophet, Joseph Morris by name, has put forward pretensions to divine honour, after the fashion of Joseph Smith; and as the assumption is extremely easy, and the profit to be derived from it exceedingly tempting among a community largely made up of adventurers, like the Mormons, there is sure to be found some one ready to make a struggle for supremacy. If what his partial advocate, Capt. Burton, insinuates of Mr. Brigham Young be true, he is not likely to bear such a brother near the throne. Assassinations have already occurred in the City of the Saints, and are pretty sure to occur again there; but the despot who uses such a means of getting rid of troublesome people, is pretty certain sooner or later to have it employed against himself.

Of the numerous writers who have exposed the Mormon imposture, no one has done it more successfully than M. Jules Remy—*A Journey in the Great Salt Lake City*, 2 vols., 1861. He writes from his own observations recently made at the head-quarters of the sham saints; but instead of the apologetic tone adopted by Capt. Burton, his estimate of the fraud is summed up in this judgment of its conductor:—

"The facts which belong to the life of Joseph Smith will prove by evidence as clear as day, that he was, to the whole extent of the word, a cheat and impostor. Mormonism is nothing more than the product of calculation, or, to speak out plainly, of *speculation*. In this respect, it is impossible to conceive anything more American than the new creed. One fine day it occurred to Joseph that it might be a capital affair to construct a new temple, that the curiosity of the thing and the originality of the enterprise were likely to bring in much better returns than his vulgar occupation of money-digger, which up to that time had not been very successful. This idea once in his head, he begins to work it out with the same conscientious self-approval, and the same serenity of mind, with which he would have set up a grog-shop, or collected a cargo of salt pork for Europe. The thirst for gold, the greed of acquiring wealth, which is so powerful a spring in the commercial and industrial activity of the United States, this was the first and fecundating inspiration of Smith's religious schemes. Nowhere else have we to seek his Angel Gabriel or his nymph Egeria. Under the prophet is the Yankee; under the pastor of men the greedy speculator, without conscience and without shame. Mournful certainly it is, for the honour of humanity, to say this, but it must be said from respect for truth."

That the imposture is gaining ground rapidly there can scarcely be a doubt, though we have no faith in Mormon statistics. About six years ago the Saints throughout the world were estimated at 126,000, of which 32,000 are given to the British Islands, and nearly 3000 to the British Colonies. If this computation be true, or anything resembling the truth, it ought to excite very melancholy reflections. How can we take pride in the annual displays of our "British Association for the Advancement of Science," of our Social Science Congresses, and of our Societies for the Propagation of the Gospel, when such astounding evidence of the inutility of intellect, morals, and religion stares us in the face? Far be it from us to preach persecution—it has already on the Mormons produced the usual fostering effects—but with our boasted civilization, have we no other available weapon against fraud and ignorance?

MY BOYISH DAYS.

My boyish days, my boyish days,
Were happy days for me—
Then tripp'd my life all joyously
In childish mirth and glee.
I had no cares nor sorrows then
To home within my breast,
Nor ghostly dreams nor fantasies
To mar my peaceful rest.

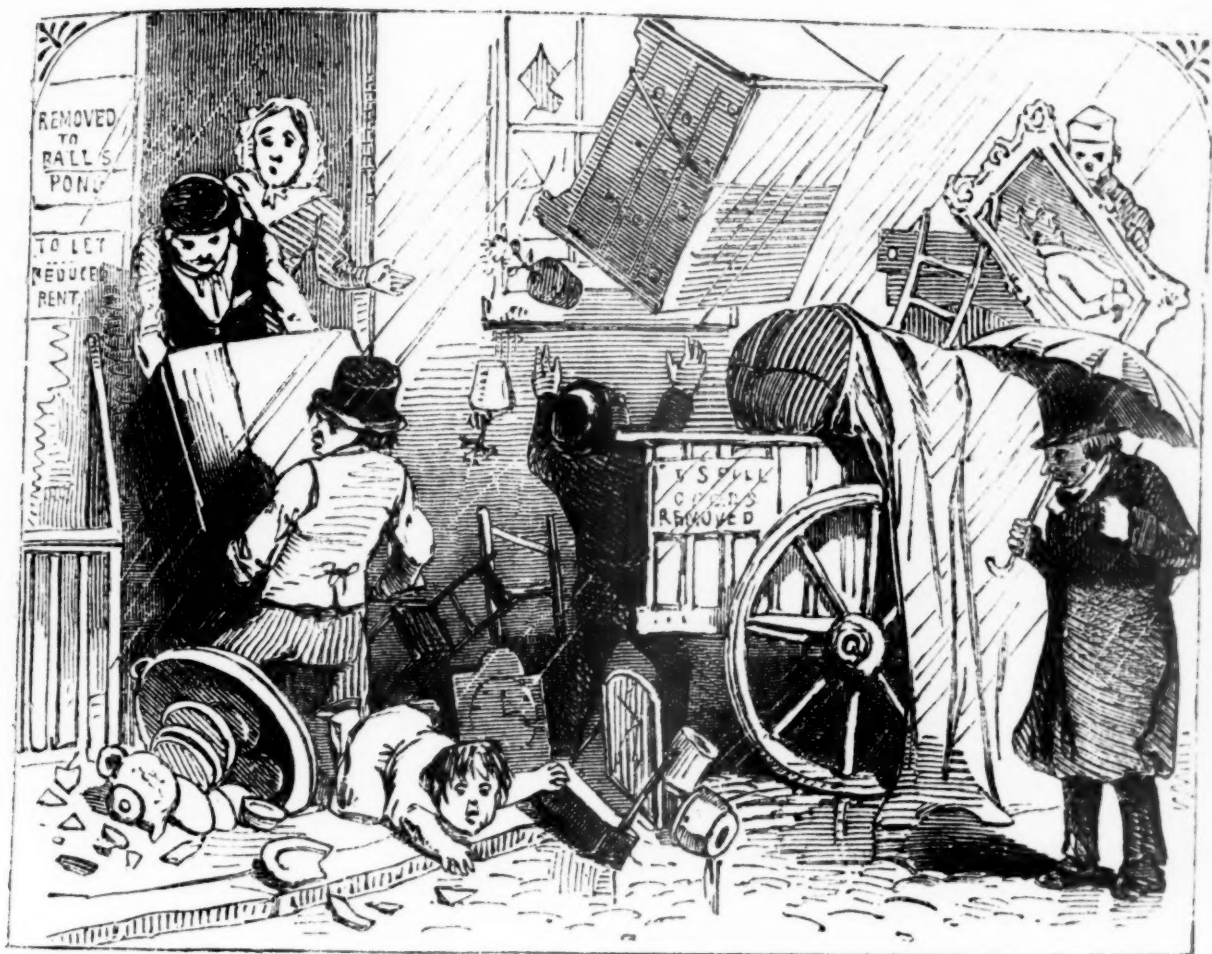
I gamboll'd down the mountain's side,
And revell'd in the glen,
And skipp'd on merry feet away
From haunts of churlish men.
Oh, yes, in truth, my heart was light,
My life was glad and free;
My boyish days, my boyish days,
Were happy days for me.

But now grim shades around me press
To mock my waking pain,
And when I seek Sleep's soft caress,
They haunt my wearied brain;
And if upon the green hill's side
I'd set my spirit free,
Sweet Memory's voice alone can bring
My boyish days to me.

My life-spring then, in sparkling joy,
Came bubbling from its well,
And to its stream, a happy boy,
I sought my joys to tell;
But now 'tis choked with sordid care,
And weeds grow on its shore,
'Twill never flow so fresh and fair
As in the days of yore.

'Twas Spring-time then, and rosy buds
Around my heart were clinging;
'Tis summer now, and yet, alas!
Their flowers are not upspringing.
They drooped and died before their time,
Nor flung their odours free;
And died with them my boyish hopes,
No more to live for me!

Then, fare ye well, my boyish days,
Yes, fare ye well for ever—
For in my heart the songs of home
Will echo never—never;
And yet I'd not be very sad,
But let my soul go free,
For Memory yet shall sometimes bring
Those happy days to me.



"Push along, keep moving!"—Old saying.

THE WAVERLY NOMADS.

THE PEOPLE WHO "WERE ALWAYS MOVING."

"TAKE care of that table!"

"It's caught in the gate!"

"You'll have the leaf off!"

There is a confusion of voices, a crash, and the prediction is verified; had the leaf of the table been the leaf of a tree it could not have wrenched off easier.

The Waverly Nomads were moving. We had known them for some years, having been, during that time, a frequent visitor at their house—we beg Mrs. Waverly Nomad's pardon—at their houses; for in the space of six years they had tenanted nearly twice as many domiciles, till the majority of their friends gave up in despair any attempt at epistolary communication: their friendship became literally a "dead letter;"—"removed," or "gone away," being in nine cases out of ten the answer received by the postman.

Mrs. Waverly Nomad was fond of moving, it was her passion, her hobby, her one desire; as well might a hot hand hold quicksilver, as any one house retain that eccentric lady for more than two quarters together. Fate, with her, seemed

to have taken the guise of a policeman, and to have marked out a perpetual "moving on" as her destiny. "The world was all before her where to choose," she would say, when about to propose a fresh removal; but, unfortunately, though the choice was soon made, it was never lasting, and the little paradise of to-day became a little purgatory on the morrow.

We regret that want of time has prevented us examining closely into the ancestry of the Waverly Nomads, but feel convinced that the Bedouin element will be found to predominate. Had Miss Selina Walker (only daughter of Barclay Walker, of Gipsy Hill) formed a matrimonial connexion with the Wandering Jew, she would doubtless have been happy—such a restless and erratic life being just to her taste; but as the road of that eminent pedestrian did not at the time happen to cross her own, she did the next best thing under the circumstances, and wedded Mr. Waverly Nomad.

Mr. Waverly Nomad had been a great traveller—a very great traveller: to demand of him where he had been was to

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bring forth the one brief and comprehensive answer, "Everywhere!" Indeed, to believe Mr. Waverly Nomad—and who would doubt the word of a traveller?—he had several times put a girdle round the world, if not with the rapidity, with all the facility of King Oberon's mischievous attendant. He had quaffed lacryma Christi with the Neapolitan, and train-oil with the Laplander,—had eaten birds'-nests and poodle-pie with the Chinese, dried beetles with the Hottentot, and raw steaks with the Abyssinian. He had been lost in the bush in Australia, and narrowly escaped being eaten himself in one of the South-Sea Islands. With an adaptability to circumstances, which had he been less of a rolling-stone, might have made him prime minister, or at least prime minister's secretary, he fell in immediately with the manners and customs of each country he visited, careless whether the caftan or the *gibus* crowned his head, or whether the feathered petticoat of barbarism or the swallow-tail coat of civilization adorned his person. Mrs. Grundy said—but then, what will she not say of her neighbours?—that he offered sacrifice before an ugly pot-bellied idol that he kept with scrupulous care in his study; also, that having changed his dress as often as the "flying Zephyr," who makes half-a-dozen toilets in as many minutes upon the back of the cream-coloured horse at Astley's, he had been presented with an everlasting suit by a New Zealand tailor, famous for his skill in tattooing, the material or cloth, so to speak, having been found by his unwilling customer. It was in vain that Mr. Nomad's friends endeavoured to explain to the obstinate old lady, that the pot-bellied idol was only the adornment of a foreign apparatus for lighting cigars, and procuring immediate fire under difficulties—she only shook her head; and to any denial of the tattooing charge would ask, in her significant way, why it was, that Mr. Waverly Nomad, who was not a military man, kept his single-breasted coat buttoned up to his chin in that most mysterious manner! However, to dismiss Mrs. Grundy, as we are at all times but too happy to do, Mr. Nomad returned home to fall into a new danger—love! and after exhibiting the usual symptoms of the complaint, was only recovered from it by the usual remedy, marriage! and Miss Selina Walker became Mrs. Waverly Nomad, and Mr. Waverly Nomad declared himself to be "settled

at last,"—a statement in which all those who had the pleasure of Miss Selina's acquaintance decidedly agreed.

"Welcome home, Selina," said her husband, as the bride and bridegroom crossed the threshold of their new house, after having spent the honeymoon abroad, "You're welcome home, Selina."

Mrs. Waverly Nomad—she was particular about her name, and insisted that when discharged at her, it should be double-barrelled—Mrs. Waverly Nomad made answer.

"The hall's very small, very!"

There was acidity enough in the lady's voice to have put all her teeth on edge. She had evidently lost no time,—four weeks married,—and she'd eaten up all the honey already.

"Small, my dear!"

"Very small!" emphasized the lady. "Why, you couldn't swing a cat in it!"

"It's scarcely an operation I should indulge in, if the hall were twice its present size; not but that I have seen in my time cats—"

Mrs. Waverly Nomad left her husband standing on the mat, and entered the drawing-room. It is possible that even the gentle Desdemona would have done the same, if, *after* marriage, the Moor had still persisted in unfolding his "travels' history."

"You don't mean to have those folding-doors left open?"

"You'd destroy the beauty of the rooms if you had them shut."

"Oh! as for the beauty, there's but little of that to destroy; but as I suppose we are bound to remain here till the quarter's up"—her husband opened his eyes—(perhaps it would have been as well if he had opened them before), and the lady continued: "I can't sit in a room full of draughts; I feel as if I had a stiff neck already." She drew her shawl tightly about her and gave a shudder, "Draughts! why the house is full of 'em."

Had it been the cave of Æolus, into which Mr. Waverly Nomad had introduced his wife, she could not have shuddered more violently.

"All imagination, my dear! the doors must be left open." It was a bold effort for supremacy, the last wave of the warrior's brand; his eye quailed before that of his wife, which was fixed upon him in stern astonishment, but his voice was firm.

"Shut, you mean, Mr. Nomad?"

"Open!"

Peace or war? that is the question. The opening and shutting of the doors of Janus's temple were not full of a more dread significance.

"I will go back to my mother, sir."

The eyes of poor Nomad sparkled: was it in hope that she would?

The lady made a step towards the door, then halted abruptly, as her husband made a ready way for her.

"Do you wish to kill me?"

"My dear, I——"

The lady burst into a fit of hysterical weeping, and sunk into a chair.

"My dear!"

The lady's tears flowed faster, and the servant was startled from her duties in the regions below, by a lively tune played over her head by her mistress's boot-heels.

"My dear!"

Stay where you are, my good friend, Waverly Nomad, if you are wise; or snatch up your hat, and for a few hours at least, retire, but do not approach that chair one step—if you hesitate you are lost! But Mr. Nomad, who had twice made the tour of the world, had not yet learned to travel round a woman; he did more than hesitate, the hysterics increased, the boot-heels rapped prophetically like two auctioneers' hammers upon the carpet, and Waverly Nomad crossed the room just as a dirty face was thrust into it, and a voice exclaimed—

"Oh! for shame, master a 'beatin' missus," and the serving wench bounced into the room, and rushed towards the unfortunate lady.

"Poor critter, an' she just married! Oh! it's hawful it is! There, don't be a clenchin' yer poor 'ands an' gratin' yer teeth; but get up, like a good soul, an' take the law agin' him."

"Why, you—you—impudent female!" and Waverly gasped for utterance, while Mary cast a look of defiance at her master.

"It's a callin' names are yer—but I arn't afeared, I arn't, of you, or any of your sect—you an't agoin' to murder my missus, an' I in the 'ouse."

"Will you listen, you foolish girl?"

"Not sich a fool but I can see wot you are."

Waverly Nomad threw out his arms in a gesture of expostulation.

"Oh! you wicked man to go a' threaten two 'elpless 'omen in that manner—keep off! or I'll kick."

Mr. Waverly Nomad drew himself up.

The servant gave her words the illustration of action by plunging her right leg out backwards several times; then leant again over her mistress—who between the intervals of the rapping, as our "spirit friends" would say—had began to moan lugubriously.

"Don't, 'um! Don't, 'um! he's not worth it, that he's not. I wouldn't be-mean myself a' cryin' for the like's o' him."

It was impossible to stand this, Mr. Waverly Nomad snatched up his hat, and made for the door.

He had reached it, when his heart failed him: he looked at his wife—at Mary, who was smearing a dirty, and now tearful face, with the end of her mistress's shawl: then he hurriedly recrossed the room, closed the folding-doors, locked them, laid the key on the table, and, a conquered and humbled man, left the apartment. That day three months, saw the Waverly Nomads in another house—the lady having declared the impossibility of her being satisfied with anybody else's choice but her own. The hysterics, we regret to say, had become chronic; and, thanks to the agency of the kind-hearted, but mistaken Mary, Mr. Waverly Nomad, now the mildest of men, was known as a "wife-beater," by all the gossips in the neighbourhood.

Better had you, oh! Mr. Waverly Nomad, proclaimed war at once, and kept the doors of the temple of Janus open, than have purchased a short-lived peace at such a price, and allowed them to be shut.

Mrs. Waverly Nomad had mounted her hobby, and the van that "removes goods of all kinds from town and country," was each succeeding year brought into a more constant requisition. "Two removes are as bad as a fire," so says the old proverb, and so the unfortunate Waverly Nomad began to find it—indeed, he has at times been heard to say, that he should prefer having his house "gutted by the devouring element," to having the same operation performed upon it by the upholsterer's men; but then it is but right that we should state, that Mr. Waverly Nomad was insured.

"Goods removed with care!" To Mrs. Waverly Nomad this announcement had the same fascination as the eyes of a rattle-snake for a bird; she would flutter around it, perhaps, for two months in an undecided condition, but was sure to fall a victim on the third. Her furniture, to

which she clung with all the tenacity of a drowning man to a plank, was to poor Waverly an incubus—a burden, almost as oppressive as that which rolled from the shoulders of the pilgrim in Bunyan's allegory—a clog which, convict-like, he was compelled to drag about with him, wherever he went—and the man who "had been twice round the world," as he said, "with only a carpet bag," now trembled as each quarter-day came round, and nearly fainted at the—as certain appearance of the furniture-vans and their attendant porters.

One instance will be as good as a hundred.

Time, Quarter-day. Place, Verbena Villa, Notting Hill. Dramatis Personæ, the Nomad family and the upholsterer's men. Mrs. Waverly Nomad is wandering about among innumerable chaotic masses of furniture, exhibiting a somewhat slatternly appearance; the countenance unwashed but radiant with delight. She falls over a something in a dark corner, seated between a chest of drawers and an upright grand piano, the something is Mr. Waverly Nomad—he mildly expostulates: "Right on my corn, Mrs. Waverly; I think you might take a little more care. I thought to get quite out of the way here."

"That's like you men, always complaining. Out of the way! why you're just in the way. I want that cornice—there, don't move, I can reach over you."

The cornice was lifted, but Mrs. Waverly's strength was not equal to the task she had undertaken, and the end of the cornice smote the head of her husband—

"There! I thought as much—why can't you help me?"

"Because you told me not to move; but never mind, my dear, it's the third bump I've had to-day and I'm beginning to be used to them."

And the unfortunate gentleman proceeded to manipulate this new development with the tender care of an experienced phrenologist.

"People must expect these things when moving."

"That's true; but when there's no necessity for moving—"

"No necessity for moving!"—the end of the cornice fell again, this time upon the foot of Mr. Waverly; he uttered a yell of anguish. "No necessity!—the house is damp, Mr. Waverly; I've seen the water running down the walls."

"On the outside of them in wet wea-

ther, or when you've left the windows open," put in the martyr, with a faint attempt at jocularity, which was immediately checked by his wife.

"I can see no joke, Mr. Waverly, in the danger of my children; none! you may think them too many—three boys and a girl—but I do not; and when illness once breaks out, no one can say where it will stop. Precaution is the mother of safety, and when fever is raging about us—"

"Where, my dear?" said the startled Waverly.

"Where! were you not reading in yesterday's paper that twenty-five upon the average were dying daily?"

"In Jamaica, my dear."

"No matter where it was; we are here to-day and gone to-morrow!" Mr. Waverly sighed; it was in Mrs. Waverly's case a painful truth. The lady continued—

"Besides, what do you say when chimnies smoke?"

"That they want the sweep."

"Want the sweep! not another sweep ever enters my house. I've not too many silver spoons, and when that last one vanished—"

"Well, well, my dear, say no more; I'm satisfied."

"Then what do you think of that crack in the wall? It's very well for the landlord to talk of the house 'settling,' but it's very much more likely to settle your wife and family, which is, perhaps, what you desire, Mr. W."

"I only said—"

"You only said? I'm ashamed of you! I should like to know what you'd say with the roof and the four walls of the house upon you?"

As the probability was that in such a position he would be a long way past saying anything, Mr. Waverly Nomad held his peace. His wife, proud of her triumph and holding the window cornice up with both hands, was about to renew the attack, when a fall, as of a heavy piece of furniture, resounded through the house.

"It is the roof!" screamed Mrs. Waverly, dropping for the third time the cornice, this time through a pier-glass that was reclining sideways upon the ground.

"It was in the nursery!" and with an ashy face, Waverly moved towards the door.

"My children!!" and overturning everything in her way, the mother shot past him like an arrow, and swept up the

stairs like a hurricane, till she reached the nursery-door. Then she hurriedly turned the key, and followed by her husband and others who had been alarmed by the noise, entered the room.

The nursery was untenanted—empty of all except a chest of drawers that was lying face downwards on the floor.

"I left them here! all of them!" and the alarmed mother surveyed the empty room with a haggard look.

"P'raps they've all fallen out o' window!" humanely suggested a gentleman in a fustian jacket and baize apron.

"I think I hear something moving in the drawers," said Waverly, who was beginning to recover from that paralysis of terror, which, like the finger of death, benumbs every faculty.

"There's a somethin' a movin'—p'raps its fallen a-top on 'em," and he of the baize apron leant over the chest of drawers and nodded reflectively.

"Oh! lift it up!" cried the mother.

"But gently," said the father, and slowly the piece of furniture was raised from the ground—and as slowly each drawer glided out from its place to be caught by ready hands—for each had a child inside it—certainly a novel illustration of the babes in the wood. The top drawer held Master Barclay Walker Nomad, the only boy and eldest hope of the Nomad family. He was immediately seized upon by the alarmed and angry father—

"What is the meaning of this, sir,—what have you been doing to your sisters?" Here the young ladies—whose ages were upon a sliding scale, descending from five to one—upon perceiving the dilemma of their brother, set up a series of yells, which had the desired effect of postponing all castigatory arrangements.

"Bless 'em! they isn't hurt a-bit! On'y think on 'em being all shut up in a chist o' drawers!"

Inquiry elicited explanation, by which it appeared that Master Barclay Walker, feeling indignant at the paucity of furniture in the apartment, had, with his sisters, hit upon a scheme of turning to their personal advantage the only article that remained. "Let's put baby to bed," and, accordingly, baby, nothing loth, was enclosed in the bottom drawer; then the next in age was deposited in drawer No. 2, and so on; Master Barclay climbing into the top drawer, which overbalancing the chest, had brought affairs to an unexpected conclusion.

But Mrs. Waverley Nomad's "moving

accidents" were not over: the servant, who had been looking out of the window, announced the fact that it was raining, as she termed it, "like anythink!"

"That's a pity," remarked he of the baize apron, with that philosophic calmness we most of us exhibit when contemplating the misfortunes of another. "That's a pity, 'cos we've forgot the tarpauling."

Here was a dilemma; the first van was loaded, the second in a fair way of completion.

"The things will be spoiled!" screamed the lady, rushing to the right-hand window, and clasping her hands. "There's the damask sofa, chairs, and all the window-curtains at the top!"

"It's a soaker!" and, from the left-hand window, he of the baize apron looked down into the street with the air of a connoisseur.

"My good man, don't stand there in that indifferent manner!" broke in Mr. Waverly. "Run—fetch—borrow something to cover the goods up! They've got a tarpauling at the public-house."

The portér pricked up his ears, then shook his head.

"It's no good a-going to a public, unless you've got some money."

"There, there—but don't let the men drink too much:" and Mr. Waverly Nomad put some money into the ready hand.

"Oh! do be quick!" implored the lady from the window.

"All right, mum!" said he of the apron, who now seemed endowed with sudden animation. "All right!" and he vanished from the room.

The door had scarcely closed behind him when another crash was heard. Bump, bump! down the stairs—bump, crash! Then all was silent in the room.

"He's fallen down stairs!" said Mr. Waverly.

"He's broken his neck!" cried the lady.

"Oh! it's wus nor that, much wus!" and the conscience-stricken servant wrung her hands as she gazed from her master to her mistress. "It's the ti'let glass, as I left a standin' on the landin'."

"Well, that's about the worst," begun her master, but she interrupted—

"Oh, no, it an't! *That* an't the wust, master, but the large basket of chiny was at the bottom of the stairs, an' its tumbled into that. I know'd it d'rectly I heerd the crash."

We will not dwell upon the despair of

the Waverly Nomads—to borrow the favourite phrase of the penny-a-liner, “it will be better imagined than described.”

“Goodness, gracious! how it pours! Where can those men be with the tarpauling?”

“Here they come, my dear; but I don’t see the tarpauling.”

“Call to them.”

“Certainly: hallo! come here.”

Our friend with the baize apron, in obedience to the summons, appeared at the door. He leaned heavily against the door jamb, and, in answer to Mr. Waverly Nomad’s inquiries, hiccupped twice, then looked him steadily in the face.

“Man!” screamed the angry Mrs. Waverly, “where’s the tarpauling?”

The man steadied himself, then shook his head, and winked!—winked at her—Mrs. Waverly Nomad!

“You won’t ’ave no tarpaulin. Respectable publikins isn’t goin’ to lend tarpaulin to a set o’ skinflints as keep their own beer on the premises, and never (*hic*)”—here the baize apron was applied to the eyes—“an’ never asks a poor fellow to ’ave a drop.”

The misanthrope was crying drunk.

But we have dwelt long enough upon these “moving” mishaps, and can only briefly tell how Mr. Waverly himself departed in search of the tarpauling, which he only succeeded in obtaining just as the sun peeped out from the clouds, and the rain stopped. How many more breakages took place than would otherwise have done from the peculiar state of the gentlemen engaged in the removal, who, having acquired the faculty of seeing double, were continually tumbling over the substance while they grasped at the shadow. All these complicated miseries are but too well known to those who have experienced the difficulties of moving, and would not deter, even were they increased a hundredfold, the Waverly Nomads from making their half-yearly or yearly migrations, they being ever ready, upon the slightest or no cause at all, to “fold their tents, like the Arabs,” and (but not as silently) steal away.

* * * * *

Rat! tat! tat! That’s a nasty knock—short, sharp, and decisive. It lays hold of your door with the grasp of a bailiff, and smites your ear with as dismal a prophecy as does the rapping of an undertaker’s hammer.

“If you please, sir, here’s the tax-gatherer;” and the servant proclaims the

gratifying intelligence with that smirk peculiar to servants when announcing anything disagreeable. You put down the untasted coffee, for you have been disturbed at your breakfast, and turn round angrily—

“Let him leave the paper.”

“He has done so, sir, several times”—this with much emphasis.

“Tell him to call again.”

“He says he won’t sir.” And then, if we are fortunate enough to have the means at hand to satisfy the cormorant’s demands we pay him; if not, we send him a civil excuse, to which we receive the usual insulting reply, delivered with much glee by the servant.

Many were the thoughts that occurred to us, as in one of our wanderings we threaded the labyrinth of small streets that compose the paradise of Somers Town. We had, in sheer idleness, been watching the progress of a tax-collector from door to door, and amusing ourselves by speculating upon the nature of those short answers, which hurried him so frequently away, with lies which nobody believed—certainly they were not believed by the hard-featured gentleman who carried that little ink-horn and large red book, and his dissatisfaction was most loudly expressed—his was a “Quarterly Review” with no contributors.

“Gone away!”

“When?”

“Last night; nothing left but the key and their compliments.”

“You must know where they’ve gone to?”

With a disgraceful curiosity—we confess the failing—we were about to cross the road to listen to the woman’s answer, which she, first rolling up her dirty arms in a still dirtier apron, was preparing to give in detail, when our attention was called away by a party of juvenile architects, who, with mud and oyster-shells for materials, were busily constructing an edifice in a stagnant gutter. The oldest and dirtiest boy suddenly jumped up, and viewing the work with some dissatisfaction, cried out—

“I say, Tom Bates, I’m tired of this gutter; let’s move to the other one lower down the street.”

“You’re always a-shifting about; why can’t you stop quiet in one place?”

The young gentleman addressed, answered by a rather vicious kick, which demolished the primitive structure, and sent the oyster shells flying about the road: as he was about to move away

triumphantly we recognised the face—yes! beneath the mask of dirt, we discovered the features of Master Barclay Walker Nomad.

The recognition was mutual; he advanced and thrust out his begrimed hand, which, however, we did not accept. The first civilities of the meeting over, we inquired concerning his parents—they were well. “Do they live near here?”

“Close by, No. 4, Belinda-grove—they’ve just moved in; come and see ’em.”

“Are they at home?”

“Mother’s at home. I can fetch father.”

“Where is he?”

“Oh! just by; he’s smoking a pipe at the public-house.”

We started; he, Waverly Nomad, the great traveller, sunk to that, smoking a pipe at eleven o’clock in the day in a public-house!

“Come along!”

We hesitated, but curiosity got the better of every other feeling, and we followed Master Barclay to the house.

Belinda-grove was a dreary, whitey-brown, faded-looking row of cottages, with a dingy, shabby-genteel, out-of-elbow aspect; they had a little garden in front, with a solitary bed in the centre of each, like a grave, over which weeds grew in rank luxuriance. The railings of No. 4, as the railings of nearly all the cottages in the grove, had an adornment of pewter pots, while a milk-can was seen in the distance, surmounting the three mildewed steps which led to the door.

“This way,” said Master Barclay, running before, and half-vanishing down some side steps; “you must come this way, because we’ve got no floor-cloth in the passage; and so mother says we must tell everybody that we’ve lost the key of the front door.”

We followed down the steps into a greenish slimy tank or area, as it was denominated by the inhabitants of the Grove; and Master Barclay threw open a door somewhat suddenly, ushering us into a room which might have been taken for the interior of a marine-store shop, in which rags, bones, and old iron formed the principal commodities, but that my guide in a loud tone of voice proclaimed it to be the kitchen, “and there’s mother;” he pointed to an untidy-looking woman with slipshod feet and slatternly dress, who sat before a fireless grate, rocking a child that she held upon her lap, only pausing to sharply reprimand other children who were sprawling about the littered floor. We were about to beat a

hasty retreat, when Master Barclay announced our presence.

“Mother, here’s a gentleman, him that you used to laugh at so; the chap with the squeaky voice, you know.”

In some confusion, the woman rose and advanced towards us; we could no longer doubt—it was Mrs. Waverly Nomad. She apologised. “She was sorry to receive me so, but Barclay was so foolish, so wild—they had only moved in a couple of days ago—Mr. Nomad had just stepped out on important business”—here Master Barclay looked out upon us from behind his mother, and winked with much rapidity and significance—“but he would be back soon—would it be convenient to wait for him? He might be back in an hour, but he could not be more than three.” We hastened to say that we had no intention of remaining, and apologised for what must be, at such times, an intrusion.

“It was no intrusion,” Mrs. Waverly said, “far from it; they were in confusion just at present, but things would be all right in a week or two: not that she liked the house now they were in it, but they must remain for at least the quarter; it was a very good neighbourhood, and it would not be difficult to find another house.”

Promising to call again when things were “to rights,” we took our leave, and quitted this region of dirt and discomfort, glad to ascend the area steps and find ourselves once more in pure air; that is, if any air deserving such a title could be found in Somers Town.

“Not difficult to find another house,” we mused as we sauntered away; they, the landlords, must be easier pleased than the tenants; besides—and our thoughts began to take a melancholy turn—at each “remove” the Nomads seem to make a change for the worse, to go lower down; then we thought of what we had heard of Mr. Waverly Nomad’s now more than impoverished income, his entire change of habits, his hatred of home—if he ever had one?—and his growing love for the public-house. Poor Waverly! it was evident that he was rapidly sinking in the world; and then we thought of that final “remove” of which the great Nomad family always lose sight—of that goal which your rolling stones, wiped clean of moss, are sure eventually to reach, and where they are doomed to rest at last—the grave?—no, for hope is there; but one where hope is *not*—the WORKHOUSE.

ANIMAL LIFE IN THE OCEAN.

CHAPTER VIII.

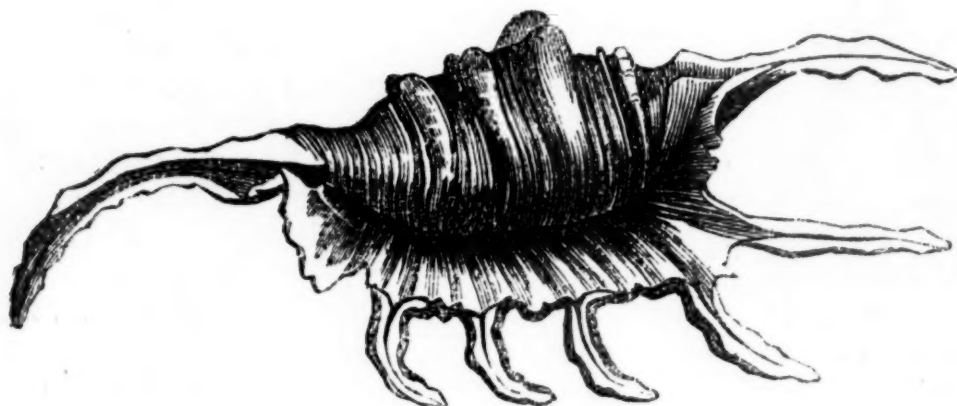
(continued.)

NATURE never makes rapid leaps from one type of organization to another; hence we see the naked molluscs passing gradually through intermediate forms to the varieties provided with a perfect spiral shell. At first, a rudimentary internal or external shell is formed, which protects merely the most important organs; then its circumference increases step by step, till at last it covers the whole animal, as it were, with a carapace; and now the first traces of a spiral are found, which is more and more distinctly stamped, till we come to the perfect snail-shell.

The varieties of Gasteropods which form

this succession are much too numerous for us even to mention; still we will lay before our readers some of their principal types.

In the *Apalsia*, or Sea-hare, a gastropod that resembles a large naked slug, the opened mantle forms two broad lobes on the back, which when opened displays the finely-fringed gills in a cavity on the right side of the animal. A very thin, horny, transparent shell which is concealed beneath the mantle, serves as a protection for these organs of respiration. The *aplysia* are found in every sea. They inhabit the rocks on the coast, and crawl about on the sea-plants; some, indeed, employ the fringes of the mantle for swimming. Formerly, evil propensities were



KNOTTY PTEROCERA.

ascribed to this animal; and it was believed that the sharp, ill-scented, sticky slime, or dark purple-coloured fluid which they emit in large quantities on being touched, had the faculty of ulcerating the hand.

The *Carinariæ* are wondrously formed; for they carry on the back a shell attached to a foot-stalk, beneath which the fringed gills emerge. At the lower part of the body, the foot forms a round disk, on which a sucker may be noticed. We may say, that the whole animal is dismembered.

The *Carinariæ* live far from the coast, and swim about almost constantly, or attach themselves, by means of the foot, to floating objects. The handsomest and rarest specimen (*Carinaria vitrea*) is found in the Indian Ocean; and rich collectors readily pay from forty to fifty pounds for a single specimen.

Passing over several connecting links in the chain, we come to the limpets (*Patellæ*), which are entirely covered by a cup-shaped shell. They live on rocks in the sea, and attach themselves so tightly

by the foot, that they can only be removed by introducing a knife between the shell and the stone. It has been calculated, that the larger varieties produce a resistance of 150lbs., which beneath the acute angle of the shell, is more than sufficient to defy the strength of a man. They often collect in large numbers at one spot; and an old author compares them to heads of nails driven into the rocks. The genus is divided into several species, which are met with in every sea. They live on the glutinous sea-weed found at low water covering the rocks. At flood-tide they crawl slowly about and graze on their marine meadows.

In the auricular shell of the *Haliotids* is found the first trace of a spiral whorl. The disk has a number of holes perforated through it in a line running parallel to the left edge, which grow larger the further they are from the point, and appear to aid respiration. The *Haliotids* are very beautiful shells; internally lined with mother-o'-pearl, and externally red, green, and yellow, after the cuticle has

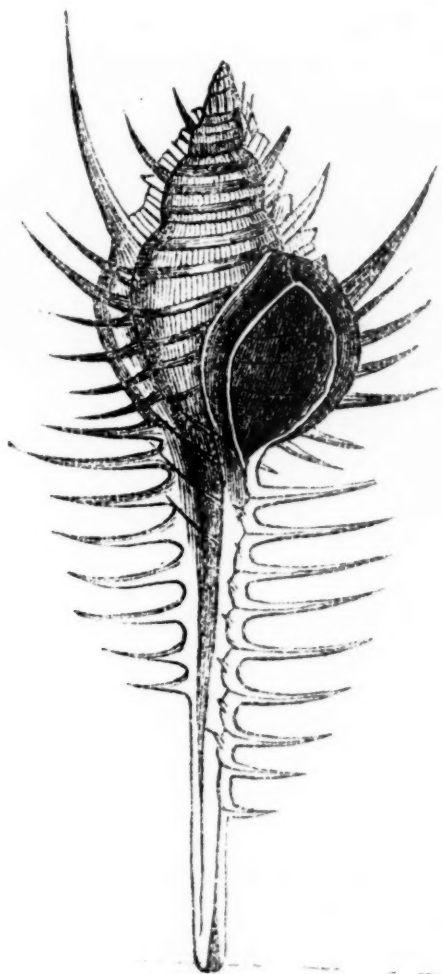
been removed. They are very common in those spots they prefer, and serve as food for the poorer classes. Their pearl is employed for inlaying by cabinet-makers.

If, in the Patellæ and Haliotids, the Sea-slug has a latitudinal extension, in the Dentalia, it occupies a long, convex cone, resembling in form an elephant's tooth. These animals are found on the sandy coasts of nearly every sea, but especially in the tropics. But little is known of their habits.

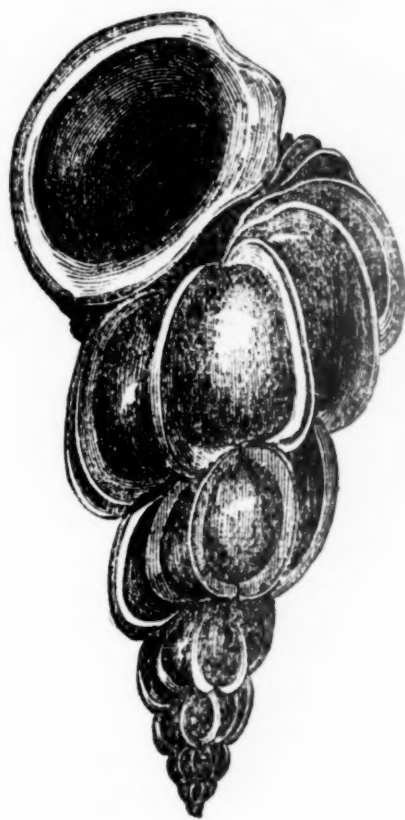
The Spiral Conchiliæ all consist in reality of a tube, gradually enlarged from the point to the mouth; but there is an unending variation of form and beauty among them. The same fundamental idea is presented to us in a thousand different

shapes, each more graceful or wonderful than the other.

The mania of the conchologists is, therefore, quite as explicable as that of the tulip amateurs; and when we hear that rich collectors have given hundreds of pounds for single bulbs, we need not feel surprised, that formerly the *Scalaria preciosa* was worth a hundred louis d'or; and the *Cypræa aurora*, which the New Zealand chiefs wear round the neck as a symbol of their dignity, is still valued at forty pounds. The Giant Nerite is so rare, that rich amateurs will give any price for it. Some Volutes (especially *Volute queue de paon*, and *couronnée*) Harps (*Harpa nobilis*), and Cornets, also command high prices. But then, the rule



MUREX.



SCALARIA PRECIOSA.

is equally true, that rarity is often over-valued; and even in this pursuit, fashion displays its vagaries. Any one who visits a large sea-port, will be able to buy, for a small sum, many of the most beautiful and graceful shells, which have only one fault: that nature offers them to man in too large quantities.

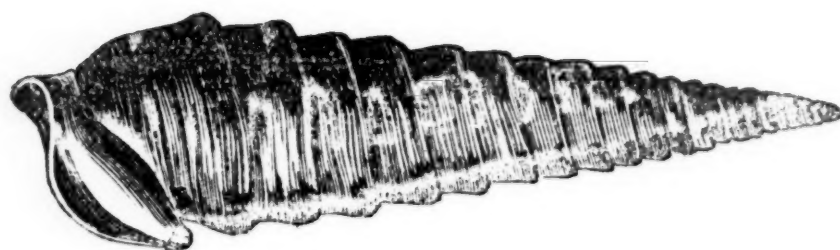
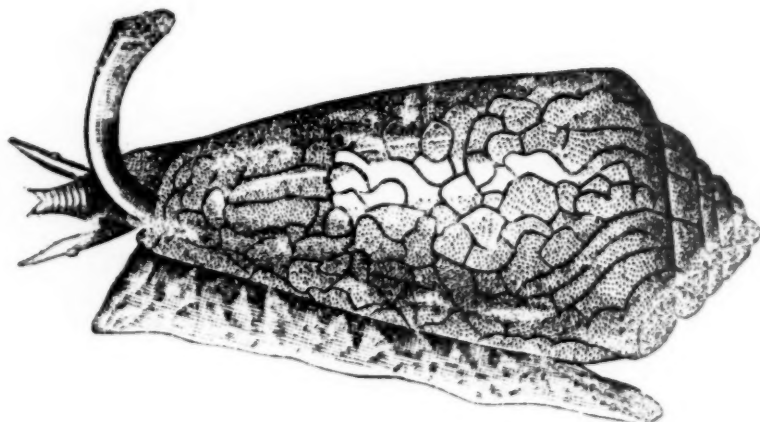
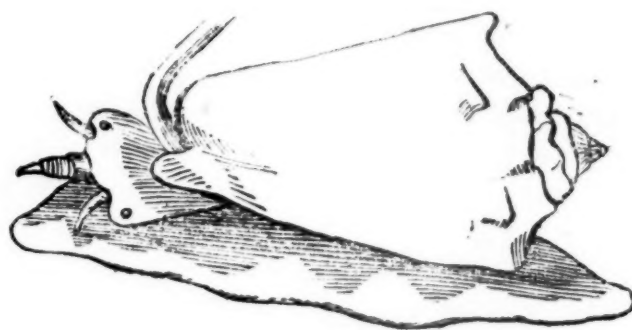
Though the house of the Sea-slug is so variously constructed, its greatest value is in being a protecting apparatus, into which the slugs can withdraw their soft bodies on the approach of danger. In this respect, it is not uninteresting to find that

those sorts which live on our coasts, and hence are most exposed to the action of the waves, possess a stouter and firmer house than those which live in deeper water: while the soft water molluscs, again, have much more tender shells than the ocean forms. The greater the need of protection, the more has Providence cared for sufficient defence. Most perfectly provided against external attacks are the larger Sea-slugs, which not only reside in a powerful shell as hard as stone, but have also at the end of the foot a firm lid, which fits the orifice of their house exactly

like a door, and, if necessary, cuts them off entirely from the outer world. This retirement into their fortress does not protect them, however, from all foes; for, as the French Admiral, Cécile, noticed at the Cape, the sea-birds often bear these shells to a great height in the air, and drop them on the rocks, which crack their shells.

The most usual mode of locomotion in the Sea-slugs is crawling on the foot: in some varieties, especially those which are

forced to lug a very heavy house about with them, such as the *Cassis*, *Pterocera*, etc., this is effected very slowly; while others, like the *Olives*, which possess a proportionately very powerful foot, move about rapidly; right themselves very easily when overturned, and can even swim considerable distances, by moving the broad edges of these organs of locomotion back and forwards. But the speed of the motion is not always in proportion to the size of the foot, for the *Patellæ*, among others,



GROUP OF SHELLS.

possess a very large organ of locomotion, and yet crawl very slowly. They appear to employ it principally for suction. In some Sea-slugs, which, like oysters, do not quit the rock on which they first settled as larvæ, the foot has naturally no other purpose than that of an attaching organ; in some, such as the *Vermetus* and *Siliquaria*, it only serves to open and close the lid.

Most of the shelled marine animals are, through their weight, confined to rocky or

sandy stations. From this rule, however, the *Lanthines* form an exception, which have a very tender and most fragile shell, and whose foot is also provided with numerous bladders, so that it can float on the surface of the water. They inhabit the Mediterranean and the warmer parts of the Atlantic. The shores of St. Helena, and Ascension Islands are, at certain periods, entirely covered with them. In a quiet sea, they are often found on large banks, the foot turned upwards; at the

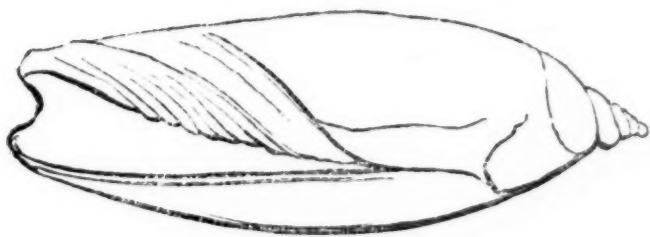
slightest alarm, they empty the bladder and sink in the deep water, emitting the while a dark red juice, which, according to Lesson, produced the celebrated purpura, with which the cloaks of the Roman patricians were dyed, but which at present is not used in any way. The transparent shell of these little creatures is also of a beautiful violet colour.

The Sea-slugs live in various depths of water: some Coast-snails (*Littorina rudis*, *Lamarekii*) are only washed by the spring-tides, and hence nearly always remain out of reach of the water; others, among which are the Periwinkle (*Littorina littorea*)* and the common Whelk (*Buccinum undatum*), live rather deeper, so that they

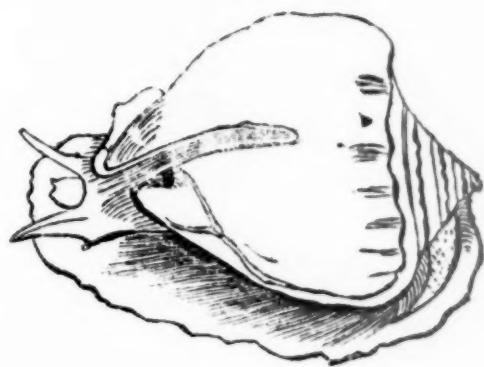
are at least bathed by every tide; others finally, such as the various Tops (*trochiæ*), always remain at the skirt of the lowest ebb-tide.

A far larger number of Sea-slugs live, however, quite out of the range of tidal oscillations, in a varying depth down to 500 feet.

The Sea-slugs are either predacious or herbivorous: the former seek mussels, whose shells they pierce with their rasp-like tongue, or live on dead animals which chance brings to them. They seem to have a very fine scent, for animal substances let down in a net to the bed of the sea, will collect thousands of them in a single night.



THE OLIVE.



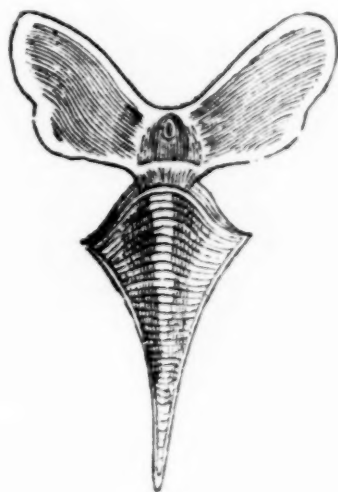
CASSIS.

The Sea-slugs, in their turn, fall a prey to other animals; but they have no worse foes than the Asteroids, which not only swallow the small young Gasteropods, but, by means of their arms, manage to seize and kill the larger sorts.

Although not so valuable to man as the Mussels, the Sea-slugs are not without their uses. On every coast some esculent varieties are found (as the *Littorina littorea*, sold for food in Brittany and at La Rochelle), and we may say that, with the exception of a few species, which have a bitter taste, savage nations devour them all. The beauty of some of the shells recommends them as ornaments for our houses, while the *Magelhaen volute* serves the Patagonian as a cup; and the great Horn-mussel, the Arab of the Red Sea as a water-jug.

THE PTEROPODS move by means of two flapped fins, which grow like wings from the anterior part of the body; they have neither a foot for locomotion, nor arms for seizing their prey, like the Cephalopods and Gasteropods; but they approximate to them again by the possession of

a head divided from the rest of the body. In the Hyalians, Cleodoræ, and Erisiæ, the posterior part is enclosed in a very thin transparent or pellucid shell, into which the animal, on the approach of danger, withdraws head and wings and



CLIO BOREALIS.

sinks to the bottom; but the handsome blue and violet, red-dotted Clions are nude. The Pteropods are all denizens of deep water, and are only found near land when carried there by storms or currents. They swim freely about in the water, and, on calm evenings, come to the surface. Their

* *Turbo littoreus* of the older naturalists.

movements are very active, and at times they are found attached to sea-weed, round which they throw their wings. They are little creatures; but they propagate so enormously that they (especially *Clio borealis*) supply the staple food of the colossal whale.

The Bivalves are distinguished from the above class of molluscs, not merely by a more simple construction, but also by the peculiar arrangement of their shells. While the Sea-slug moves about on a powerful foot, the organ of locomotion appears much less fully developed in the most perfect Acephala; and, while the former projects from its shell a well-shaped head provided with feelers and glistening eyes, nature has denied the latter even a head. Still, the Acephala have not been treated by her in such a step-motherly fashion as might be supposed from their headless condition. Many among them have eyes, or at least ocular specks, which can distinguish light from dark; and organs of hearing have been very generally discovered among them.

The peculiar calcareous double shell in which they live, is a secretion from their

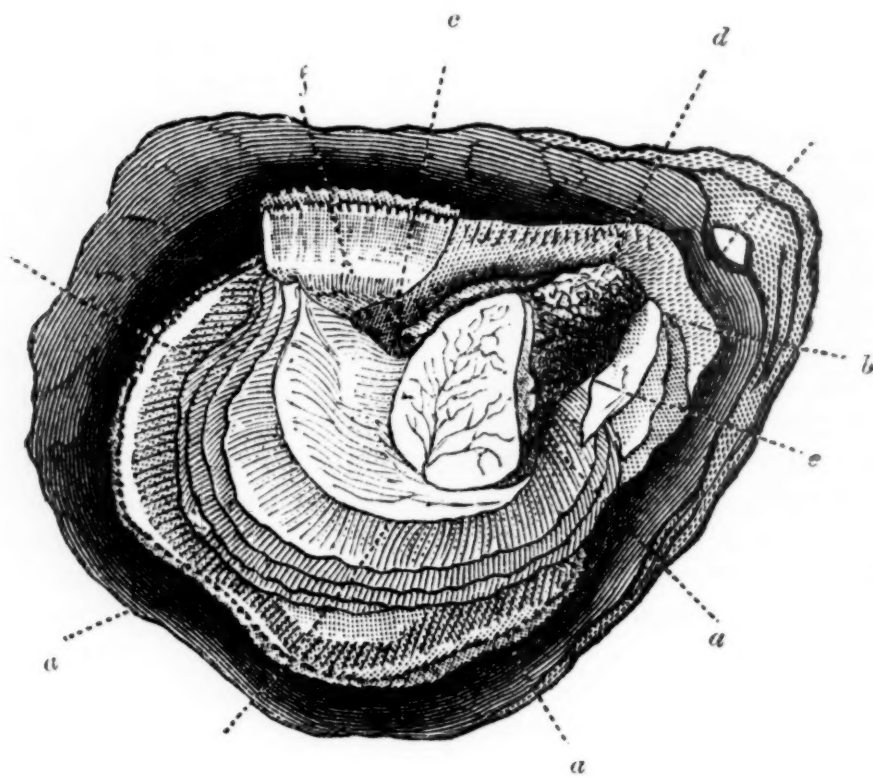
bodies, in which they lie like a book in its binding, and which protects them against the attacks of their enemies.

The Sea-slug, on the approach of danger, withdraws into its simple house, whose opening it closes with a lid; the Mussel, on the other hand, closes its shell, and thus tries to avoid any unpleasant contact with the external world. A strong elastic ligament connects the two shells, and opens them widely so soon as the muscular contraction which closed them ceases.

In many of the bivalves, the skin flaps of the mantle are separated from each other, as, for instance, in the Oyster; in others, they dissolve more or less into the contractions of the stomach, and thus form a sac-like integument, which, however, is not attached immediately to the body of the animal, but is separated from it by a special cavernous space.

It must also be remarked, that this is confined to the tegumental portions; and the hard shells, as in the oyster, remain parted.

In the closed sac are several fissured openings: an anterior one, which allows a passage for the foot; and two posterior,



a The four gill-lamellæ. *b* The mouth. *c* The vent. *d* The liver.
e The heart. *f* Portion of the mantle. *g* Muscles of the shell.

of which the hindermost serves for the emission of the secretions, while the other allows the water to flow into the cavity surrounded by the mantle. Frequently these two last openings are elongated into longer or shorter tubes, sometimes separated, sometimes growing together.

The beauty of this peculiar structure is clearly seen, when we regard the habits of animals equipped in this fashion. Nearly all of them bury themselves to a greater or less depth in the sand, and pass their life there, or at least a great portion of it. If their mantle were always open, as in

the oysters, they would necessarily be suffocated—a danger from which they are protected by their long respiratory tubes.

The powerful muscular foot, which they extend anteriorly, usually serves them as a famous spade, by whose aid they rapidly hide themselves in the sand, if a foe try to surprise them; many varieties also employ it for creeping or hopping. The common Cockle (*Cardium edule*), for instance, extends it as far as possible, presses it firmly against the ground, then rises by suddenly compressing it, and, rapidly repeating this manœuvre, moves along at a tolerable pace.

In other varieties, the motion is much more limited. Thus, the Razor Shells (*Solenaceæ*) are contented to rise and sink in the perpendicular deep holes they bore, and do not quit them.

Most of the Bivalves, provided with respiratory tubes, live on the sandy and slimy coast, where they are found in such numbers that the flat sand is often covered with thousands of their empty shells; but there are some which burrow in wood or stone.

The Pholades secrete an acid juice, which softens the rock, so that they can easily excavate it by the aid of their shells. In this way, with the gradual growth of the animal, a pear-shaped cavity is formed, in which it is compelled to pass its whole life. The thicker portion of the body, on which the very short and powerful foot is found, fills the broad bottom of the excavation, while the long respiratory tube, which supplies the embedded Pholas with its supply of water, is pointed towards its narrow orifice. The movements of this animal are restricted to rising and sinking in its narrow prison. The majority are small, but there are some varieties which attain a length of five inches.

The fragile shell of the Pholas seems to have compelled it to burrow in hard stone; a similar necessity may compel the Teredo to dig its abode in wood.

The shell of this animal is very small in comparison with its worm-like body,

which frequently grows to the length of a foot; and hence it cannot be regarded in the light of a protection. In order to live in security, then, the Teredo bores into submerged wood deep passages, a quarter to a half inch in diameter, whose walls it plasters with a calcareous mass, closing the opening with two small lids.

As it is very prolific, it has produced great injury in vessels and submarine buildings. As a protection against it, ships are covered with copper, and beams under water are thickly studded with nails. In the last century, it bored through the Dutch dykes to such an extent, that serious apprehensions were entertained for the safety of the country; and it cost millions to repair the damaged bulwarks.

Thus, a tiny animal caused the Batavians to tremble, whose heroism had braved the might of Philip II. and Louis XIV.

Still, it would be most one-sided and unjust, were we not to recognise the service the Teredo offers man. If it has been a destroyer of useful constructions, on the other hand, it removes wrecks and sunken vessels, which might prove very dangerous to coasters, and silt up the entrance to many ports and rivers. It is very doubtful whether these benefits do not largely outweigh the mischief they cause.

The Pholades are also among the injurious animals; they gnaw and bore walls and calcareous piers, which man erects against the assaults of ocean, or for the purpose of forming artificial harbours and landing places, or they undermine their foundations, and gradually produce their destruction.



TEREDO.

(To be continued.)

THE EMPEROR'S HAT.

NEVER, perhaps, had the countenance of his Majesty Francis II., Emperor of Austria, worn so cheerful an expression as it did upon a certain morning in the year of grace one thousand eight hundred and twenty-one.

At this epoch bathing establishments were rarities in Vienna, and the exorbitantly high prices charged by the proprietors of these few, had put it totally out of the power of the middle and lower classes of society to avail themselves of such expensive luxuries. Francis II., touched with this sad state of things, had ordered that two establishments of public baths should be constructed behind the Augarten—one for men and the other for women, in which all might enjoy the luxury of fresh water without any charge being made for their ablutions. On the 14th of June, 1821, the architect who had directed the works, had come to inform the Emperor that all was completed, and that from henceforth the poorest of his subjects would no longer be deprived of the salutary influence of the waters of the Danube. It was this welcome news that had lighted up the naturally sombre features of the Emperor of Austria, and had enticed to his lips a smile of satisfaction.

Francis II. was surrounded by the principal dignitaries of the empire, when the architect, who was named Weissberg, presented himself before his sovereign.

"Herr Weissberg," said the Emperor, "in former days it was the custom for sovereigns to recognise, by a gift, the pleasure which was procured by the bearer of good news. This good old custom has fallen into disuse, in our opinion, wrongfully, and it is our desire to revive it on this occasion, and in the person of our well-loved architect. Before we visit the Augarten, you shall receive a proof of our gratitude, as a mark of the peculiar esteem we entertain for your person."

On hearing the gracious words which fell sweeter than honey from their imperial master's lips, all the courtiers present cast glances of envy upon the favoured architect, whose heart beat high with ill-suppressed joy and emotion.

"What is the brilliant recompense that the Emperor reserves for him? At what price is he going to reward the services of Weissberg?"

While these and such like interrogations mentally uttered by each of the courtiers, held the minds of all present in a state of the utmost suspense, Francis II. prepared to honour with a visit the two bathing establishments constructed for the exclusive use of the people.

Already had he donned the closely-fitting surtout of blue cloth—his habitual costume whenever he desired to walk abroad *incog.*, and when, like his august ancestor, the Emperor Joseph, he would ramble unattended over his capital, throwing aside the insignia of royalty in order the better to learn the wants and wishes of his people. The most profound silence reigned around. Francis turned to the architect.

"Herr Weissberg," said he, "we well know how firm is the attachment which you bear towards our person: previous to your receiving from our treasury the price stipulated for the works we have commanded at your hands, accept this *souvenir*; it is the friend that offers it, not the sovereign."

As he pronounced these words, Francis II. presented to the architect the hat of black felt which was accustomed to shelter the imperial brow whenever the coat of blue cloth touched the august shoulders.

Before explaining the motives of this action of the Emperor of Austria, which may possibly strike the uninitiated reader as a singular one, we will pause for one moment to ask if he has ever seen the bust of Francis II.—that in Carrara marble, for instance, by Zauner, which stands in the third room of the Museum of Natural History of Vienna? Those who have paused before this remarkable work—remarkable in every respect, but especially so for its striking resemblance to the original—must have had the opportunity of assuring themselves that the head of the Emperor of Austria, far from being round, square, or even oval, as the pericranii of the generality of human beings, was, on the contrary, long and of a conical form. The extreme degree of flatness on either side of the brow, about the region of the temples, must have principally attracted their attention. This extraordinary formation of skull rendered the operation of properly fitting the head of his imperial majesty a very difficult

matter for the hatter to achieve. It was difficult, indeed almost impossible, for the workman intrusted with this care to triumph over the almost insurmountable obstacles opposed by nature to his talents. Time alone and constant use, by softening and rendering flexible the stubborn felt, was enabled to work this miracle. It may easily be understood, then, how precious for the Emperor was a hat which adapted itself perfectly to his head,—a hat which was neither too wide nor too tight, nor uneasy, nor ridiculous in its appearance, but which designed like a cleverly constructed mould, the inequalities of the head it was destined to cover. The reader will from this comprehend the extent of the sacrifice imposed by Francis upon himself, when bestowing his faithful *tricorne* upon the architect Weissberg. It was a proof of affection, in comparison with which the disbursement of a large sum of money became an object of but secondary importance.

Weissberg, in all probability, was not of the same opinion, for he had the reputation at court of possessing a very ardent and particular affection for the coin of the realm. If the truth were known he would most certainly have preferred a few thousand ducats, or even florins, to all the hats of all the emperors in the world. That the testimony which he had just received had overthrown the golden dreams which his master's benevolent words had given birth to, was a fact beyond dispute; he was, however, an old enough courtier to be enabled to conceal within the deepest recesses of his heart, the disappointment and even anger that he felt at this overthrow of his hopes: a deceitful smile played round his lips as he replied to Francis II.

"Ah, sire!" began the old hypocrite, "how grateful do I feel for this high mark of your favour! This hat, which your majesty has worn, has now become for me a relic which I would not cede for all the treasures of the East. With your majesty's permission I will depart this instant to suspend in my humble dwelling what I shall consider as the most precious portion of the dowry I shall leave to my daughter."

"Go," replied the Emperor; "you can rejoin us at the Augarten."

Upon this same memorable morning of the 14th of June, 1821, a young man apparently of about five-and-twenty years of age, might have been seen sauntering along one of the shady alleys of the

Prater. The countenance of this solitary promenader betrayed an expression of profound sorrow. Occasionally a furtive tear would glisten for an instant on his eyelid; at times, also, his gestures were abrupt and irregular, and the glances which he would then cast about him were dark and threatening. He would at these times pause for a moment in his walk, and angrily spurn the sand of the alley with the heel of his boot.

This melancholy gentleman was named Leopold Spieldorf, and held the rank of surgeon in the third regiment of Cuirassiers, then quartered in Vienna.

Let us use our privilege of novelist for a few moments, and play the eavesdropper, in order to catch some fragments of the half-uttered phrases which from time to time escaped his lips; we may perhaps by this means learn the cause of the despair which appeared to have taken possession of his mind.

"Barbarous father!" murmured Spieldorf to himself, pausing in front of a magnificent limetree, on which he cast a glance of deadliest ire; "a stainless name, an honourable profession, a boundless love, are not, it appears, titles sufficient to gain the hand of your daughter! Barbarous father!" repeated he, proceeding a few steps further, and placing himself in a magnificent attitude before a chestnut tree in full blossom.

After a few moments' silence he continued, threatening the innocent denizen of the forest with his clenched fist—

"You know not, then, that it is my death! ay, my sentence of death that you have pronounced! Without Louise life is a blank for me! and you have refused your assent to our union because, in place of a rich inheritance, I have but an honest reputation to bring into your family, with a little celebrity and a true and loving heart. Miserly Weissberg!" cried he, continuing his walk, "heaven will surely punish you for causing thus the misery of myself and of your child!"

Another pause of a few moments.

"Come, courage!" exclaimed he, as he reached the last trees of the Prater; "all is not yet lost. Louise loves me, of that I am confident; and who knows but that she may succeed in overcoming her father's resolution; and then Providence will surely have compassion on us."

This short monologue dispenses with the necessity of our entering into minutest details. Leopold has initiated us into the most secret recesses of his heart.

We now know that he is deeply in love with Louise, the architect's pretty daughter; that the "Fraulein" returns his love; but that the poverty of the suitor has induced Weissberg to reject the offers of an alliance which had been made to him by our gallant and love-sick surgeon of the third regiment of Cuirassiers. Let us, then, continue our recital.

Herr Leopold Spieldorf, pursuing at the same time his train of thought and his road homewards, quitted that delightful promenade created, so to speak, by the Emperor Joseph, and proceeding along the suburb of the Jacgerzeil at length reached his dwelling. He had entered the house, and was about to close the door, when the sound of loud and angry voices, proceeding apparently from persons in violent altercation, reached his ears. They appeared to come from an opposite house, a species of low tavern, chiefly frequented by the soldiers of the garrison, among whom the men of the third Cuirassiers bestowed upon it no inconsiderable share of patronage. Spieldorf, fearing lest a brawl, which might possibly be attended with serious consequences, had arisen among the soldiers of the different regiments, determined to proceed forthwith to the scene of action, judging that his presence alone, his conciliating manners, his rank and his authority, would, in all probability, silence the noisiest, and prevent, perhaps, the occurrence of a serious disturbance.

As soon as the figure of Leopold was perceived, silence was restored as if by enchantment. This result will not be a very surprising one for those who are acquainted with the rigorous discipline of the Austrian army, the inflexibility of their martial laws, and the passive obedience of the soldiery towards their superiors. It is the code of Draco transported into the camp.

"Fighting here!" said Spieldorf, casting an authoritative glance round the room.

"Not yet," replied the landlord; "but had it not been for your timely arrival, such an event would soon have taken place."

"And what is the motive of the quarrel?"

"Faith, my officer, that is easily explained. These two gentlemen," and he pointed towards a couple of strapping Cuirassiers, "after emptying five bottles of strong beer, wanted to take their departure without paying for their liquor. I

demand my money; that's the whole cause of the row."

"My commandant," said one of the two Cuirassiers, approaching Leopold, "this man has not told the whole truth. We certainly drank five bottles of strong beer, that is the only correct part of his story; but we have never sought to wrong him of a pfennig, and the proof is that to settle our account we offered him this hat, formerly the property of his Majesty the Emperor, which a domestic of the palace gave this morning to my comrade here. This cursed Italian replied that he would not give it to his tomcat to wear. Those were his very expressions; whereupon we were about to chastise him for his insolence when you came in."

"And not only did they refuse to pay me," continued the landlord, "but they actually had the impudence to propose as an equivalent for five bottles of strong beer, a vile greasy old hat, picked up on some dunghill, on the pretext of its once having been the property of the Emperor."

"It is indeed his Majesty's hat," now chimed in the Cuirassier who had not yet spoken; "I had it from Ferdinand, a domestic of the palace, whom you well know, Meinherr Bocolini, since he has been the means of your gaining more florins than you have hairs on your head. Ferdinand himself had it from an architect named Weissberg, who had received it from the hands of the Emperor."

"Well, it's nothing to me," replied Bocolini; "even if it were a cardinal's hat I would not have it. I don't take such coin in my house."

The dispute would have gone on *crescendo*, had not Spieldorf imposed silence on all parties by the most effectual means in his power, namely, by paying the score of his two Cuirassiers.

"My commandant," said the owner of the imperial *tricorn*, "this hat now belongs to you."

Seeing clearly that a refusal would be wrongly interpreted by the soldiers, that even hinting such a thing would be considered as a proof of either an open disdain for, or of a secret animosity towards, the sacred person of their august monarch, Leopold took the hat from the hands of the Cuirassier, crossed the street, and disappeared within the recesses of his Tusculum.

Meanwhile Francis II. had been obliged to replace his cerebral covering. A new

hat was presented to him by a domestic, and accompanied only by one of his aides-de-camp, General Lederer, he set out for the Augarten.

During the hour which was consumed in his visit to the baths, the Emperor several times raised his hand to his hat, which, if the truth must be told, pinched him horribly.

"What a devil of a hat!" he murmured to himself.

"What a devil of a head!" he might have exclaimed with more reason.

At one time he would raise his hat from his head, then he would replace it again, and still the rebellious felt would obstinately refuse to lend itself to the exigencies of the imperial cranium. Francis II. was in torment; a deep red seam divided the royal forehead into two equal portions. This *punishment* at last became intolerable. He did not complain, however, but his patience being at length completely exhausted, he hastened his return to the palace.

On entering the private apartments the Emperor experienced a feeling of lively satisfaction in being at length enabled to get rid of this troublesome companion, which had, during his walk, held his brow enclosed as if in a vice, and had put his head to the torture.

"Most decidedly," exclaimed his Majesty, "it appears that I am to be condemned during my entire lifetime to wear the same hat; it is a sad truth, that I am, alas! fully convinced of. My dear Weissberg, it is unworthy of a king, I know, to reclaim a gift once bestowed; but what am I to do? I am urged by cruel necessity. You will, I am sure, be kind enough to return me the hat which I gave you this morning; here is a ring which is well worth a hundred pieces of gold; pray accept it in exchange; it will amply indemnify you for your loss, while fifty rings such as this would not for me be worth that piece of old felt which I have worn for so many years."

On hearing this demand made for the restitution of the *tricorn*, the face of the architect became alternately white, red, violet, and finally a *melange* of all the three colours at the same time. His eyes, distended by fear, rolled wildly in their sockets; his tongue, dry and parched, clove to the roof of his mouth; while the perspiration stood in large drops upon his cheeks and forehead.

"Well," continued the Emperor, "did you not hear?"

"I pray your Majesty to pardon me," replied Weissberg, trembling like a leaf. "I did hear, certainly; but—that is——"

"You no longer have it in your possession?"

"Oh, sire!" exclaimed the unhappy architect.

"Well then, what means this embarrassment, these exclamations, these sighs?"

"Because—because——"

"I am impatient; because what? Come, finish."

Weissberg had completely lost his presence of mind; all the objects round him appeared as if floating in a mist; he scarcely knew where he was; his limbs no longer appeared capable of sustaining the weight of his body. While, to complete his confusion, the eyes of Francis II. were most obstinately fastened upon his countenance, as though they would have penetrated into his very soul, utterly putting to flight the small portion of sense still remaining in the mind of our unfortunate architect.

"Because," gasped out Weissberg, at length, "because it is at my dwelling-house."

"And this, after all, is the mouse which the mountain has brought forth," exclaimed the Emperor, laughing. "I know very well it is at your dwelling-house, since you took it there yourself this morning. Have the kindness, then, to go and seek it for me, or, if you would prefer it, I will despatch a messenger from the palace instead."

"Oh! no, no!" cried the architect, starting backward as though he were treading on red-hot coals. "Oh, no! not for the world; I would rather go myself. Yes, yes, I'll go, I'll go," repeated he, as he made for the door; but his troubles were not yet over, or rather, were but just beginning, for in the hurry and agitation consequent upon his endeavours to beat a speedy retreat, he stumbled violently against, and upset, a table, on which was laid out a magnificent service of porcelain, a marvel of patience as well as of art, which had been presented to Francis II. by the workmen of the imperial manufactory of Rosann, each of the pieces of which it was composed having been valued at two hundred florins.

Hearing the crash of the falling china, Weissberg turned his head, muttered some unintelligible sounds, and, as if possessed by the demon of fear, which we all

know lends wings to its victims, he darted into the gallery, and was out of sight in an instant.

"The man is mad," said the Emperor, without testifying otherwise than by this exclamation the annoyance he felt at the ravages committed amongst his porcelain. "The man is certainly mad," he repeated, "and has been so all the morning, ever since I gave him my hat."

Meanwhile the servants had picked up the scattered breakfast service, which, owing to the thickness of the carpet, had received but trifling damage, a stray cup or so only having been shorn of its fair proportions. In the meantime let us see what had become of our terror-stricken architect.

Leopold Spieldorf was seated in his modest apartment, ensconced in a huge elbow-chair of Potzneusiedel leather, his legs crossed, his elbows resting on the arms of the *fauteuil*, and his head in his hands, when a loud knocking at the door rudely disturbed his amorous reflections. Another and more imperious summons in a few moments succeeded to the first.

"Who is it that dares to knock at my door in this outrageous manner?" exclaimed Leopold aloud, as he proceeded, not in the best temper in the world, to give admission to his importunate visitor. But scarcely had the door rolled back upon its hinges, when the gallant surgeon of Cuirassiers opened wide his eyes, started back in amazement, and gave utterance to an exclamation, in the tone of which there was certainly nothing very menacing. In the figure that presented itself before him he had recognised the architect Weissberg, the father of Louise, *his Louise*.

"Herr Leopold," began Weissberg, as soon as he had entered, "forget, I pray you, my refusal of this morning; you can save my life—will you do so?"

On hearing these words, Spieldorf, overcome with joy, seized the hand that was offered him, and pressed it cordially. In the innocence of his heart, he imagined that Louise had at length been enabled to soften her father's disposition towards him, and that Weissberg, touched by the tears and supplications of his child, had relented, and was now come to retract the cruel words with which he had that morning greeted his prayer.

"Forget your refusal!" cried the delighted Leopold. "Ah! it is already forgotten, my dear Herr Weissberg. Believe

me when I assure you that I think no more of it. Your present words render me the happiest of men. But you have just said, if I have rightly understood you, that I could save your life; speak, my time, my arm, my sword, are all at your disposal. Most respectable Herr Weissberg, how can I serve you?"

"You must either give me or sell me the hat which I see upon the chair yonder," replied the architect, pouncing like a cat, as he spoke, upon the imperial beaver.

"Sell it you!" exclaimed Leopold. "You hurt my feelings! Take it, I give it to you with all my heart; and the more so, as it has been previously in your possession, if I have been rightly informed, you having had it from the hands of the Emperor himself."

"Brave and generous young man!" exclaimed the architect, "you snatch me from the very brink of the grave, you rescue me from a death of shame and grief!"

"Why, your joy overcomes you, my dear Herr Weissberg," said the astonished Leopold; "let me offer you a glass of kirch?"

"Thanks, my young friend, thanks," murmured the breathless architect.

"And now tell me, I pray you, Herr Weissberg, how it happens that I should be the means of rescuing you from a death of shame and grief by merely restoring to you this hat?" inquired Leopold, "which, it must be said, is no longer in the first bloom of its youth," he added, with a smile.

"I will tell you," said the architect. "At the levee this morning, previous to his visit to the Augarten, his Majesty, as a mark of high favour, presented me with the hat I now hold in my hand. This act of condescension appeared to me in the light of a bitter raillery, and I accordingly, on leaving the presence chamber, gave the hat to the first domestic I met. O deplorable fault! which might have become for me the cause of the greatest misfortunes. On returning from his promenade, the Emperor, chafed and annoyed by the new hat which he wore for the first time this morning, and which had not as yet taken the shape of his head, requested me to return him his old one; and to indemnify me, as he said, for the loss which I should incur by so doing, presented me with this ring, which he pressed my acceptance of. Imagine my despair! How could I dare to own to

him the little regard I entertained for his august beaver? I muttered some unintelligible words; I upset in my confusion a table laid out with a magnificent breakfast set of china, just arrived from the imperial manufactory; and scarcely knowing what I did, I ran to inquire of the valet what had become of his Majesty's hat. From him I learned that it was in the possession of two Cuirassiers, who had been last seen drinking at Boccolini's tavern. Thither I posted as fast as my legs would carry me, and, as luck would have it, met the two fellows as they were leaving the house. In answer to my inquiries, they informed me that the hat had been purchased by you; and so here I am. You can now comprehend the reason of my extravagant joy, as I am now enabled to present myself again before our excellent Emperor, since I bear with me his precious covering. Yes, most precious *tricorné*," he repeated, pressing to his bosom the cause of all his fear and agitation, upon whose brim a silvery line drawn by the hand of time attested numerous and faithful services, "I once again behold you. But I must leave you," continued the architect; "his Majesty is even now impatiently awaiting my return, and I must not any further prolong his uneasiness. Happily the palace is not far distant."

"One moment," interposed Leopold, making for the door. "So it was not then Louise who sent you to me? It was not then to bring me hope and happiness, to retract your refusal of this morning, to promise me the hand of her I love, that I received your visit?"

"Why, I never said——"

"No," continued Leopold, interrupting him; "but I thought so. *Give me back this hat, Herr Weissberg: I have purchased it fairly; it therefore belongs to me, and I will not permit you to take it hence, unless you consent to accept me for your son-in-law."

"What are you thinking of, Herr Leopold?" expostulated the architect, but in a suppliant tone, notwithstanding; "to barter my daughter for a hat! For you know that it is the hat only that you would bring as your share in the settlements."

"No Louise, no hat," replied Spieldorf, snatching the article in dispute from the hands of the architect; "choose."

"Oh dear! oh dear!" cried the unhappy Weissberg; "you then seek my life?"

"No, I merely desire the hand of your daughter."

"But, my dear sir, that is impossible. Just consider for one moment. You are, I am well aware, a man of honour, a brave and loyal soldier, a skilful surgeon. I know all that. But then, you have nothing, absolutely nothing; and Louise will have a hundred thousand florins down on her wedding day. You must, then, clearly perceive that your proposal is quite out of the question, and that you can never become the husband of my daughter."

"Well, if you are obstinate, I can be equally so; I will not give up this hat to you but upon the terms I have proposed; and now you may return to the palace and report my words to the Emperor, if it suits your fancy. I say no more."

After having for a length of time employed prayers and entreaties without being able to shake the resolution of the invincible Spieldorf, the architect retired in despair, threatening our surgeon with the Emperor's severest displeasure.

It was not far, it is true, as Herr Weissberg had declared, from the dwelling of Leopold to the Bourgplatz, where is situated the palace of the emperors of Austria; but it took, however, the unhappy architect a good half hour to gain this distance, short as it was. He dared not meet the eye of Francis II., to whom he should be obliged to relate all the circumstances connected with the profanation of which his hat had been the victim. To have thrown to a domestic as a vile and useless article a gift of the sovereign! No; sooner than make a similar avowal, he would cast himself into the Danube.

This was the counsel that his evil genius whispered to him; but Herr Weissberg was too good a Catholic to listen to the voice of the tempter. So, after long hesitation, after rambling up and down the Bourgplatz for a length of time, after having even mounted and descended the very stairs of the palace in an agony of doubt and uncertainty, the architect screwed his courage to the sticking-place; with a resolute step he traversed the corridor, and entered at length the apartment in which the Emperor was seated.

"Mercy, mercy!" cried the old man, in a voice almost inarticulate through emotion, falling at the feet of the Emperor.

"Why, what has happened now?" inquired Francis II., leaning forward to assist him to rise.

"No, no!" continued the architect, clasping his hands together in an attitude of supplication. "I am a miserable wretch, unworthy of the high favour you accord me. I must remain in this position until I have obtained your pardon for my fault."

"Well, well, I pardon you," said Francis, more than ever convinced of the mental derangement of his favourite architect; "but for heaven's sake tell me what fault you have committed, and do pray clear up at once the mystery of your conduct of this morning."

Thereupon the architect, reassured by the affectionate words of his sovereign, informed him of the use to which he had put the Imperial *chapeau*, of its abandonment to the two soldiers, of the hospitality afforded it by the surgeon of Cuirassiers, of his endeavour to regain possession of it from Leopold, and of the ill-success of his attempt.

"So this, then, is the great mystery?" said the Emperor, with a smile; "you have given my hat to a domestic; most assuredly I by no means approve of this action, it is neither honourable nor worthy of a man whom I admit into my confidence; but still there was no occasion for you to have acted in the extraordinary manner you did; nor was there any reason why you should have upset a breakfast service of china, presented to me by my faithful subjects at Rosann. This young surgeon of the third regiment of Cuirassiers has shown you a beautiful example of that respect which one attaches even to the most trifling and apparently insignificant object emanating from the sovereign. You call him Leopold Spieldorf? This name is not altogether unknown to me; it is that of a faithful and loyal subject; a man at once honest, clever, and modest—three qualities rarely met with in the same individual. Let some one instantly seek Herr Leopold Spieldorf, surgeon of the Third Cuirassiers," continued the Emperor, addressing General Lederer. "I should be glad to learn from his own lips the motives which have induced him to refuse your request."

Some few minutes after the order of Francis II. had been transmitted to the orderly on duty, Leopold was introduced into the presence of the Emperor.

"Herr Spieldorf," began the Emperor, mildly, "why did you refuse to restore to Herr Weissberg the hat which he claimed at your hands?"

"Sire," replied Leopold, "I shall

answer you frankly: two motives guided me in this circumstance; the first was the desire which I felt to preserve an object which had once belonged to your Majesty."

"And the second?" demanded Francis.

"The second," continued Leopold, "was the persuasion under which I was that Herr Weissberg, by avowing to your Majesty the use he had made of your hat, would lose your Majesty's esteem."

"The motive was scarcely a Christian one," said the Emperor, in a tone of severe displeasure, fixing his eyes, as he spoke, on the countenance of the surgeon. "What reasons have you, sir, for desiring that I should withdraw my esteem and support from Herr Weissberg?"

In a few words Leopold related to Francis II. the history of his love, the proposals he had made in the morning, and the repeated refusals he had met with from the architect.

"I understand all now," said the Emperor, whose voice had once more resumed the peculiarly gentle and affectionate intonation habitual to it. "I can also comprehend the motives which have induced Herr Weissberg to repel your advances. You are poor, Herr Spieldorf—that is your crime, your sole crime; but, in the eyes of certain persons, it is an unpardonable one. And tell me, does your fair lady return your love?"

"Why, sire—I know not."

"Recollect, it is your sovereign that addresses you; there is nothing indiscreet in my question. Reply fearlessly. Is the Fraulein Louise sensible of your love?"

"Sire, I believe so."

"That is to say, that you are sure of it. Very well, Herr Spieldorf. I have long since contracted a debt towards you—a sacred debt—which I now desire to liquidate. You were, if I do not mistake, at Ecmühl, Herr Spieldorf?"

"It was during my first campaign, sire."

"I recollect it. At Essling you assisted, despite the enemy's fire, in bearing the wounded to the rear. Later, at Wagram, you came under the fire of the cannon which was decimating our ranks, to tend the wounded, even upon the field of battle. The grape-shot rained around you, you were struck by a ball in the shoulder, yet you remained bravely at your post, forgetful of your own sufferings, regardless of the blood which flowed from your own wounds, while

engaged in tending and endeavouring to restore to life those whose state required prompt and instant succour. Sovereigns who have the happiness of counting among their subjects men such as you, ought scarcely to know how sufficiently to recompense their services. From this time forth you are attached to our person with a salary of six thousand florins a year."

"Oh, sire!" exclaimed the delighted Leopold, in a voice trembling with emotion; "how can I sufficiently show my gratitude, my——"

"By continuing to serve me," interrupted the Emperor, "with the devotion and fidelity which have hitherto marked your conduct, and of which, up to the present time, you have given me so many proofs. Herr Weissberg," continued the Emperor, addressing himself to the architect, "I now afford you an opportunity of inducing me to forget certain recent circumstances in your conduct which have been displeasing to me. You have refused the hand of your daughter

to the surgeon of the Third Cuirassiers; I ask it now for the physician of the Emperor of Austria."

The architect's reply may be easily conceived.

"And now," continued the Emperor, turning again to Leopold, "are you disposed to return me my hat?"

"Ah, sire! do not ask it," replied Spieldorf. "That hat to which I owe all my happiness, how can I from henceforth separate myself from it?"

"You will suspend it as a relic in your dwelling, will you not? and it will be the most precious portion of the inheritance you will leave to your children," said the Emperor, with a sly look at old Weissberg.

"Sire, spare me, for mercy's sake!" murmured the crestfallen architect.

"Come, I remember nothing save the promise you have given me," replied the Emperor. "Recollect I am to sign Herr Spieldorf's marriage contract. All are gainers here, it appears, but myself; and I am the only loser in this affair," added Francis, laughing, "for I lose—my hat!"

A BACHELOR WITH A VENGEANCE.

I AM a poor, miserable, dejected bachelor, without a companion to cheer my heart, or a fond voice to enliven my fireside; a sorry plight, to be alone in this great world, living a life of solitude and celibacy in the midst of social enjoyment, and surrounded with happy hearths and homes. Ah, a sorry plight; but it is so, and the reader must know why.

Many years ago, I lived in a sweet little sequestered village, about thirty-four miles from London—the very bosom of domestic peace, and garden of rustic beauty. It was a green old hamlet, with fresh emerald meadows, where the lark trilled his spring song of love, and with mossy and richly fruited orchards, where the blackbird and the wren resumed their autumn warblings; it was surrounded with sloping hills, with verdant sides, where the furze climbed up the steepes with its golden laughter, and the heather hung its crimson bells. It had broad forests, shelving down in the valleys, and scattered clumps of trees, and luxuriant brakes. In fact, it was just the place to fill a young enthusiast with romance and poetry, and

I, with a susceptible heart, and a keen appreciation of natural beauty, was thoroughly intoxicated.

At the further end of the village dwelt an old dame, with a lovely daughter, and from the first intimation I had of this, I was in a state of great anxiety to see her—not the dame, but the daughter. At last, I did behold her, and like a lark carried away by a storm, when sunning himself in the blue heavens, so was I, upon the wings of my own enthusiasm, hurried into the anxieties of impassioned first love. She was a thorough Hebe, with a delicious cherry complexion, soft hazel eyes, lips that really were like rubies—putting aside the hackneyed phrases of novelists—and rich flowing ringlets of jet black hair. Oh, pens and ink are detestable mediums of expression—she was perfection—let that suffice.

Well, we became acquainted, and were plighted in troth, after a romantic fashion of our own, by means of a flower correspondence, for she was, if possible, even more enthusiastic than myself in the preservation of ancient and poetic customs,

and delighted in anything which was opposed to the prosaic methods of the conventional world. Into the bonds of mutual constancy and affection we entered with ardent souls, and with a total disregard for the etiquette of courtship, caring for poetry only, and endeavouring, at any sacrifice, to give every one of our actions a warm colouring of romance.

My Julia, for that was her name, informed me that she had a comfortable fortune at her command when she should be of age; and I learned, also, that she had a brother embarked in commercial enterprise in London. Introductions and explanations, however, were of too commonplace a character for us, and so it was long before I had an interview with Julia's mother. Unless the adventure had in it something very extravagant, we neither of us cared to prosecute it. Meeting in the forest at sunrise to recite verses to each other, gliding down the glassy river, and between the beds of rushes and green islands, at moonlight; having imaginary partings and greetings, and making protestations of eternal affection; writing sonnets to each other, and leaving them under stones and beside springs till called for; these were the sort of adventures into which we plunged, and nothing which smacked of romance, or bore the stamp of chivalry, or primitive custom, was too ridiculous for us. I studied the Spanish guitar on purpose to serenade her, and arranged (at great care and almost incalculable anxiety) a series of morris dances, hawking parties, May-day festivals, and other rustic sports and pastimes on purpose to amuse my Julia; and when there was a chance of placing her in a prominent position, as on May-day, for instance, when she presided as queen, my heart would thump so, and my whole nervous system be in such a state of excitement, that I invariably swooned before it was half over, and was afflicted for some days after with debility and delirium. We corresponded with each other by means of flowers, and I sat up three nights successively, besides purchasing several pounds worth of books upon the subject, in order to decypher her first letter, and then I was a week, labouring almost incessantly night and day, before I could choose the proper flowers to compose an answer. Things were going on in this style, and we were literally steeped in a frenzy, and knew no limits to our manifestations of poetic feeling. I began to talk of marriage; Julia consented, and

soon we were on the high road to the altar. I bought a ring, prepared our cards, had an introduction to Julia's mother, and the promise of the same to her brother, and I seemed now waiting on the borders of a happy region, into which, when the time should arrive, I should enter, to realize the delicious luxuries of connubial bliss. Oh, what a happy man was I! I wandered all day in the woods, absorbed in the one thought of the happiness which awaited me, and dreamed at night (when I was so lucky as to get ten minutes' sleep) that the gates of Paradise were opening before me, and the path thereto was strewn with honey dews and flowers.

Just at this juncture, the manner of Julia underwent a great change; she grew prosaic, and actually introduced the idea of money into her conversation, and hinted at the penalties associated with commercial speculations, and the anguish which must wait upon a noble mind when entangled in pecuniary difficulty. I was perplexed almost to confusion. Did she hint at my slender means and consequent inability to keep a home together! I had never thought of such a thing; and if the idea had ever entered my mind, it would have been immediately dismissed. What had we to do with money matters? Could we not live on the nectar of flowers?—or on morning dew?—or upon the fragrance of summer nights? The flowers and the stars do not trouble themselves about such sordid things—and why should we who were infinitely more ethereal than they? The thought rushed upon me that she had used me as a toy; and having had her fill of romance and folly, cared no more for me than for a faded rush. My conclusion was confirmed by her strange manner; and one evening, when we had engaged to meet at our old trysting place, under a clump of elms in the wood, it struck me that I would watch her from her home. I did so; and saw her leave her mother's threshold; but oh—the remembrance almost chokes me—she was not alone, but leaning on the arm of a young and handsome man! I gasped for breath, and rocked from side to side in my gait. I was giddy, and sat down upon the grass to save myself from falling! She false to me!—to me, too; after I had studied French, Italian, and Spanish; had mastered the language of flowers and the Spanish guitar; had gone through innumerable tortures in learning to dance; had been thrice on the point of death

from taking cold by rambling with her in the moonlight, and had twice been half-drowned by seeking water-lilies for her in a boat which I was unable to manage! She false to me! after I had gone through all this—not to mention hundreds of other things, most of which turned out wretched failures—for her, and her only! Oh, gall and wormwood! Oh, rankled soul and lacerated heart! I would have been spiked for sparrows to peck at, or cast beneath the wheels of Juggernaut, rather than she should have jilted me.

Well, I followed Julia and her companion—saw them take the path to the appointed meeting-place—saw him fondle and caress her (it was like lashing me with red-hot thongs)—saw him entrust to her a bundle of papers—vows and honied words, of course—saw him clasp her in his arms, and kiss her as affectionately as I had ever done; and then, after bidding her farewell, depart.

What was the impulse which possessed me I know not; but somehow my heart seemed turned upside down within me, and I had not the courage to meet her as I had appointed. I stood behind a thicket, trembling from head to foot. I summoned all my courage, turned upon my heel, and ran like an affrighted deer across the forest. I reached the hamlet, gained my room, packed up my few papers and stowed them away in my pockets, gathered together the only few shillings I possessed, and set off again, and did not cease running till I found myself in the streets of London, with sore feet, haggard looks, a famished stomach, and a broken heart. The moment I paused—which I did from sheer exhaustion—I made a vow never to contract an intimacy with another woman as long as I might live. That vow I have kept most religiously, and will lose my right arm rather than break it.

It was a remarkable change, to find myself in the wilderness of a great city, without a friend and without a shilling, and with a heart literally bursting with anguish. But I bore up, and wrote to my friends for assistance; and, at last, after innumerable sufferings, obtained a position in which to earn my bread. I never wrote to the place of my former residence; I resolved that not a soul there should ever hear from me again; it was the Dead Sea of my hopes, from which I had escaped with a blighted heart; and its rustic simplicity and verdant beauty made it appear, through the hazy medium of memory, only more hate-

ful still, as a place which promised what it meant never to fulfil. Ten years elapsed, during which time I mingled with the chafing crowd of a commercial city, and learnt the bitter lessons of its daily woes; becoming, at last, perfectly reconciled with its dusty details, and harmonized with all its iron customs and conventionalities. As for romance, I had not to be cured of that, for I left it behind me, under the clump of elms, when I started on my running expedition.

One morning, I was conversing on business matters with a friend, and he introduced me to a young man, as a fit person to assist me in a speculation then pending. The new agent was a fine fellow of some thirty-five years of age, with a frank, open countenance, and a rich, manly voice. I took quite a fancy to him, and felt anxious for a commercial interest to be struck between us. We grew desperately friendly, and spent our evenings together at the debating clubs and lecture-rooms, and were soon established on visiting terms, and in the most cordial exchange of mutual sympathies.

The autumn was near, and one morning my new friend called upon me to take a trip with him to a distant county town, as business was somewhat dead, and my health somewhat shaken. I consented, and the next morning we were on the coach at seven, for the town of W—, where most of my friend's relatives resided.

Away we went, whisking along merrily through the green hedgerows, till the grey spire of the village church peeped at us from above the trees. We put up at an inn for the night, and the next morning repaired to the house of my friend's mother, with whom resided also his sister. I was to have a general introduction to the family, and looked forward to the full development of a friendship which had already proved a delight and solace to me in this introduction to his family.

We arrived at the house, which was a substantial farm residence, and were soon comfortably seated at dinner; I on the best of terms with my friend's very aged mother, Mr. Wilmot his brother-in-law, and the little Wilmots, his nephews and nieces. Mrs. Wilmot, his sister, was away on a visit to a friend, and was expected home in the evening, when I was to be introduced to her.

The dinner was over. We had a comfortable gossip, and while my friend Courtney arranged some family matters,

I had a hearty romp with the children. We had a ramble, and returned home for the evening; and learnt that during our absence Mrs. Wilmot had returned, and would be with us presently. By some accident I was left sitting by the fire alone, when a rustling on the stairs startled me, and with a matronly air in walked—starlight and darkness!—my former idol, Julia. I felt the blood rush to my cheeks, and my heart seemed hot with the mutual recognition. Feelings which had slumbered for ten years rushed in a flood upon me, and I was overwhelmed with emotion. Before she could recover from her own surprise, and address me, I fell on my knees, and implored her mercy.—“Will you be mine?” I shrieked. “Marry me, my own Julia, and make me happy.” My frantic manner terrified her, and she answered, “Here’s my husband, Mr. Wilmot.” The word “husband” went through my heart like a sharp splinter from an iceberg, and chilled every drop of blood in my body. I was on my feet in an instant, and without a single word more—without, for the moment, knowing what I was about, I rushed into the hall, seized my hat, and away I ran, looking neither right nor left for three weary hours, when I found myself on the outskirts of the city. I now slackened my pace, and began to think whether I was strictly *compos mentis*, or whether I was bound up with some mysterious ordination of fate. I trudged on, and got to my lodgings, where I plunged headlong into bed, and stayed there, half asleep and half awake, tortured both asleep and awake by the most horrible dreams, for three days and nights. At last I ventured to rise and dress myself, and somewhat composed by starvation and quiet, I shaved, breakfasted, and went to business.

There was Courtney, like an evil genius, sitting in my counting-house waiting my arrival. We greeted each other somewhat coldly, stared at each other, made a few remarks upon the weather and the current news, to which I said yea and nay quite at random, and without thinking or knowing aught of what I was speaking. We grew cordial again, however, but not a single word was ever said, not the most distant reference ever made to the mysterious meeting, and my more mysterious departure from the town of W—.

I have learnt, however, by other means, that the man with whom I saw my Julia conversing—the supposed rival, who put his arm fondly around her waist, and kissed her in the forest path—was no other than her own brother Courtney, who at the time was in difficulties and under fear of arrest, and hence unwilling to be seen by strangers until his affairs improved. I ascertained, also, that Julia had instituted every search and inquiry for me, but in vain; that she had suffered almost inexpressible grief at losing me, and after a long and painful affliction induced by the troubled state of her mind, had accepted the hand of Mr. Wilmot, in the hope of banishing, by the active duties of married life, a memory which to her was one of suffering and sadness.

I felt keenly for her; and the consciousness that my own hasty and harsh judgment was the cause of misery to her and to myself, tortures me almost to madness whenever I suffer it to occupy my thoughts. I know now how faithfully she loved me, but it is too late; and for the rest of my days I shall do penance as a cheerless and companionless wanderer; and reap the bitter fruit of my own hasty and uncharitable judgment as a miserable bachelor.

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